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WHY AMERICAN MOTHERS FAIL

BY ANNA A. ROGERS

"You wish, O woman, to be ardently loved, and forever, even till death! Be, then, the mother of your children." — "LEVANA."

MOTHERS are the gardeners of the human race. There is no office under the divine government that approaches theirs, because none other is so closely allied to it.

Any system of education that fails to impress upon our girls the immense civic value of motherhood, its imposing dignity, its grave responsibilities to the state itself, fails of its purpose. Any system of education in our republic that does not instill, from the start, into an American boy, the fact that this government is rooted in his vote and that of his comrades, fails doubly of its purpose.

Our much-vaunted public-school system, which we shake like a *banderole* in the face of Europe, does neither of these things, or rather, it does the former not at all, and the latter most perfunctorily and inadequately.

The reason that girls are not taught the dignity of motherhood is only too obvious: it is but the usual crude, shame-faced American way of totally ignoring the wholesome primal elements of human life. Our schools shirk the responsibility by claiming that such counsel should come from mothers. And the mothers are rare indeed who do not ignore, generation after generation, this fundamental problem.

Between the two negligences girls practically are never given this larger point of view, which would be good not only for the state, but also for their own personal uplift above that sense of per-

sonal failure that so often comes to us all.

The boys are not inoculated with the germ of citizenship because their education is too often left in the hands of routine teachers totally incapable of any large outlook upon life, or else of those whose hands are tied by convention. Again, neither parents nor schools do their duty by the boy any more than by the girl. There are no state or federal laws to force recognition of such vital questions; to direct, *at once*, the hearing of American boys and girls to that deep national note that would bind them to life's bigger harmonies, to those larger relationships of the individual to government and society. These two sentiments alone, thoroughly instilled in the flexible minds and hearts of our young people, would, later on, stay many a hand bent on the social suicide of divorce; and also in two generations would begin to make for good in the world of politics.

Unfortunately, educational legislation is slow to recognize its own shortcomings, slower still to rectify them. American men, as a whole, are as strangely weak and invertebrate in their relations to their children as they are in their relations to their wives. The quicker remedy lies there. But only a riper, sounder civilization, with enlarged vision, will see its utmost needs, and make its demands.

So, after all, it is to the mothers one must speak with lowered voice: to the gardeners, some wise and some unwise; some patient and some restless; the strong of vision, and the near-sighted gardeners, working among the human seed-

lings and young plants in the great garden called Society.

Fathers are seldom more than the florists connected with the hothouses. They deal almost solely with effects; after the mothers have done, well or ill, the work down in the dark under the blossoming plant, digging sometimes very blindly among the twisted roots of cause.

So it has come about that when the young children in her care grow awry we inquire of the mother and her methods; just as we bespeak the truck-gardener when our vegetables are amiss, or a horse-breeder when our cattle breed down along degenerate lines.

A successful mother (fighting both heredity and individual bias) is a more important factor in a municipality than any merely successful man in it; much more important, were she but made to realize it. For motherhood is a thing apart, "a distinct and individual creation; different from anything else God ever thought of," said, in all reverence, an American preacher. Her position has in it all the tragedy of lifelong isolation in the performance of her work; all the pathos of vast expenditure of vitality with no personal reward. The millionaire railroad official, once an office-boy, gets his reward for tremendous labor, in power and money; the scientist gets his in the world's recognition of his accomplished work. The mother's reward is spiritual, and lies only in the work itself, for she has not the stimulus of an audience, and few indeed are the children who recognize their mother's struggles, their mother's sacrifices. As to her love, they accept it as they do the air they breathe; and who of us stops to thank Oxygen and Nitrogen for combining so conveniently for our benefit?

All of this purposely leaves out the mother's emotional reward, for reasons that will appear later. Much more important than any matter of sentiment is it that she should learn that she is doing something for her country, apart from all the very best efforts of man. It would

not be amiss if in every home one found this sentence of Phillips Brooks's, illuminated, and hung well "on the line:" "No man has come to true greatness who has not felt, in some degree, that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind."

There is a pathetic hopelessness about many mothers. One so often hears them wearily say, "I've given up my whole life for years to my children, and yet it seems to have failed. They are not as I meant them to be, nor as I hoped that they would be. What is wrong? I wish someone would help me."

It is suggested, in all humility and tenderness, that there are several things going amiss in the human garden. In the first place, it takes something besides feminine hearts to manage men and the offspring of men; it takes feminine brains, every wisdom-tipped arrow in a woman's quiver. Nine times out of ten, women put too much emotion, and not enough judgment, into both wifehood and motherhood. Everything has combined for centuries to bring this about. Much of the discontent of the present day among women is based on the fact that they do not yet realize that their life-tasks are not properly merely emotional at all, but preëminently intellectual. It is safe to say that if a woman finds that her life makes no use of her intellect, she is a bad housekeeper, a poor wife, a poorer mother, a useless citizen.

The best wives and mothers manage to preserve a certain mental aloofness from their husbands and children, the better to estimate with justice the task ahead. It is precisely that faculty which differentiates a woman from a tigress, whose mere emotion, considered by itself, in both relationships is no different *in kind* from the woman's own. One can count so absolutely upon the basic emotionality of women, that a deal of excision will still leave an abundance for the joy of man and his everlasting bewilderment. The whole present tendency in life is to the

over-development of emotion among men, women, and especially children; and little or nothing is done to keep it in its proper proportion. As sentiment has been dying out in modern life, its place seems to be taken by nerve-excitation; by a craving for agitation of any sort.

The present madness for speed over the seas, through the air, through the solid earth itself, unduly develops a sort of pleasurable trepidation among adults; as those so-called "amusements" at "resorts" both terrify and fascinate the unfortunate children who are allowed to flock to them. The hourly intrusion of news racks our nerves. It is the opium of this generation which we cannot long remain without. That hitherto restful week at sea, upon which overtaxed men and women could once count in simpler, slower times, is being taken from us forever.

Music is becoming more and more emotional as time passes. In the drama surely Sardou and Ibsen take more out of their auditors than even Shakespeare ever did. A novel must leave a man breathless, or he is bored; so too an afternoon drive. Winged Mercury is the god of the hour. A bit of a rascal, to be sure, but he "gets there"! There is no peace to be had, no restful slow-sipping of life that once satisfied our strong-nerved forefathers.

Woman has but drifted with the rushing current. Her wifehood is generally measured by the yardstick of her pleasurable emotions; her motherhood very often by a series of passionate instincts which are allowed full sway, as if representing directly the word of God in a household. What is really needed to precipitate both peace and progress is, not the elimination, but the firm control of emotion and instinct, by cool deliberate feminine wisdom — all of that which should have been transmitted to her before marriage and motherhood, and all that she has herself since discovered.

Marriage and motherhood still come into a girl's life, even in this materialistic

country of ours, in a succession of blinding emotional flashes, standing vividly out against the dark sky of utter ignorance. She is left bewildered, groping in the dark thereafter, feeling about her nothing stable, but only more, and more, and ever more — emotions!

Ignorant of her subject, criminally unprepared, her children are often a mere series of unsuccessful experiments, which she tries, rather frantically, one after another, as each child presents new problems. For Nature has a trait which greatly complicates a mother's work: a mysterious passion for seemingly useless differentiation within a given species. This forces the mother both to pass new laws and to constantly revise old laws in her government code.

"Human experience, like the stern-lights of a ship at sea, illumines only the path which we have passed over." It is the searchlights for which we are pleading.

If a mother would but strive to put less heart into it all, and more mind! If she would but look with wide-open eyes and say to herself, "I will make the care of my children an intellectual task. I'll put into it what brains I have, as I used once to do into literary, philanthropic, or social matters. This is the most important of all, for it embraces everything else. It's not a mere question of alternating love and tears, fierce pride and frantic despair."

Her duties in the garden are three: 1. Watering the seeds. 2. Pruning the young growing plants. 3. Killing the offending insects at the blossoming time. And ever and always weeding is to be done, from the early spring till the snow comes.

I

THE SEEDS

On the whole, too much time is given by an American mother to her child in its infancy, between the first and the third year; too little time from the fourth to

the tenth year; and after that she allows others' opinions, much too often, to dominate her own in both the mental and moral development of her family. She has come to think that the task is no longer hers.

Thus it has come about that education has so largely become the cumbersome convention that it undoubtedly is. The fathers in the United States leave it to the mothers; the mothers leave it to the schools; the schools, public or private, are generally in the hands of narrow specialists, "common-schooled and uncultivated," in the sense that "culture looks beyond machinery," as Matthew Arnold said of us. So many parents feed their children blindly into the educational hopper, and then walk to the spout at the other end to receive unquestioned the "finished" product. Schools override the mother's own intelligent convictions; Sunday schools take the place, and most inadequately, of her own sense of morality.

Nothing of this is as it should be. If a mother ever sinks into the background of her child's life she has no one to blame for it but herself. She has not risen to the task, that's all. Love has not proved itself everything in the solution of her problem. She can supplement the crudities of the child's mental schooling, and should leave Sunday schools for the motherless. No one can know, as she does, the weak spots in her offspring's character.

The love-madness of a young mother for her tiny infant, poetical and picturesque as it is, is harmful in many ways. It is to a great extent a sensuous obsession to which in this country the husband and father is, all too often, ruthlessly sacrificed. If this sacrifice were in the least justified by the needs of the infant, there would be little to criticise; but it is distinctly not so justified in the average middle-class household. A phlegmatic nurse whose ministrations are rooted in duty alone, is not only equally as good for the baby, but is very much better. It is

but a seed, and all the better, as are other seeds, for being left undisturbed to sleep its way into life.

If the child does not need all this frenzy of watching and excited coddling of the more or less hysterical mother, then it is not only unwise but cruel to subject the bewildered young father to the half-tragic, half-comic tyranny of an American household ruled by a young baby.

The violent *hushing* that he receives at the front door, the complete ignoring of all of his rights, the needless neglect hour after hour while his wife — pardon, his baby's mother! — worships at her new shrine, emphasize the unbalanced emotionality of most of our young women. Those hours of heedless neglect on the part of the wife are very often the entering wedge which some day will separate the two. The child, instead of bringing them closer together, is the innocent cause of their growing apart. At the root of it is not too much love, but too little mental balance. Moreover, the contention is made that it is not wholly love which blinds her, it is to a certain extent the emotional indulgence of a febrile uncontrolled young woman adrift on the sea of a newly discovered instinct.

"Knowledge is the parent of love; Wisdom, love itself."

If it is claimed that the national curse of poor servants is the cause of this undeniable obsession of young American mothers, the reply is ready: "Why then is it that between the years of four and ten American children do not see enough of their mothers?" The servant question is surely no nearer solution, and no apathetic nurse can then give the child what the mother can and should give.

II

PRUNING THE YOUNG PLANTS

More than one American mother has admitted to the writer a curious sudden reaction of indifference against her

once-worshiped baby after the fifth year. The ecstatic mother-passion of earlier days has mysteriously fled, just as the wife-ecstasy had fled in its turn. She admitted it, as if it were an interesting psychic phenomenon, and she helpless to right it — just when the child really begins to need her tenderness, her time, all of her wisdom and gravest consideration!

Every one of these successive phases of motherhood could just as well have been taught her years before, taught her to watch for, guard against, and meet intelligently when the issues presented themselves, one by one, in her own life. Some new factor must be evolved in our national life to fill successfully this gap between four and ten in our children's lives.

Only when enforced by poverty do a large number of American mothers themselves care for their young children, beyond mere physical needs. They would not trust the little impercipient life at first to a nurse however staid and competent; now, more often than is good to see, an ignorant nursemaid of sixteen years becomes the predominant element in the child's life. Manners, morals, mental needs are left largely in her hands — and she is a mere child herself. The physical needs, at least as far as cleanliness is concerned, generally remain in the mother's hands, but the question of the child's diet runs riot in more American households than is at all realized. If the child is well dressed, its hair and teeth in perfect condition, it is turned over to the nurse from eight in the morning till eight at night.

Can it be that we had much better adopt from England the nursery-governess and the nursery-table? The former (with all her drawbacks) is infinitely more competent than our mere "nurse-girls;" while the latter institution ensures the simple diet of which our children are in such dire need.

At least we should be spared the sight of an elaborately dressed American baby of six, entirely unattended, walking into

a huge hotel dining-room where her parents had lived for years, and ordering "deviled crabs and pink ice cream" for her dinner, which the poor little creature actually ate amid the smiling glances of the guests and waiters! It was no less than a painful sight, and by no means an isolated instance. What was inevitably ahead of that child? Her digestion ruined, her vanity, her independence forced before their time, her whole sensibility blunted. Even hotel-life need not spoil a child, if less money were spent on her clothes and her mother's, and part of the saving paid in fair wages to a first-class governess, who would remove the little one from flattering glances, and place her in a world where "deviled crabs" would remain an unknown temptation for many a long year to come.

If those American mothers who labor so many hours in torturing some flimsy material with drawn-work or embroidery would but give the same time, or even part of it, to the little child's spirit instead of its body! Very often we see a princelike body, carrying a starving little soul, — starving for companionship, for healthy amusement, for that sense of comfort that strict but intelligent discipline alone brings alike to children and to servants.

Children's amusements in this country are undoubtedly becoming more and more artificial. Why? Because it makes the mother's and nurse's task easier. Examine the situation from whatever standpoint you choose, every facet shows this deplorable fact. To feed and clothe a child of five is a very simple and expeditious matter compared with amusing that restless little bundle of activities. And yet in a long life the writer has known only one mother who took upon her own shoulders the entire amusement of her family of five children, leaving the sewing to the nurses! There were no theatres, no vaudeville, no circuses, nor hippodromes to bewilder and exhaust those children's minds; no mechanical toys, no elaborate paper dolls "made in Ger-

many." They had hammers, nails, and some boards; pieces of treasured Bristol-board, scissors, paste, and a little paint-box, and the "stay-in" days flew by, given over to the joy of creation under the sympathetic direction of that mother, who sat in a low chair, close to their level, that she might be one of them. On the out-of-door days, they were tumbled into a little wagonette, which was their nursery. The old pony was driven by the mother herself; the best child of the day sat beside her in the seat of honor, and off they jogged to the woods or the beach, both of which were happily accessible. Their simple lunch was devoured afield. The mother invented, directed, and entered into all their games, — the merriest of them all. But the charm of an ocean beach is supreme and needs no human aids; so once she gave a push to the little eager minds, off they slid, enthusiastic and contented for hours. The mother whipped out a book from under the carriage-seat, and so got to herself a couple of hours of coveted reading. For she was a brilliant, cultivated woman, knowing several languages — and yet was content to spend it all lavishly for thirteen years of her short life, upon her children.

This inspired mother claimed that it was far less of a strain to play with her children than to punish them; because a large percentage of the sins of childhood are based on lack of intelligent diversion. From this mother came no whine about her wasted talents. Because she made use of them! During the severe winters, she made her incessant task of reading to her children tell significantly. Before the eldest was ten years old, they all knew almost every nook and cranny of Walter Scott, and other standard works followed in turn. She read certain idyllic tales written in French, which she translated aloud into simple English, thereby diverting herself as well as the children. It was years before they even knew what she had done. One of that family told me that he had never read a current book of fiction until he was sixteen! His taste had

been formed without any long-winded lectures on literature. Froissart, Æsop, Josephus, and Bunyan were household words.

Later, the mother wrote little plays full of fire and sword, into which was smuggled many a spoonful of history, or mythology, or poetical legend. The children were the eager little stock company. She rehearsed them, suggested costumes and scenery; and yet, with all this prodigal expenditure of time and real talent, she always laughingly claimed to other mothers: "Try it! They are happier, and so am I. Idleness and absence of motive lead to crime in the nursery as well as the street. And as for me, I know exactly what they are doing, and how."

Hers was a rarely rich, successful life. That she was a much-loved woman to the end scarce need be recorded of her.

Within a year the *dernier cri* in child-amusement at a charitable *fête* brought vividly back, through contrast, that picture of fine motherhood. Kinetoscopes depicted, for tents reeking full of feverish-eyed children, fictitious scenes of Russian cruelty ending in a most revolting form of murder! Little breathless voices asked in the dark: "What does it mean, mother?" "Why does he hate her so much, mother?" One strained in the half light to see such mothers of little beings who would have been so happy merely roaming through the adjoining meadows! Then later came another "amusement" for the children. A real hose-and-ladder company, a real fire engine rented for the purpose; a fire alarm, the burning of a small wooden house erected for the purpose, the realistic rescue of a straw mother and child — all for the amusement — save the mark! — of those watching babies! The whole thing was absolutely insane in its blindness to the real needs of child-life. No wonder we see them blasé at eight, nervous wrecks at twelve, neurasthenia, insomnia, dipsomania, decadence ahead of them. And the committee who made out this programme (including many another "sensational feature")

was composed of *the leading women* of the city in which the festival was held. Where were the mothers to wipe out with justifiable wrath such a breach of sane thinking? such an outrage to the most obvious of responsibilities?

Our American communities are quick to regulate child-labor in some wretched household where the pennies count so much; but one seldom hears of any laws to regulate children's amusements among the many comfortable homes where the mothers are either too weak, too silly, or too selfish to make and enforce their own laws.

And so the weeds come thick and fast and choke the young growing plants, — the weed of vaudeville, killing the sense for true dramatic art; the pest of rag-time, killing music; slang, choking language; indiscriminate current-novel-reading, fatal to any good reading in the future; the devastating weed of unhealthy excitement, to blight, for all time, any simple wholesomeness of either thought or feeling.

A law prohibiting children under the age of fifteen from entering any and all theatres might well be passed with profit, taking out of the incompetent hands of mothers any volition in this grave matter. It fills the air — this craze of the merest children for cheap shows in this country; it packs their minds with vulgar trivialities, debases their ideals, perverts their taste. It is becoming daily more frequent. As well feed a child on mushrooms and champagne, and expect it ever afterwards to relish bread and milk.

It is but a repetition of that poor neglected baby and her "deviled crabs and pink ice cream!" One sees hundreds of examples of it, in one form or another, every year of living in this country. At the root of it, in every single instance, is an unwise mother. Her children remain ignorant where they should be familiar; become enlightened where they should be blind; and suffer always from enlargement of the emotions.

Within a year the writer saw at a hotel

an eager group of beautifully clad little ones gathered every evening between seven and eight about a middle-aged cripple who told them stories. They were breathless, entranced. That it was a perfectly new element in their lives was apparent. To be deprived of it was the severest punishment in that colony of several hundred souls. A young woman was overheard idly to observe to her companion, "Isn't it a charming sight?" The older woman with her replied angrily, —

"It is distinctly *not* a charming sight! It is shocking! What are they, with all their extravagant clothes, but the starving children of selfish, vain mothers? That unfortunate man simply fills up an awful gap in their lives — every mother as she sees it should blush and hang her head. Out of that score of children, there is not one who has ever had an adult give it any real companionship before in its life. I have taken the trouble to verify this — and so I say again, that picture over there is far from being charming!"

III

DESTROYING THE INSECTS AT BLOSSOMING TIME

A wise mother will make long-stored wisdom bear fresh fruit. All of her reading can be utilized. Long ago she read that "a word unspoken is like a sword in thy scabbard — *thine*; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand." She can draw a lesson from it for her son in the power of silence and reserve. She also read that "respect for others is the first condition of *savoir vivre*," and she is helped in her task of teaching her girl tactfulness and good manners; and that they are not to be looked for in a labyrinth of negatives, but found walking along the highway in the good sunshine.

In the much-mooted question of manners the imitativeness of children should make the mothers' task easier than it is, for the solution is example, not precept.

Imitation is the whole story. A little boy is scolded for not remembering to raise his cap "to the ladies." I have met lads of six and eight to whom this courtesy had already become as instinctive as it was to their father. No more so, no less, but exactly as it was to their father. "Trot father, trot mither, how can foal amble?"

Making all allowance for wide national differences of opinion, there is much in a French mother's sympathy with her son, as he approaches manhood, which seems more intelligent than the Anglo-Saxon way of withholding sympathy at that crisis. Most American mothers suddenly turn into stepmothers at this critical period. Every sentence begins with "Thou shalt not," and she plumes herself upon her righteousness. And her boy? He becomes a stranger to her. The French mother but adds a new comradeship to her old tenderness, full of far-sighted wisdom and fathomless sympathy for existing conditions; not for ideal conditions that do not exist. He and his mother become closer friends than ever, and he does not withdraw himself from her. She cares much more for her boy than for her righteousness — this mother!

It is but a change in the intellectual outlook, and yet surprisingly few American women recognize the necessity for it. When an American mother has the intelligence to understand, she finds that her son will bring to her not only his triumphs but his failures; not only the story of his virtues but that of his sins, — man to man, — and then only the wisest motherhood can guide him safely out of the wilderness.

But the deepest stain on American motherhood is exactly at this period in the life of her grown son and grown daughter. For some reason, partly temperamental, a large number of mothers fall short of any comprehension of what is demanded of them. Even when they have been faithful in all their earlier trusts, they fail very often at this point.

Her boy, now a man, of course loves her as of old, but she has not been his intellectual comrade, his strongest inspiration, as she might have been had she put her brain into her motherhood, applied what knowledge she had, or studied along the best lines running parallel to the lines of his development.

There are scores of helpful hygienic and philosophical books that would aid mothers to approach their problem well-equipped. All this is of course also the task of the father, but we are speaking of American conditions, and we may as well exclude him first as last, as he has elected to shed family responsibilities, save that of lavish monetary support. In that particular he is a prince.

One illustration cut from the matrix of life is worth a chapter of generalities. One summer night a few years ago four people sat on a high roof near New York City. One could see far down the bay and over to the Jersey shore. There was a middle-aged woman and her son of twenty-three years, an elderly man and his wife — all Americans.

The mother had been boasting of her three boys, their success, their virtues. Under it all was a very natural and pretty pride, as of a gardener telling of his roses, and their freedom from the worm i' the bud.

A chance word brought politics to the front. The older woman said aside to the young man, —

"So you've twice cast your vote! It marks an epoch in a man's life, only second to marriage, does n't it? To take one's part, though small, in the making of history — that is fine!"

The mother laughed.

"My son has never voted, and says he never will — he hates politics, and I don't wonder!"

All as lightly as if telling of a fastidious taste in cravats!

The son added tolerantly, "We men know what a dirty mess it is."

In the older woman's heart moaned a sad voice: "*She is a failure, this mother!*"

She is blind, and so he, the son, does not see the truth!"

The silence which followed was filled by the languor of the heat and the pressure of low-bending skies.

Then the older man chuckled and muttered, —

"There's trouble ahead — low bridge!" For he knew his wife and the hot fires flaming beneath her silence.

"Will you take me over there, where I can see the light on the Statue of Liberty?" she presently asked quietly, and she and the youth walked away.

It took her forty-five minutes to do the work, and years have passed, but that man has voted ever since!

Jerking her head in the direction of Bedloe's Island, she began, —

"Oh don't laugh, don't laugh, you have admitted a crime! Don't you know, have n't you been taught, don't you see for yourself, that every time an educated man in the United States fails to vote he has slyly slipped a stone out of place in the foundations of that great statue over there, — the foundations of our government? Upon your vote rests the security of the whole complicated structure of Republicanism, as we Americans are now testing it in the eyes of the world. Whatever you do, do not laugh!"

In the end she held out her hand and spoke gently: "You see I, being a woman, have no vote, so you must cast yours for yourself and for me too, as wisely as you can. Will you?"

The mother was still laughing when the older woman bade them good-night, but the latter was very sad, having no

sons of her own with any need of her.

American women constantly cry out against the smallness of their lives, the limitations that encompass them. If they would but do wisely and thoroughly their apportioned tasks, they would have need of every power possible to humanity, such are the potentialities of true motherhood.

The schools of both son and daughter would be forced into rational, logical lines; the boy would be trained first, last, and always for good citizenship; the daughter would not be allowed to drift on, as helpless as a leaf on a stream, with no knowledge whatever of the currents, the cataracts, the whirlpools ahead of her — inevitably ahead of her — on her way down to the broad sea of fine womanhood.

Women fret themselves and others for the right to vote, and they do not see that their son's vote, their brother's, their friend's, is verily their own. They cry out against certain social evils, and they forget that the ranks are ever recruited from among the daughters of Vanity, Uncontrol, and Idleness.

Even the childless women of the world have placed upon them the responsibility of motherhood; for every young man can be a task to them, every girl better for their counsel.

There is no excuse for idleness or repining — there is work in plenty for all women; and it is the most honorable work in the world, for —

"On the blue mountains of our dim childhood towards which we ever turn and look, stand the mothers who marked out to us, from thence, our life."

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS¹

BY KENYON COX

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the first day of March, 1848, almost precisely sixty years ago, but was brought to America at the age of six months. His childhood and youth were passed in the city of New York, as was a great part of his working life; and though his origin was foreign, life-long associations had stamped him indelibly an American. The greater part of his work was done in America; almost all of it was done for America; and I do not think it is fancy that sees in his art the expression of a distinctively American spirit. Yet from his mixed French and Irish blood he may well have derived that mingling of the Latin sense of form with a Celtic depth of sentiment which was so markedly characteristic of his genius.

His father, Bernard Paul Ernest Saint-Gaudens, was a shoemaker from the little town of Aspet in Haute-Garonne, Pyrenees, only a few miles from the town of Saint-Gaudens from which the family must have drawn its origin and its name. His mother was Mary McGuinness, a native of Dublin. Augustus Saint-Gaudens was one of several children born to this couple, and not the only artist among them, for his younger brother Louis is also a sculptor of reputation. The boy attended the public schools of New York and received there all the formal education he ever had; but at thirteen it was necessary for him to face the problem of earning his living. His artistic proclivities were probably already well marked, and to give them some scope, while assuring him a regular trade at which money could be earned, he was apprenticed in the good old way to a cameo-cutter named

Louis Avet, said to be the first man to cut stone cameos in the United States. Thus it came about that the greatest of American sculptors had much such a practical apprenticeship as a Florentine of the fifteenth century might have had. He himself always spoke of it as "one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to him," and attributed much of his success to the habit of faithful labor acquired at this time. Probably, also, the habit of thinking in terms of relief, fostered by years of work at this ancient art of gem-cutting, was not without influence in the moulding of his talent.

His relations with Avet lasted from 1861 to 1864, when his master quarreled with him and abruptly dismissed him from his shop. The boy was already a determined person; he believed that he had suffered an injustice; and though Avet went to his parents and tried to induce them to send him back, he refused to return. A new master was found for him in the person of a shell-cameo-cutter named Jules Lebrethon, and with him Saint-Gaudens remained three years. During his six years' apprenticeship under his two masters the youth showed already that energy and power of will that made him what he was. He meant to be something more than an artisan, and he spent his evenings in the classes, first of the Cooper Union, afterward of the National Academy of Design, in the hard study of drawing, the true foundation of all the fine arts. It was one of the elements of his superiority in his profession that he could draw as few sculptors can, and he always felt that he owed an especial debt to the Cooper Union which he was glad to repay when he modeled the statue of its venerable founder. Of the other institution by whose freely given instruction he had pro-

¹ Address delivered before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences on February 22, 1908.

fited, the National Academy of Design, he became one of the most honored members. By 1867, when he was nineteen years old, he had saved a little money and was master of a trade that could be relied on to bring in more, and he determined to go to Paris and begin the serious study of sculpture. He worked, for a time, at the Petite Ecole, and entered the studio of Jouffroy in the Ecole des Beaux Arts in 1868, remaining until 1870. During this time, and afterwards, he was self-supporting, working half his time at cameo-cutting until his efforts at sculpture on a larger scale began to bring in an income.

The time of Saint-Gaudens's study in Paris was a time of great importance in the development of modern sculpture, and although Jouffroy was not himself a sculptor of the highest rank, his studio was a centre for what was then the new movement in the sculpture of France. The essential thing in this movement was the abandoning of the formal imitation of second-rate antiques, and the substitution of the sculpture of the Italian Renaissance as a source of inspiration and of the direct study of nature as a means of self-expression. There had always been individual sculptors of power and originality in France, but the movement of the French school of sculpture, as a whole, away from the pseudo-classicism which had long dominated it, was really inaugurated by Paul Dubois only a few years before Saint-Gaudens's arrival in Paris. Many of the men destined to a brilliant part in the history of modern sculpture were trained in the atelier of Jouffroy. Falguière and Saint-Marceau had but just left that studio when the young American entered it, and Mercié was his fellow student there. Dalou and Rodin have since made these men seem old-fashioned and academic, but they were then, and for many years afterward, the heads of the new school; and of this new school, so different from anything he had known in America, Saint-Gaudens at once, and inevitably, became a part. His own pronounced individuality, and per-

haps his comparative isolation during the years of his greatest productivity, gave his art a character of its own, unlike any other, but to the French school of sculpture of the third quarter of the nineteenth century he essentially belonged. With the still newer school of the end of the century he never had any sympathy.

When the Franco-Prussian war broke out Paris ceased to be a place for the carrying on of the serious study of art, and Saint-Gaudens went to Rome, where his associates were the French prize men of the day, of whom Mercié was one. He remained there until 1874, except for a visit to New York in the winter of 1872-73 for the purpose of modeling a bust of Senator Evarts and one or two other busts which were put into marble upon his return to Rome. In those Roman days he executed his first statue, a Hiawatha, one of his few studies of the nude, and a Silence, a not very characteristic draped figure which yet fills with some impressiveness her niche at the head of the grand stairway of the Masonic Temple on Twenty-Third Street.

From 1875 to 1877 he had a studio in New York, and it was at this time that he received his first commissions for important public work, those for the Farragut Statue, in Madison Square, and the Randall at Sailor's Snug Harbor. He had married Augusta F. Homer in 1877, and in that year, taking his bride and his commissions with him, he returned to Paris, feeling, as many another young Paris-bred artist has felt, that there only could such important works be properly carried out. The Farragut was completed and exhibited in the plaster at the Salon of 1880, and from that time his success was assured. For the rest of his life he was constantly busy, receiving almost more commissions for work of importance than it was possible for him to carry out. He returned to New York in 1880, and in 1881 he opened the studio in Thirty-Sixth Street, where he remained for sixteen years and where so many of his greatest works were executed. From

that studio came many of his exquisite portraits in relief, his caryatids and angelic figures, such as those for the Morgan tomb, so unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1882, the great statues of Lincoln and Chapin, the Shaw Memorial, and the Adams Memorial; and there was done all the preliminary work of the great equestrian monument to General Sherman.

It is in these years of his prime that he will ever be most fondly remembered by those, and they are many, who had the privilege of his friendship. Admittedly our foremost sculptor, and one of the founders of the Society of American Artists, he became at once a person of importance in the world of art; and as his brilliant career developed he established intimate relationships with an ever widening circle of men in every walk of life, while no one who ever knew him well can have felt anything but an abiding affection for him. That long white studio became a familiar meeting-place for all who were interested in any form of art; and the Sunday afternoon concerts that were held there for many years will be looked back to with regret as long as any of their auditors remain alive.

This studio was given up when Saint-Gaudens went abroad for the third time, in 1897, to execute the Sherman group, and he never resumed his residence in New York. In 1885 he had purchased a property at Cornish, New Hampshire, just across the Connecticut River from Windsor, Vermont, and when he returned to this country in 1900, covered with fresh honors, but an ill man, he made what had been a summer home his permanent abode. He named it Aspet, after his father's birthplace, and there he erected two studios and finished his Sherman statue. In these studios were executed the second Lincoln, the Parnell statue for Dublin, and much other work. The larger studio was burned in 1904, but was rebuilt and the lost work rebegun and carried to a conclusion. What can never be quite replaced were two portraits of himself. A study, of the head only, in the

collection of the National Academy of Design, is now the only existing portrait of him painted from life in his best years. In this studio his assistants are still busy, reverently completing the work left unfinished at the time of his death.

From the illness he brought back from Paris in 1900 Saint-Gaudens never recovered. At times he showed something of his old vigor and was able not only to do fine work, but to indulge more in out-of-door sports than he had ever done in his youth, while a growing love for nature and for literature made his life fuller, in some respects, than in the days when his own art more entirely absorbed him. But year by year his strength grew less and his intervals of freedom from pain grew shorter, and he was more and more forced to rely upon the corps of able and devoted assistants which he gathered about him. He developed to an extraordinary extent the faculty of communicating his ideas and desires to others, and of producing through their hands work essentially his own and of a quality entirely beyond their ability; but it was at the cost of a strain upon brain and nerve almost infinitely greater than would have been involved in work done with his own hand. In the summer of 1906 he broke down utterly, the work of his studio was interrupted, and he ceased to see even his most intimate friends. He rallied somewhat from this attack, and began again his heroic struggle against fate, directing the work of assistants while himself so weak that he had to be carried from the house to the studio. The end came on the evening of August 3, 1907. He died as he had lived, a member of no church, but a man of pure and lofty character. As he had wished, his body was cremated, and his ashes have been deposited in the cemetery at Windsor, Vermont, across the river from his home. An informal funeral service was held in his private studio on August 7, attended by friends and neighbors and by a few old friends from a distance; but the gathering could include but a few of the many

who feel his death as a personal loss.

I have given with some particularity this outline of Saint-Gaudens's life because legend is already busy with his name. His right to bear it has even been denied, and impudently false accounts of his last days have been printed. Therefore it seemed best to state clearly certain facts which are, after all, of little importance in the estimate of his work. Neither is it of much importance, now, that the merits of this work were fully recognized in his lifetime; that he was an officer of the Legion of Honor, a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, a member of half a dozen academies, and the bearer of honorary degrees from the universities of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. Of all the honors he received there were two, one of a public, the other of a private nature, which he himself valued most highly; the one as showing the estimation in which his art was held by his fellow artists, the other as an evidence of the personal affection felt for him by his friends. At the Pan-American Exposition of 1901, upon the unanimous recommendation of the Jury of Fine Arts, composed of painters, sculptors, and architects, he was awarded a special diploma and medal of honor, "apart from and above all other awards;" an entirely exceptional honor which marked him as the first of American artists, as previously received honors had marked him one of the greatest sculptors of his time. On June 23, 1905, the artistic and literary colony which had gradually grown up about his home in Cornish celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his coming there by a fête and open-air play held in the groves of Aspet. The beauty of this spectacle has become almost legendary. The altar with its columned canopy, which served for a background to the play, still stands, though much dilapidated by weather, as it was immortalized by the sculptor himself in a commemorative plaque which is among the most charming of his minor works. He planned if he had lived to

perpetuate it in enduring marble, and it is not impossible that others may yet accomplish this task, dedicating the monument as a fitting memorial to a great artist and a noble man in the place he loved as his chosen home.

Some part of the vivid and lovable personality of Augustus Saint-Gaudens must have been visible, almost at a glance, to any one who ever came in contact with him — to any one, even, who ever saw his portrait. In his spare but strong-knit figure, his firm but supple hands, his manner of carrying himself, his every gesture, one felt the abounding vitality, the almost furious energy of the man. That extraordinary head with its heavy brow beetling above the small but piercing eyes, its red beard and crisp wiry hair, its projecting jaw and great, strongly modeled nose, was alive with power — with power of intellect no less than of will. His lack of early education gave him a certain diffidence and a distrust of his own gifts of expression. He was apt to overrate the mere verbal facility of others, and to underestimate himself in the comparison — indeed, a certain humility was strongly marked in him, even as regards his art, though he was self-confident also. When he was unconstrained his great powers of observation, his shrewdness of judgment, his bubbling humor, and a picturesque vivacity of phrase not uncommon among artists, made him one of the most entrancing of talkers.

Underneath his humor and his gayety, however, there lay a deep-seated Celtic melancholy, and beside his energy was an infinite patience at the service of an exacting artistic conscience. The endless painstaking of his work and the time he took over it were almost proverbial. He was twelve years engaged upon the Shaw Memorial, and eleven upon the Sherman, and though he did much other work while these were in progress, yet it was his constant revision, his ever-renewed striving for perfection that kept them so long achieving. The

Diana of the Madison Square Garden was taken down from her tower because he and the architect, Stanford White, thought her too large, and was entirely remodeled on a smaller scale. And with this patience went a gentleness, a sweetness, a delicate sensitiveness, and an abounding humanity and sympathy. He could be almost ruthless in the assertion of his will when the interests of his art or of justice seemed to demand it, yet there was a tender-heartedness in him which made it distressing to him to inflict pain on any one. The conflict of these elements in his nature sometimes made his actions seem inconsistent and indecipherable even to those who knew him. He would be long-suffering, compromising, disinclined to strike; but when he was at last roused the blow would be as staggering as it was unexpected. It was as if he struck the harder to have done with it, and to spare himself the pain of striking again.

It was his whole-hearted devotion to his art which caused his rare acts of self-assertion, and it was this same devotion, no less than his natural kindness, that made him ever helpful to younger artists who showed any promise of future worth. Even in his last days of unspeakable suffering he would summon what was left of his old strength to give a word of criticism and advice, above all a word of commendation, to any one who needed the one or had earned the other. The essential goodness of the man was most felt by those who stood nearest him, and most of all, perhaps, by his actual co-workers. He could command, as few have been able to do, the love and devotion of his assistants. To all who knew him the man himself seemed finer, rarer, sweeter than his work, and the gap he has left in their lives will be even more impossible to fill than his place in American art.

But the personality of an artist, though he be a great one, is for the memory of his private friends. It is only as it colors his art that it is of public interest. It is his art itself, his gift to the world, that the world cares for; it is of the kind and quality of

that art, the nature and the degree of its greatness, that the world wishes to hear. Because the man was my friend I have wished to give some glimpse of the manner of man he was; because the artist was the greatest our country has produced I am to try to give some idea of his art, of the elements of its strength, and of the limitations which are as necessary as its qualities.

And the first and most essential thing to note about the art of Augustus Saint-Gaudens is that it is always art of the purest — free in an extraordinary degree from the besetting sins of naturalism and the scientific temper on the one hand, and of the display of cleverness and technical brilliancy on the other. Never more than in our own day have these been the great temptations of an able artist: that he should in the absorption of study forget the end in the means, and produce demonstrations of anatomy or of the laws of light rather than statues or pictures; or that he should, in the joy of exercising great talents, seem to say, "See how well I can do it!" and invent difficulties for the sake of triumphantly resolving them, becoming a virtuoso rather than a creator. Of the meaner temptation of mere sensationalism — the desire to attract attention by ugliness and eccentricity lest one should be unable to secure it by truth and beauty — one need not speak. It is the temptation of vulgar souls. But great and true artists have yielded, occasionally or habitually, to these other two; Saint-Gaudens never does. I know no work of his to which raw nature has been admitted, in which a piece of study has been allowed to remain as such without the moulding touch of art to subdue it to its place; and I know only one which has any spice of bravura — the Logan statue — and the bravura is there because the subject seemed to demand it, not because the artist wished it. The dash and glitter are those of "Black Jack Logan," not of Saint-Gaudens. The sculptor strove to render them as he strove to render higher qualities at other

times, but they remain antipathetic to his nature, and the statue is one of the least satisfactory of his works. He is essentially the artist — the artificer of beauty — ever bent on the making of a lovely and significant thing; and the study of nature and the resources of his craft are but tools, and are never allowed to become anything more.

The commonest criticism on Saint-Gaudens's art has been that it is not, primarily, sculptural in its inspiration; and, in a sense, the criticism is justified. One need not, perhaps, greatly care whether it is true or not. It is, after all, only a matter of definition, and if we were forbidden to call his work sculpture at all and required to find another name for it, the important fact that it is art — art of the finest, the most exquisite, at times the most powerful — would in no wise be altered. Ghiberti went beyond the traditions of sculpture in relief, introduced perspective into his compositions, modeled trees and rocks and clouds and cast them in bronze, made pictures, if you like, instead of reliefs. Does any one care? Is it not enough that they are beautiful pictures? The gates of the Baptistry of Florence are still worthy, as the greatest sculptor since the Greeks thought them, to be the gates of Paradise. A work of art remains a work of art, call it what you please, and a thing of beauty will be a joy forever, whether or not you can pigeonhole it in some ready-made category. After all, the critical pigeonholes are made for the things, not the things for the pigeonholes. The work is there, and if it does not fit your preconceived definition, the fault is as likely to be in the definition as in the work itself.

If, then, the accusation that Saint-Gaudens's art is not sculptural means that he was a designer rather than a modeler, that he cared for composition more than for representation, that the ensemble interested him more than the details, I would cheerfully admit that the accusation is well founded. Such marvels of rendering as Rodin could give

us, before he lost himself in the effort to deserve that reputation as a profound thinker which has been thrust upon him, were not for Saint-Gaudens. The modeling of the *morceau* was not particularly his affair. The discrimination of hard and soft, of bone and muscle and integument, the expression of tension where a fleshy tissue is tightly drawn over the framework beneath, or of weight where it falls away from it — these were not the things that most compelled his interest or in which he was most successful. For the human figure as a figure, for the inherent beauty of its marvelous mechanism, he did not greatly care. The problems of bulk and mass and weight and movement which have occupied sculptors from the beginning were not especially his problems. It may have been due to the nature of the commissions he received that, after the Hiawatha of his student days, he modeled no nude except the Diana of the tower — a purely decorative figure, designed for distant effect, in which structural modeling would have been out of place because invisible. But it was not accident that in such draped figures as the Amor-Caritas or the caryatids of the Vanderbilt mantelpiece there is little effort to make the figure visible beneath the draperies. In the hands of a master of the figure — of one of those artists to whom the expressiveness and the beauty of the human structure is all in all — drapery is a means of rendering the masses and the movement of the figure more apparent than they would be in the nude. In such works as these it is a thing beautiful in itself, for its own ripple and flow and ordered intricacy. The figure is there beneath the drapery, but the drapery is expressive of the mood of the artist and of the sentiment of the work, rather than especially explanatory of the figure.

First of all, by nature and by training, Saint-Gaudens was a designer, and exquisiteness of design was the quality he most consciously strove for — the quality on which he expended his unrelenting, unending, persevering toil. From the

start one feels that design is his principal preoccupation, that he is thinking mainly of the pattern of the whole, its decorative effect and play of line, its beauty of masses and spaces, its fitness for its place and its surroundings, in a word, its composition. In the beginning, as a workman in the shop of the cameo-cutter, he was concerned with a kind of art in which perfection of composition is almost the sole claim to serious consideration. Then he produces a multiplicity of small reliefs, dainty, exquisite, infallibly charming in their arrangement, — things which are so dependent on design for their very existence that they seem scarcely modeled at all. He goes on to decorative figures in the round, to heroic statues, to monumental groups, but always it is design that he thinks of first and last — design, now, in three dimensions rather than in two — design properly sculptural rather than pictorial in so much as it deals with bosses and concaves, with solid matter in space — but still design. This power of design rises to higher uses as time goes on, is bent to the interpretation of lofty themes and the expression of deep emotions, but it is in its nature the same power that produced the delicate, ethereal beauty of the reliefs. The infinite fastidiousness of a master-designer, constantly reworking and readjusting his design, that every part shall be perfect and that no fold or spray of leafage shall be out of its proper place, never satisfied that his composition is beyond improvement while an experiment remains untried, — this is what cost him years of labor. His first important statue, the Farragut, is a masterpiece of restrained and elegant yet original and forceful design — a design, too, that includes the pedestal and the bench below, and of which the figures in bas-relief are almost as important a part as the statue itself. In later and maturer work, with a more clarified taste and a deeper feeling, he can reach such unsurpassable expressiveness of composition as is shown in the Shaw Memorial or the great equestrian statue of Sherman.

Saint-Gaudens's mastery of low-relief was primarily a matter of this power of design, but it was conditioned also upon two other qualities, knowledge of drawing, and extreme sensitiveness to delicate modulation of surface. And by drawing I mean not merely knowledge of form and proportion and the exact rendering of these, in which sense a statue may be said to be well drawn if its measurements are correct — I mean that much more subtle and difficult art, the rendering in two dimensions only of the appearance of objects of three dimensions. Sculpture in the round is the simplest and, in a sense, the easiest of the arts. It deals with actual form — a piece of sculpture does not merely look like the form of an object, it *is* the form of an object. Leaving out of the count, for the moment, the refinements and the illusions which may be added to it, — which must be added to it to make it art, — it is the reproduction in another material of the actual forms of things. Something which shall answer for it, to the uninitiate, may be produced by merely casting natural objects, and there is a great deal that is called sculpture which scarcely aims at anything more than the production, by a more difficult method, of something like a plaster cast from nature. It is the very simplicity of the art that makes its difficulty, for to avoid the look of casting and achieve the feeling of art requires the most delicate handling and the most powerful inspiration, and there is need in the art of sculpture for the rarest qualities of the greatest minds. The art of drawing is entirely different. It is all illusion, it deals only in appearances. Its aim is to depict on a flat surface the aspect of objects supposed to stand behind it and to be seen through it, and its means are two branches of the science of optics. It is based on the study of perspective and on the study of the way light falls upon objects and reveals their shapes and the direction of their surfaces by the varying degrees of their illumination. Of this art a sculptor in the round need not necessarily know any-

thing, and in fact many of them, unfortunately, know altogether too little of it. The maker of a statue need not think about foreshortenings: if he gives the correct form the foreshortening will take care of itself. Sometimes it does so in a disastrous manner! Theoretically he need not worry over light and shade, although of course he does, in practice, think about it and rely upon it, more or less. If he gives the true forms they will necessarily have the true light and shade. But low-relief, standing between sculpture and drawing, is really more closely related to drawing than to sculpture, — is really a kind of drawing, — and this is why so few sculptors succeed in it.

It is a kind of drawing, but an exceedingly difficult kind — the most delicate and difficult of any of the arts that deal with form alone. As to the contour, it stands on the same ground with drawing in any other material. The linear part of it requires exactly the same degree and the same kind of talent as linear design with a pen or with a burin. But for all that stands within the contour, for the suggestion of interior forms and the illusion of solidity, it depends on means of the utmost subtlety. It exists, as all drawing does, by light and shade, but the shadows are not produced by the mere darkening of the surface — they are produced by projections and recessions, by the inclination of the planes away from or toward the light. The lower the relief the more subtle and tender must be the variation of the surface which produces them, and therefore success in relief is one of the best attainable measures of a sculptor's fineness of touch and perfection of craftsmanship. But as the light and shade is produced by actual forms which are yet quite unlike the true forms of nature, it follows that the artist in relief can never imitate either the shape or the depth of the shadow he sees in nature. His art becomes one of suggestions and equivalents — an art which can give neither the literal truth of form nor the literal truth of aspect — an art at the

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farthest remove from direct representation. And success in it becomes, therefore, one of the best tests of a sculptor's artistry — of his ability to produce essential beauty by the treatment of his material, rather than to imitate successfully external fact.

As the degree of relief varies, also, from the lowest possible to that highest relief which nearly approaches sculpture in the round, the problems involved constantly vary. At each stage there is a new compromise to be made, a new adjustment to find, between fact and illusion, between the real form and the desired appearance. And there may be a number of different degrees of relief in the same work, even in different parts of the same figure, so that the art of relief becomes one of the most complicated and difficult of arts. It has not, indeed, the added complications of color, but neither has it the resources of color, success in which will more or less compensate for failure elsewhere. There is no permissible failure in bas-relief, any more than in sculpture in the round, and its difficulties are far greater. Nothing but truest feeling, completest knowledge, consummate skill, will serve.

This explanation may give some measure of what I mean when I say that I believe Augustus Saint-Gaudens the most complete master of relief since the fifteenth century.

He has produced a series of works which run through the whole range of the art, from lowest relief to highest; from things of which the relief is so infinitesimal that they seem as if dreamed into existence rather than wrought in bronze or marble, to things which are virtually engaged statues; from things which you fear a chance touch might brush away, like a pastel of Whistler's, to things as solid and enduring in appearance as in actual material. And in all these things there is the same inevitable mastery of design and of drawing, the same infinite resource and the same technical perfection. The Butler Children, the Schiff

Children, the Violet Sargent, to name but a few of his masterpieces of this kind, are in their perfection of spacing, their grace of line, their exquisite and ethereal illusiveness of surface, comparable only to the loveliest works of the Florentine Renaissance; while the assured mastery of the most complicated problems of relief evinced in the Shaw Memorial — a mastery which shows, in the result, no trace of the strenuous and long-continued effort that it cost — is unsurpassed — I had almost said unequaled — in any work of any epoch.

One cannot hope, without illustration, to give any idea of the special beauties of this or that particular work in this long series; and indeed no form of illustration could give more than the composition and the draughtsmanship. The refinement of workmanship, the sensitiveness and subtlety of modeling, can be appreciated only before the works themselves. And this sensitiveness and delicacy of workmanship, this mastery of the problems of relief, with its reliance on illusion and its necessary abstention from realization, is applied to sculpture in the round, and becomes with Saint-Gaudens, as it did with the sculptors of the Florentine Renaissance, the means of escape from the matter of fact. The concrete art of sculpture becomes an art of mystery and of suggestion — an art having affinities with that of painting. Hollows are filled up, shadows are obliterated, lines are softened or accentuated, as the effect may require, details are eliminated or made prominent as they are less or more essential and significant, as they hinder or aid the expressiveness of the whole. It is by such methods that beauty is achieved, that the most unpromising material is subdued to the purposes of art, that even our hideous modern costume may be made to yield a decorative effect. Pure sculpture, as the ancients understood it, the art of form *per se*, demands the nude figure, or a costume which reveals it rather than hides it. The costume of to-day reveals as little of the figure as pos-

sible, and, unlike mediæval armor, it has no form of its own. A painter may make it interesting by dwelling on color or tone or texture, or may so lose it in shadow that it ceases to count at all except as a space of darkness. A sculptor can do none of these things, and if he is to make it serve the ends of beauty he has need of all the resourcefulness and all the skill of the master of low-relief. It was fortunate that the artist whose greatest task was to commemorate the heroes of the Civil War should have had the temperament and the training of such a master, and I know of no other sculptor than Saint-Gaudens who has so magnificently succeeded in the rendering of modern clothing — no other who could have made the uniform of Farragut or the frock coat of Lincoln as interesting as the armor of Colleone or the toga of Augustus.

But if the genius of Saint-Gaudens was primarily a decorative genius — if it was, even, in his earlier work, a trifle picturesque, so that, as he said himself, he had “to fight against picturesqueness,” his work was never pictorial. He never indulged in perspective or composed his reliefs on more than one plane; never took such liberties with the traditions of sculpture as did Ghiberti, or painted pictures in bronze or marble as more than one modern has done. His very feeling for decoration kept him from pictorial realism, and his fight against picturesqueness was nobly won. His design becomes ever cleaner and more classic; by years of work and of experience he becomes stronger and stronger in the more purely sculptural qualities — attains a grasp of form and structure only second to his mastery of composition. He is always a consummate artist — in his finest works he is a great sculptor in the strictest sense of the word.

I have dwelt somewhat at length upon technical matters because technical power is the first necessity for an artist; because technical mastery is that for which he consciously endeavors; because the technical language of his art is the necessary

vehicle of expression for his thoughts and emotions, and determines, even, the nature of the thoughts and emotions he shall express. But while the technical accomplishment of an artist is the most necessary part of his art, without which his imagination would be mute, it is not the highest or the most significant part of it. I have tried to show that Saint-Gaudens was a highly accomplished artist, the equal of any of his contemporaries, the superior of most. What made him something much more than this — something infinitely more important for us — was the vigor and loftiness of his imagination. Without his imaginative power he would have been an artist of great distinction, of whom any country might be proud; with it he became a great creator, able to embody in enduring bronze the highest ideals and the deepest feelings of a nation and of a time.

It is a penetrating and sympathetic imagination that gave him his unerring grasp of character, that enabled him to seize upon the significant elements of a personality, to divine the attitude and the gesture that should reveal it, to eliminate the unessential, to present to us the man. This is the imagination of the portrait-painter, and Saint-Gaudens has shown it again and again, in many of his reliefs and memorial tablets, above all in his portrait statues. He showed it conclusively in so early a work as the *Farragut*, a work that remains one of the modern masterpieces of portrait statuary. The man stands there forever, feet apart, upon his swaying deck, his glass in one strong hand, cool, courageous, ready, full of determination but absolutely without bluster or braggadocio, a sailor, a gentleman, and a hero. He showed it again, and with ampler maturity, in that august figure of Lincoln, grandly dignified, austere, simple, sorrowfully human, risen from the chair of state that marks his office, but about to speak as a man to men, his bent head and worn face filled with a sense of power, but even more with the sadness of responsibility — filled,

above all, with a yearning, tender passion of sympathy and love. In imaginative presentation of character, in nobility of feeling and breadth of treatment, no less than in perfection of workmanship, these are among the world's few worthy monuments to its great men.

And they are monuments to Americans by an American. Saint-Gaudens had lived through the time of the Civil War, had felt, as a boy, the stir of its great happenings in his blood, and its epic emotions had become a part of his consciousness, deep-seated at the roots of his nature. The feelings of the American people were his feelings, and his representations of these and of other heroes of that great struggle are among the most national as they are among the most vital things that our country has produced in art.

But if Saint-Gaudens's imagination was thus capable of raising the portrait to the dignity of the type, it was no less capable of endowing the imagined type with all the individuality of the portrait. In the *Deacon Chapin*, of Springfield, we have a purely ideal production, the finest embodiment of New England Puritanism in our art, for no portrait of the real Chapin existed. This swift-striding, stern-looking old man, who clasps his Bible as Moses clasped the tables of the law and grips his peaceful walking-stick as though it were a sword, is a Puritan of the Puritans; but he is an individual also, — a rough-hewn piece of humanity with plenty of the old Adam about him, — an individual so clearly seen and so vigorously characterized that one can hardly believe the statue an invention or realize that no such old Puritan deacon ever existed in the flesh.

Something of this imaginative quality there is in almost everything Saint-Gaudens touched, even in his purely decorative figures. His angels and caryatids are not classical goddesses, but modern women, lovely, but with a personal and particular loveliness, not insisted upon, but delicately suggested. And it is

not the personality of the model who chanced to pose for them, but an invented personality, the expression of the nobility, the sweetness, and the pure-mindedness of their creator. And in such a figure as that of the Adams Memorial, in Rock Creek Cemetery in Washington, his imaginative power reaches to a degree of impressiveness almost unequaled in modern art. One knows of nothing since the tombs of the Medici that fills one with the same hushed awe as this shrouded, hooded, deeply-brooding figure, rigid with contemplation, still with an eternal stillness, her soul rapt from her body on some distant quest. Is she Nirvana? Is she The Peace of God? She has been given many names — her maker would give her none. Her meaning is mystery; she is the everlasting enigma.

Not the greatest artist could twice sound so deep a note as this. The figure remains unique in the work of the sculptor as it is unique in the art of the century. Yet, perhaps, Saint-Gaudens's greatest works are two in which all the varied elements of his genius find simultaneous expression; into which his mastery of composition, his breadth and solidity of structure, his technical skill, his insight into character, and his power of imagination enter in nearly equal measure: the Shaw Memorial and the great equestrian group of the Sherman Monument.

The Shaw Memorial is a relief, but a relief of many planes. The marching troops are in three files, one behind the other, the varying distances from the spectator marked by differences of the degree of projection. Nearer than all of them is the equestrian figure of Shaw himself, the horse and rider modeled nearly but not quite in the round. The whole scale of relief was altered in the course of the work, after it had once been nearly completed, and the mastery of the infinitely complicated problem of relief in many degrees is supreme. But all the more because the scheme was so full and so varied, the artist has carefully avoided the pictorial in his treatment. There is no

perspective, the figures being all on the same scale, and there is no background, no setting of houses or landscape. Everywhere, between and above the figures, is the flat surface which is the immemorial tradition of sculpture in relief; and the fact that it *is* a surface, representing nothing, is made more clear by the inscription written upon it — an inscription placed there, consciously or unconsciously, that it might have that very effect. The composition is magnificent, whether for its intrinsic beauty of arrangement, its balancing of lines and spaces, or for its perfect expressiveness. The rhythmic step of marching men is perfectly rendered, and the guns fill the middle of the panel in an admirable pattern, without confusion or monotony. The heads are superb in characterization, strikingly varied and individual, yet each a strongly marked racial type, unmistakably African in all its forms.

These are merits, and merits of a very high order, enough of themselves to place the work in the front rank of modern sculpture, but they are after all its minor merits. What makes it the great thing it is is the imaginative power displayed in it — the depth of emotion expressed, and expressed with perfect simplicity and directness and an entire absence of parade. The negro troops are marching steadily, soberly, with high seriousness of purpose, and their white leader rides beside them, drawn sword in hand, but with no military swagger, courageous, yet with a hint of melancholy, ready not only to lay down his life, but to face, if need be, an ignominious death for the cause he believes to be just. And above them, laden with palm and with poppy, floats the Death Angel, pointing out the way.

It is a work which artists may study again and again with growing admiration and increasing profit, yet it is one that has found its way straight to the popular heart. It is not always — it is not often — that the artists and the public are thus at one. When they are it is safe to assume that the work they equally admire is truly

great — that it belongs to the highest order of noble works of art.

The Sherman group, though it has been more criticised than the Shaw Memorial, seems to me, if possible, an even finer work. The main objection to it has been that it is not sufficiently “monumental,” and indeed it has not the massiveness nor the repose of such a work as Donatello’s *Gattamelata*, the greatest of all equestrian statues. It could not well have these qualities in the same degree, its motive being what it is, but they are, perhaps, not ill exchanged for the character and the nationalism so marked in horse and rider, and for the irresistible onward rush of movement, never more adequately expressed. In all other respects the group seems to me almost beyond criticism. The composition — composition, now, in the round, and to be considered from many points of view — builds up superbly; the flow of line in wing and limb and drapery is perfect; the purely sculptural problems of anatomical rendering, equine and human, are thoroughly resolved; the modeling, as such, is almost as fine as the design.

To the boyish Saint-Gaudens Sherman had seemed the typical American hero. To the matured artist he had sat for an admirable bust. The sculptor had thus an unusual knowledge of his subject, a perfect sympathy with his theme; and he has produced a work of epic sweep and significance. Tall and erect, the General sits his horse, his military cloak bellying out behind him, his trousers strapped down over his shoes, his hat in his right hand, dropping at arm’s length behind his knee, his bare head, like that of an old eagle, looking straight forward. The horse is as long and thin as his rider, with a tremendous stride; and his big head, closely reined in, twitches viciously at the bridle. Before the horse and rider, upon the ground yet as if new-lighted there from an aerial existence, half walks, half flies, a splendid winged figure, — one arm outstretched, the other brandishing the palm, — Victory leading

them on. She has a certain fierce wildness of aspect, but her rapt gaze and half open mouth indicate the seer of visions: peace is ahead, and an end of war. On the bosom of her gown is brodered the eagle of the United States, for she is an American Victory, as this is an American man on an American horse; and the broken pine bough beneath the horse’s feet localizes the victorious march — it is the march through Georgia to the sea.

Long ago I expressed my conviction that the Sherman monument is third in rank of the great equestrian statues of the world. To-day I am not sure that that conviction remains unaltered. Donatello’s *Gattamelata* is unapproached and unapproachable in its quiet dignity; Verrocchio’s *Colleone* is unsurpassed in picturesque attractiveness. Both are consecrated by the admiration of centuries. To-day I am not sure that this work of an American sculptor, just dead, is not, in its own way, equal to either of them.

There are those who are troubled by the introduction of the symbolical figures in such works as the Shaw Memorial and the Sherman statue; and, indeed, it was a bold enterprise to place them where they are, mingling thus in the same work the real and the ideal, the actual and the allegorical. But the boldness seems to me abundantly justified by success. In either case the entire work is pitched to the key of these figures; the treatment of the whole is so elevated by style and so infused with imagination, that there is no shock of unlikeness or difficulty of transition. And these figures are not merely necessary to the composition, an essential part of its beauty — they are even more essential to the expression of the artist’s thought. Without that hovering Angel of Death, the negro troops upon the Shaw Memorial might be going anywhere, to battle or to review. We should have a passing regiment, nothing more. Without the striding Victory before him, the impetuous movement of Sherman’s horse would have no especial significance. And these

figures are no mere conventional allegories, they are true creations. To their creator the unseen was as real as the seen — nay, it was more so. That Shaw was riding to his death at the command of duty was the only thing that made Shaw memorable. That Sherman was marching to a victory the fruits of which should be peace was the essential thing about Sherman. Death and Duty — Victory and Peace — in each case the compound ideal found its expression in a figure entirely original and astonishingly living; a *person* as truly as Shaw or Sherman themselves. He could not have left them out. It were better to give up the work entirely than to do it otherwise than as he saw it.

I have described and discussed but a few of the many works of this great artist, choosing those which seem to me the most significant and the most important, and in doing so I have keenly felt the inadequacy of words to express the qualities of an art which exists by forms. Fortunately, the works themselves are, for the most part, readily accessible. In the originals, in casts, or in photographs, they may be studied by every one. Nothing is more difficult than to estimate justly the greatness of an object that is too near to us — it is only as it recedes into the distance that the mountain visibly overtops its neighboring hills. It is difficult to understand that this man so lately familiar to us, moving among us as one of ourselves, is of the company of the immortals. Yet I believe, as we make this study of his works, as we yield ourselves to the graciousness of his charm or are exalted by the sweep of his imagination, we shall come to feel an assured conviction that Augustus Saint-Gaudens was not merely the most accomplished artist of America, not merely one of the foremost sculptors of his time, — we shall feel that he is one of those great, creative

minds, transcending time and place, not of America or of to-day, but of the world and forever.

Where, among such minds, he will take his rank we need not ask. It is enough that he is among them. Such an artist is assuredly a benefactor of his country, and it is eminently fitting that his gift to us should be acknowledged by such tribute as we can pay him. By his works in other lands and by his world-wide fame he sheds a glory upon the name of America, helping to convince the world that here also are those who occupy themselves with the things of the spirit, that here also are other capabilities than those of industrial energy and material success. In his many minor works he has endowed us with an inexhaustible heritage of beauty — beauty which is “about the best thing God invents.” He is the educator of our taste, and of more than our taste — of our sentiment and our emotions. In his great monuments he has not only given us fitting presentments of our national heroes; he has expressed, and in expressing elevated, our loftiest ideals; he has expressed, and in expressing deepened, our profoundest feelings. He has become the voice of all that is best in the American people, and his works are incentives to patriotism and lessons in devotion to duty.

But the great and true artist is more than a benefactor of his country, he is a benefactor of the human race. The body of Saint-Gaudens is ashes; but his mind, his spirit, his character, have taken on enduring forms and are become a part of the inheritance of mankind. And if, in the lapse of ages, his very name should be forgotten — as are the names of many great artists who have gone before him — yet his work will remain; and while any fragment of it is decipherable the world will be the richer in that he lived.

SONGS OF THE NIGHT

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

MUSIC BENEATH THE STARS

In Memory of A. St.-G.

MUSIC beneath the stars — remembering him
Who music loved, and who on such a night
Had, through white paths celestial, winged his flight,
Hearing the chanting of the cherubim, —
Which even our ears seem now to apprehend.
Rising and falling in waves of splendid sound
That bear our grieving spirits from the ground
And with eternal things lift them and blend.
Now Bach's great Aria charms the starlit dark;
Now soars the Largo, high angelical,
Soothing all mortal sorrow on that breath;
And now, O sweet and sovereign strain! Now hark
Of mighty Beethoven the rise and fall.
— Such music 'neath the stars abolished death.

THE VEIL OF STARS

O veil of stars! O dread magnificence!
Not unto man, O not to man is given
The power to grasp with human sight and sense
Him, clothed upon by all the stars of heaven.
And thou, O infinite littleness! not more
Doth infinite distance and immensity
That Presence veil, whom fain we would adore
If mortals might the immortal dimly see.
Atoms and stars alike the Eternal hide,
Nor know we if in light or darkness dwells
The Ever Living. No voice from out the wide
Intense of starlight the great secret tells, —
No word nor sign in earth or skies above, —
Save one, the Godhead in the eyes of love.

ROSE MACLEOD ¹

BY ALICE BROWN

XX

ELECTRA, in her excitement, found herself unable to stay upstairs at her accustomed tasks. She had to know what grandmother thought of this ill-bred woman. But speeding down, she saw grandmother in the garden paths with Billy Stark. There they walked intimately arm-in-arm, and grandmother talked. There was something eager in the pose of her head. Evidently what she had heard quite pleased her, if only because it was some new thing. And there was Peter at the door. Instantly the light sprang renewed into Electra's eyes. Peter would do still better than grandmother to confirm her triumph, though at the moment even she charged herself to be lofty in her judgments and temperate in expressing them. Peter did not look at all like one who had himself heard unlovely news. His face glowed. There were points of light in his dark eyes. Rose had left them there, and Electra, with the sick certainty of the jealous, knew it. They went silently into the library, Peter holding, as well as he might, the lax hand hanging at her side. In the morning light of the room, they faced each other, and she asked her question, the one that, unbidden, came leaping to her lips.

"Did you meet her?"

He knew whom she meant, for his thought, too, was full of her.

"Yes," he said, and then swept even Rose aside as deflecting him from his purpose. "Electra, I have decided to go back to France."

Immediately she thought she saw why. Rose was going and he had to follow.

"What did she tell you?" she cried sharply. The pang that came astonished

her, it was so savage. Even in the haste of the moment, she had time for a passing surprise that she could be so moved by Peter. He was looking at her with innocent perplexity.

"Rose?" he said. "Nothing. I told her I was coming here and she —" He paused, for he was on the point of adding, "She sent me." Peter could see how ill-judged that would be.

Electra, her proud glance on him, was considering, balancing probabilities. With his artist's eye he saw how handsome she was, how like, in the outer woman, to his imperial lady. Such spirit in her could only, it seemed, be spent for noble ends.

"Has she told you?" asked Electra, and there was something, he saw, beyond what he suspected. Her voice rang out against her will: "No, she has n't. She means, for some reason, not to tell you. But she has had to tell me."

Peter was staring at her.

"Has something happened to her?" he asked quickly. "I must know."

That mysterious rage she was so unwilling to recognize in herself got possession of her again.

"It means a great deal to you," she breathed.

"Of course it does," said Peter honestly. "Don't keep me dangling, Electra."

Electra's mouth seemed to harden before his eyes. She looked like some noble and beautiful image of justice or a kindred virtue.

"She thinks I shall not tell you," she declared. "But I shall. It is no more right for you to be deceived than it was right for me. I shall tell you."

"Don't tell me anything she would n't wish," said Peter earnestly. He began to see the need of holding down the

flaming spirit in her, lest it consume too much. "If there is anything she wants me to know, she will tell me."

"My instinct was right," said Electra, now with equal steadiness. "She was not his wife. Tom never married her."

Peter was tired of that issue. His controlled manner showed it.

"I know what you think about that, Electra," he said. "You see we don't agree. We must n't talk about it."

Electra answered him with a gracious certainty.

"That was what she told me, Peter. She told grandmother, too. For some reason she has abandoned her deception. She has a reason for ending it. That was what she said. Tom never married her."

Peter's face was blazing, the indignant blood in it, the light darting from his eyes. He straightened. His hands clenched. His voice was thick with anger.

"Tom never married her?"

"That was what she told us."

"The damned scoundrel!"

Electra had been regarding him in serene certainty of her own position and her ability to hold it. But human nature flashed out in her, the loyalty of blood.

"Are you speaking of my brother?" she demanded.

"I am speaking of your precious brother. And I might have known it." Ire, gathering in him, suffused his face anew. "I might have known Tom Fulton would do the dastardly trick in any given situation. Of course he never married her."

"You don't seem to think of her," she reminded him, under her breath.

"Not think of her! What else am I thinking of? Poor child! poor child!"

Electra was always having to feel alone in the world. Art left her desolate when other people sang and painted and she could only praise. Love and the fierce loyalty she coveted were always failing her and lavishing themselves elsewhere. She had one momentary impulse to speak for herself.

"Do you wonder now," she said, "that I would n't accept her?"

"Not accept her, when she had been hurt? Good God, Electra! how monstrous it is. You, a delicate woman, fully believed he had wronged another woman as lovely as yourself, and yet the only impression it made on you was that you could not accept her."

Electra resisted the impulse to turn away or put her hands to her face; the tears were coming. She held herself rigid for a moment, choking down the shuddering of her nerves, lest her lips quiver and betray her.

"I suppose," — the words were almost inaudible, yet he heard them, — "I suppose that is because you have lived so long in France."

"What, Electra?" He spoke absently, his mind with Rose.

"These things have ceased to mean anything to you. It is not a moral question. You see the woman is pretty and you —"

"No, no! She is beautiful, but that's not it. I can't theorize about it, Electra, only the whole thing seems to me monstrous. That he should wrong her! That he should be able to make her care about him in the first place—a fellow like him—just because he was handsome as the devil and had the tongue of angels—but that he should wrong her, that she should come over here expecting kindness—" It was Peter who put a hand before his eyes, not because there were tears there, but as if to shut her out from a knowledge of his too candid self. But in an instant he was looking at her again, not in anger, but sorrowfully.

"Is n't it strange?" she exclaimed, almost to herself.

"What, Electra?"

"Strange to think what power a woman has—a woman of that stamp."

"Don't, Electra. You must n't classify her. You can't."

She was considering it with a real curiosity.

"You don't blame her at all," she said.

"You know Tom did wrong. You don't think she did."

"Electra," he said gently, "we can't go back to that. It's over and done with. Besides, it is between those two. It is n't our business."

"You could blame Tom!" She clung to that. He saw she would not release her hold.

"Electra!" He put out his hands and took her unwilling ones. Then he gazed at her sweetly and seriously; and when Peter was in gentle earnest he did look very good. "Electra, can't you see what she is?"

His appealingness had for the instant soothed that angry devil in her. She wrenched her hands free, with the one hoarse cry instinct with mental pain, —

"You are in love with her!"

Peter stepped back a pace. His face paled. He could not answer. Electra felt the rush of an emotion stronger than herself. It swept her on, her poise forgotten, her rules of life snapping all about her.

"I have always known it, from the first day you spoke of her. She has bewitched you. Perhaps this is what she really came for — to separate us. Well, she has done it."

Something seemed demanded of him, and he could only answer in her own words, —

"Has she done it?"

Her heat had cooled. Her soberer self had the upper hand again, and she spoke now like the gracious lady called to some dignified dismissal.

"I find," she said, "I must have intended to say this for days. We must give up — what we meant to do."

"You must give me up, Electra?"

"I give you up."

"I came to-day" — Peter's voice sounded very honest in his endeavor to show how well he had meant. "I came to ask you to go back to France. We would live on a little. We would serve the Brotherhood — the chief says you have joined already" — Electra bowed

her head slightly, still in a designed remoteness.

"I shall go to France," she said, "later. But I shall never marry you. That is over. As you said of something else, it is over and done with."

She glanced toward the door, but he kept his place. Peter was conscious that of all the things he ought to feel, he could not summon one. It did not seem exactly the woman he had loved who was dismissing him. This was a handsome and unfriendly stranger, and in the bottom of his heart surged a sweet new feeling that was like hope and pain.

"Let us not talk any more," she was saying, with that air of extreme courtesy which still invited him to go.

Peter walked slowly to the door.

"I am wondering" — he hesitated. "Why do you say that, Electra? Why do you tell me I am in love with her?"

He looked as shy as a girl. It struck her full in the mind that even in this interview she had no part. She had refused a lover, and he was going away with his thoughts stirred by another woman.

"I said so," she repeated clearly, "because it is true. You are in love with her. Good-by."

Peter turned to her with one of his quick movements and held out his hand. She did not take it.

"Won't you shake hands, Electra?" he asked. "I should think we might be friends." Honest sorrow moved his voice. Now, at least, he was thinking of her only.

Electra meant to show no resentment, no pain. But she had to be true.

"I can't," she said, in a low tone. "Good-by."

And Peter, seeing the aversion in her face, not for him perhaps, but for the moment, got himself hastily out of the room and into the summer road. And there before he had walked three paces, Peter began to sing. He sang softly, not at all because melody was unfitted to the day, but as if what inspired it were

too intimate a thing to be revealed. He looked above him, straight ahead, and on every side.

The world was beautiful to him at this moment, and he had a desire to drink it up, to be as young and as rich as Apollo. He did feel very rich, not only in his youth but in the unnamed possibilities trembling before him; and Peter denied himself no pleasure because it was inappropriate to the moment. It would have seemed to him a refusal of the good gifts of life and an affronting of the God who created plenty if, because he had lost Electra, he renounced the delight of a happiness he really felt. By and by he would remember Electra, how dignified she was, how irreproachable, in the moments when her virtues did not get the bit between their teeth and dash away with her; but now, under this abounding summer sun, with the leaves trembling, she withdrew into a gray seclusion like an almost forgotten task—one that had resolved itself into a beneficent fulfillment quite unlike what it had promised. Noble as it was, he had been excused from it, and he felt blissfully free. Something else that swam before him like the gleam of a vision did not look like another task. It was more like a quest for a hero's arming. It fitted his dreams, it went hand in hand with the visions he had had years ago about his painting, when that was all possibility, not work. This was the worshipful righting of an innocent lady.

She was there in view when he got home, as if she had waited for him, under a tree, trembled about by the summer green, her white dress flickered upon by leaves. She was pale; her mouth looked piteous to him, and his heart beat hard in championship. She half rose from her chair, and let her unread book fall to the grass beside her.

There were two things Rose wanted very much to know: whether Electra had shocked him out of his trust in her, and why her father stayed so long in that visit to Osmond at the plantation. The

last question was the great one, and she asked it first.

"What can my father be saying to him?"

"Osmond? I don't know. Equal rights, labor, capital, God knows. Rose, don't sit there. Please get up!"

She obeyed, wondering, brushed out her skirt and put her hair straight, and then glanced at him.

"What for?" she asked. "What do you want me to do?"

Peter looked to her about eighteen, perhaps, nothing but youth and gleam and gay good luck. She felt a thousand years older herself, yet she loved Peter dearly. She would do anything for him. This she told herself in the moment of smoothing down her hair. His face brimmed over with fun, with something else, too. The seriousness that dwells housemate to comedy was behind.

"I could n't say it with you lying there and looking at me," said Peter. "Nobody ever made a proposal to a lady in a steamer chair unless he was in another and the deck was level."

"Peter," she said gravely, "don't make fun."

Peter shook back the lock of hair he encouraged to tumble into his eyes. It was his small affectation. It kept him at one with his artistic brotherhood.

"I am rejected," he said, and do what he might, he announced it exultingly, and not in the least with the dignity he would have admired in the lady who had refused him. But at that moment Peter had had enough of dignity and the outer form of things. He wanted to be himself, light or sad, bad or good, and speak the truth as the moment revealed it to him. "But I am rejected," he continued, when she looked at him in a quick reproof, "turned down, jilted, smashed into a cocked hat. And I came just as quick as I could. Rose —"

"Don't!" she warned him. "Don't say that, Peter."

"Just as quick as I could get here without running—I could n't run, there

were so many pretty things to look at — to tell you, to beg of you” — Peter’s voice broke. He was behaving badly to conceal how much he was moved. “I came to offer it to you,” he said seriously, in a low tone. “Not what was given back to me, but something else, so much better you could n’t speak of ’em in the same day. When I think of what might be, it’s all light and color — and the leaves of the wood moving. It’s a great big dream, Rose, and you fit into it. You fit into the dream.” He was intoxicated with youth and life. She was not sure whether it was with her.

“I hope you have n’t quarreled,” she said soberly. She wished she might recall him. “But if you have and are patient —”

Peter could not let her go on. He put out his quick, clever hands in an eager gesture, as if he pushed something away.

“Ah,” he said, “I don’t want to be patient! I want to be rash. I don’t want anything back. I want something new and beautiful. I want to tell you a million things in a minute — chiefly how much I love you.”

His voice had deepened. It swept her on a pace, in spite of herself, because it was like Osmond’s. For a moment she felt the kinship between them, the same swift blood, the picturesque betrayals. There was something at the heart of each that was dear to her, and Peter, for the moment, speaking in the sunshine with her eyes upon him, was also the voice out of the dark. But she had nevertheless to recall him.

“Have you really given each other up?” she asked.

“Yes,” said Peter, in the same glad acquiescence. “And what do you think she told me, the last thing of all?”

She shook her head.

“She told me I loved you. And I do, Rose. Oh, I do! I do!”

“But that must n’t part you. Think what it is to me — to know my coming here has done it.”

“Oh, you had to come!” said Peter

lightheartedly. “It was preordained. It’s destiny. I was a fool not to see it the first minute. She had to tell me.”

Rose, in spite of herself, smiled a little. But her thoughts settled gravely back upon her own hard task.

“Did she tell you —” she hesitated, and then asked her question with a simple directness. “Did she tell you how much mistaken you are in me?”

“Please don’t,” said Peter. His face flushed. He looked his misery.

“You see she is the only one who was not mistaken in me. Those of you who believed in me — well, I must tell all of you. Even grannie, dear grannie! I am afraid —” she stopped because she meant to show no emotion; but it seemed to her that grannie, in her guarded life, must view her harshly. “I was wrong, Peter, ever to let you mix yourself in this miserable coil. If I could lie, well and good. Let me do it and take the consequences. But I should have known better than to bring you into it.”

Peter stood thoughtfully regarding her in a very impersonal way, as if he debated how she could be moved.

“I wonder,” he said at last, “how it is possible to tell you how lovely you are to everybody, how perfectly splendid, you know, quite different from anybody else! And when you add to that that you’ve been wronged and — and insulted — oh, you’ve simply no conception how it makes a fellow feel! Why, I adore you, that’s all. I just adore you.”

He stretched out his hand like a bluff comrade and she put hers into it, as frankly.

“You’re a dear boy, Peter,” she said, and her eyes were wet.

He spoke perversely, when she had taken her hand away:—

“That’s all very well, you know, but I’m not a boy — not all the time. I love you awfully, Rose, in the real way, the bang-up old style, Tristan and all that, you know. I’m going to keep on and you’ll have to listen.”

“Shall I, Peter?” She was still smiling

wistfully. Love, sweet, clean young love looked very beautiful to her. She wished she could see it crowning some head, not hers, some girl quite worthy of him. "Well, not to-day."

"No, maybe not to-day," Peter agreed obstinately, "but other days, all the days. I can't give up the most beautiful thing there is, and you're that. You're simply the most beautiful there is."

"There's grannie coming out on the veranda." Then she added bitterly, "I wonder if she will think I am the most beautiful thing there is!"

XXI

MacLeod was not used to being summoned, except by high officials, and then, if the meeting would not advantage his cause, he was likely to take a journey in another direction. But when Osmond's man invited him to go down to the shack that morning, he had agreed with a ready emphasis, and now walked along, smiling over the general kindness of things. The change of air after his sea voyage was doing him good, and he had been able to command anew the sense of physical prosperity which had once been his habitual possession. That forbade him morbid premonitions and withdrawals relative to the bodily life. It hardly seemed possible, this robust guardian declared, that anything should happen to him, save after a very long period, when inevitable decay would set in. But in a harmonious mood such as this, even that prospect retreated so far that it might almost as well not threaten at all. He had no doubt that when change fell upon the aged, it was as beneficent in its approach as the oncoming of sleep. But of these things he need not think, except as they might be brought to his mind by the disasters of other people. Acquiesce in the course of nature, said his philosophy, and refuse to anticipate trouble as trouble. It could always be curbed or stamped out when it came. That abounding certainty was a part of his power.

He found his way without difficulty. The neat rows of growing things led him in from the road, and directing his steps toward the shack, where he had understood Osmond lived, he saw a figure advancing to meet him, a man in a blue blouse, like a workman, beating his hands together as he came, to dust the soil from them. When they were at a convenient interval, the man looked at MacLeod with a measuring gaze, and MacLeod returned the challenge with what was, perhaps, too frank encouragement. He put out his hand, but Osmond shook his head. He opened his two palms, displaying them.

"I did n't expect you for a few minutes yet," he said, "or I should have washed. I'm just out of the dirt. Come on down to the house. We won't go in. There are some seats outside."

MacLeod knew at once, through the keen sense that served him in his fellowship with men, that the excuse was a true one, yet that Osmond was glad he had it to offer. He evidently had no desire to shake hands. That seemed reasonable enough. The man was quite unlike other men in his unstudied speech, the clear, healthy, and yet childlike look of his eyes. It was as if, working in the earth, he had become a part of it. When they were in the shade of the great oak-tree by the house, each in his rough chair, MacLeod stretched out his legs, with much enjoyment, and offered his host a cigar.

"No, thank you," said Osmond. He felt briefly, and was ashamed of himself for entertaining it, a childish regret that he did not smoke. Every easy habit gave the man of the world an advantage the more. "Light up," he said grimly, as MacLeod, after a questioning look which seemed also a commiserating one, was about to return the case to his pocket. "I like to see it — and smell it — rather."

So MacLeod brought out his pipe and did light up.

"I smoke very little," he explained.

"That's the way to skim the cream. It's the temperate man for flavors. Know that?"

Osmond, temperate in all ways from necessity, hardly knew how he should have felt about it if desires and delight had presented themselves to him as companions, not as foes. He pulled himself up, with an effort. MacLeod's effect on him was something for which he was not prepared. The man's physical fitness, his self-possession in the face of anything that might be required of him, made hot blood in Osmond. There was no ground for them to meet upon. Temperance of life in order to enjoy the more keenly? Then, to be honest, he would have to confess that for him temperance was his master, and that was a confidence he would not give. There could be no easy commonplaces. He spoke bluntly:—

"I wanted to see you."

"I wanted to see you, too," said MacLeod cordially. "Of course I know all about you. Peter talks about you by the yard."

Osmond's rebellious tongue formed the words, "I don't believe it." But he did not utter them.

"You've worked out a mighty interesting scheme down here," MacLeod continued, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking about him.

"We have worked," said Osmond.

"It's like the older peasant life of Europe." MacLeod spoke rather at random, seeking about for some thoroughfare with his crusty host. "A sort of paternal government —"

"Not in the least," said Osmond. "My men are my neighbors. They work for me and I pay them."

"Without discontent?"

"I hope so. If I found a man doing half time and grumbling, I should kick him out."

"They don't combine?"

"We all combine. I get good work. They get good wages. It's a square deal."

"Profit-sharing?"

"No, not exactly."

"It strikes me as a sort of community," said MacLeod. "Everybody at work and everything in common."

"Now, why does it strike you that everything is in common? The place is mine."

"Ah, my dear fellow!" MacLeod forgot the simplicity of the moment and put on his platform voice. "Nothing is ours."

Osmond regarded him with a slow smile coming, — his perfect clothes, his white hand, his air of luxurious equipment.

"Is n't it?" he asked ironically. "Well, it looks mighty like it. But I have n't any data. I know what goes on inside my own fences. I don't know much more. What do you want of Peter?"

"To-day?"

"Any time. All the time. He has joined your league. What do you intend to do with him?"

MacLeod put his hands in his pockets and stretched his legs a little farther. He regarded the outer circle of hills, and then brought his gaze back over the pleasant rolling land between. Finally he looked at Osmond and smiled at him in what seemed a community of feeling.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I am not considering the individual."

"I am," said Osmond, with an offensive bluntness. "I am considering Peter. What are you going to do with him?"

"Your brother joined us of his own free will."

"Yes. But now you've got him, what do you want to do with him?"

"Is n't it of any use for me to tell you that when a man joins us, he has passed beyond personal recognition or privilege? Outside our circle, he is an individual; he counts. Inside — well, it is difficult to say what he is. We want him then to consider himself one of the drops that make a sea. The sea washes down things — even the cliffs. The drop of water is of no importance alone. With a million, million others, it moves. It crushes."

Osmond sat looking straight at him with eyes that burned. His hands, hanging at his side, were clenched. He recognized the might of the man, the crude physical power of him like an emanation, and he felt the despairing helplessness of trying to move a potency like that. Cliffs might be corroded by the sea; but a human force that respects no other cannot be easily invaded. He spoke without his own will, and heard himself speaking: —

“You have n’t any soul!”

MacLeod was regarding him with as direct a gaze.

“What do you mean by that?” he asked, with a moderate interest. “Do you mean I have n’t any mercy, any kindness? Is that what you mean?”

It was not what he meant. It was the indwelling spirit such as he saw in grannie, the mobile thing in Peter that, changing, blossoming in errant will here and there as the sun of life bade it, seemed in one form or another to proclaim itself undying. He shook his head.

“No,” he said, “that’s not what I mean.”

A smile ran over MacLeod’s face and moved it most delightfully.

“Well,” said he, “if we’re going to take inventories — have you a soul?”

Osmond shook his head again.

“I don’t know,” he answered.

“Well, then, what’s the use of slang-ing me? If you’re in the same box yourself — Come, who has one? has anybody?”

Osmond thought then of Rose, and of the fire of the spirit playing over her, that brightness he could neither classify nor define. Yet he must believe in it.

“Yes,” he said. “I have seen it.”

“You have? And you think I’m exempt. Why?”

Osmond was not getting anywhere. MacLeod and his own ineptitude of speech seemed to be forcing him into the solicitous fright of the mother, bent on shielding her child from the wolf.

“You are too powerful,” he said, and

realized that he was using the evidence Rose had given him, thought for thought.

“I hope so. I ought to be. I’ve got to overturn power.”

“What’s the use? You’re a czar yourself. You’re only another kind.”

MacLeod looked at him thoughtfully, as if struck by the form of words.

“My dear fellow,” he said, “is it possible you believe in the present state of things? Do you want one man to possess everything and the next man nothing?”

Osmond frowned his negation. MacLeod, unfairly it seemed to him, made him feel young and inadequate to the matter. He had the eyes to see what cause was just, yet he had not the equipment to maintain any cause at all.

“What is the use,” he essayed, “for you and men like you to head revolts? It only means you are ruling instead of the rulers you overturn. It will all be done over again. The big man will rise to the top. The little man will go under. And in time you will have the same conditions repeated. It’s because you are not teaching love. You are teaching envy and hate.”

“How do you know I am?”

Osmond kept on as if he were speaking to himself, groping painfully for what he found.

“You are not preaching good work. You are preaching revolt against work — class hatred and discontent.”

“Do you believe in non-resistance?”

“No.”

“Do you believe in Midas, king of gold, swelled up with power, sitting smiling on the throne he has forced others to build for him, and saying, ‘I am not as other men are’?”

“No. But I believe in work. You must n’t take it out of a man, that certainty that his own work is the greatest privilege he’s got. Oh, you must n’t do that!”

There it was again, his hungry worship of achievement. It might even have seemed to him that oppression was not

much to bear if, at the same time, a man had the glory of setting his hand to something and seeing it prosper. MacLeod, who knew something about his life, but nothing of its inward processes, began to feel that here was more than at first appeared, and answered rather temperately, —

"I don't believe you know much about the general conditions under which work is done. Work means to you Peter's painting a picture. Let it mean, for example, a great many Peters in a mine delving all day for some smug capitalist who wants to endow monuments to himself and get his children into society. What then?"

What then, indeed? Osmond could not answer; but a moment later he said again, tenaciously, —

"I don't want you to destroy the idea of good work."

"Well, now!" MacLeod spoke impatiently. He realized that here was not a man whom his torrent of bloody facts would move, but who demanded also a more persuasive rhetoric. "Well, now, you acknowledge the world is upside down. Shall we leave it so?"

Osmond shook his head dumbly.

"Shall we say the great scheme counteracts its own abuses, and we won't interfere? When an empire gets sufficiently corrupt, it tumbles apart of its own rottenness? Or when we see just cause, shall we go to war?"

"Grannie has the whole secret of it in her hand." This he said involuntarily, for he had no idea of talking to MacLeod about grannie. But the subject had passed beyond their predilections of what was best to say. "Science won't do it — war won't do it. Religion will."

"Ah! You are an enthusiast."

"No. But there is something beyond force and beyond reason."

"Religion, you mean."

"You can call it that. It is what has made that old woman up there at the house live every day of her life as if she were the multi-millionaire of the universe — without a thought of herself,

without a doubt that there is an inexhaustible reservoir, and that everybody can dip into it and bring up the water of life. Sometimes when she told me that — how rich we all are, if we only knew it — I used to see the multitudes of hands dipping in for their drop — old wrinkled hands, children's hands."

He was musing now, and yet admitting the other man to his confidence. It was proof of MacLeod's charm that even Osmond, who kept his true self to himself, and who started by hating a girl's oppressor, had nevertheless fallen into a maze of self-betrayal. MacLeod spoke softly, as if he recognized the spell and would not break it: —

"Yet, the Founder of her religion said, 'I came not to send peace, but a sword.'"

"How do you know who the Founder of her religion is? I don't know it myself. I don't know but she dug it out of the ground, or breathed it out of the air. She has her sword, too, grannie has. You never saw her licking a boy for torturing a rat. I have."

"What shall we do?"

Osmond roused himself a little from his muse.

"I read something the other day in a book — about the town of Abdera. I suppose you know it."

MacLeod shook his head.

"In the town of Abdera they suddenly began to love one another, that's all. They went round chanting, 'O Cupid, prince of God and men!'"

"Is that going to obviate all the difficulties?"

Osmond looked at him with dog's eyes, the eyes that seek and wonder out of their confusion of incomplete knowledge.

"Every man would refuse to rest," he said, "while any other man was hungry. They would all be humble, the rich as well as the poor. Now, one's as cocky as the other. I don't know that the cockiness of the ignorant is any more picturesque than the cockiness of the privileged."

MacLeod was smiling a little. These,

he saw, were pretty dreams, but hardly of the texture to demand destruction. They would fall to pieces, in good time, of their own flimsiness.

"Do you believe in kings?" he asked idly.

Osmond glowed.

"I know it's a mighty pity not to," he said. "Some people have got to be fostered chiefly because they have gifts. If you don't draw a little circle round them, you lose the gifts maybe, and you certainly lose the fun of adoring them. I'd like to be a soldier of Alexander — if I could n't be Alexander himself. But you'll never get anywhere smashing round and yelling that one man's better than another because he works with his hands. No! the man that brings peace will bring it another way."

MacLeod regarded him for a moment curiously.

"But why," he said, at length, "why won't you trust me to bring it precisely that way?"

Osmond smiled faintly.

"No," he said, "you could n't."

"But why? You say I am extremely powerful. You rather accuse me of it. I am too powerful, in fact. Was n't that what you said?"

"Yes."

"Well, why not trust me to administer your great awakening?"

Osmond kept his ironic smile of unbelief.

"You are not the man," he said. "You would not believe in it. You would n't live it. You are very powerful. But your mastery would n't serve you. That's where you can't pretend."

"Now where have you got your idea of me?" MacLeod was looking at him sharply. "You never saw me before today. Yet your idea was already formed before I came down here. Who's been talking to you?"

Osmond had entrenched himself at last in his customary reserve.

"You are a public character," he said indifferently.

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"Has Peter been talking about me?"

"Yes. He speaks of you."

"But not in this fashion. Peter believes in me, over head and ears."

"Yes. He believes in you. I wish he did n't."

"Ah!" MacLeod drew a deep breath.

"My daughter! Do you know my daughter?"

The question was too quick, and Osmond quivered under the assault of it. He felt the blood in his face. His heart choked him. And MacLeod's eyes were upon him.

"Do you know her?" MacLeod was asking sharply.

"Yes," Osmond heard himself answering, in a moved voice. "I have seen her."

MacLeod spoke with what seemed to the other man an insulting emphasis. Yet Osmond had not time to calm himself by the reminder that he was not used to hearing Rose spoken of at all as mortal woman. In his dreams she was something more than that.

"My daughter," MacLeod was saying, "has an intemperate habit of speech. If she has talked me over with you she has inevitably made your opinions. For Rose is a very beautiful woman. I need n't tell you that."

Then something strange happened to Osmond. He experienced a sensation which he had accepted as a form of words, and had only idly believed in. He saw red. A rush and surge were in his ears. And as if it were a signal, known once but ignored through years of tranquil living, he as instantly obeyed. He was on his feet, his fists clenched, and MacLeod, also risen, was regarding him with concern and even, Osmond thought in fury, with compassion. The red deepened into black and Osmond felt the suffocation and nausea of a weakness MacLeod instantly formulated for him.

"My dear fellow," he was saying, "sit down here. You're faint."

But Osmond would neither sit nor accept the cup of water MacLeod had

brought him from the pail left on the bench for the workmen. He stood, keeping his grip on himself and battling back to life. Presently he was conscious that Peter was there, calling him affectionately. Now again he felt the blood in his face, the wetness of the hair above his forehead, and he knew he was not the man he had been. MacLeod was speaking, in evident solicitude.

"Your brother has had an ill turn. He's all right now, are n't you, Grant?"

Osmond looked at him, smiling grimly. MacLeod seemed to him his foe not only for the sake of Rose, but because the man, great insolent child of good fortune as he was, represented the other side of the joy of fight. Osmond almost loved him, because it was through him that he had been inducted into a knowledge of that unknown glory. MacLeod picked up his pipe from the bench, tapped it empty, and pocketed it. He gave them a pleasant inclusive nod of fellowship.

"I'll trot along," said he. "See you at dinner, Peter."

"What was it, Osmond? What was it?" Peter was asking, in a worried voice.

Osmond suddenly looked tired. He passed his hand over his forehead, and put back his matted hair.

"Pete," he said, "I suppose it was a hundred things. But all it really was, was the rage for fight, plain fight. But whatever it was, I've got something out of it."

"What?"

"I know how men — other men — feel."

"Other men don't want to tackle one another, as a general thing, like bulldogs."

"Oh, yes! they recognize the instinct. They're ready to stamp on it. I was n't ready. I'm glad to have met that instinct. It's a healthy old devil of an instinct. I respect it."

Peter was staring as if he did not know him.

"What was it, Osmond?" he asked again.

Osmond shook his head and laughed.

"I'll wash my hands," he said. "I feel as if there were dirt on them and the touch of clothes that are not mine." He stopped on his way to the bench where there was a basin and towel for hasty use. "Pete," he said, "you don't want to scrap a little, do you?"

He did not look like the same man. Light was in his face, overlying the flush of simple passions. He looked almost joyous. It was Peter who was distraught, older with a puzzled sadness.

"Don't!" he said. "Don't think of such devilment. There's no good in it. Why, we get over that when we are under twenty — except in an emergency."

"Ah, but this is an emergency," said Osmond, coming out of his washing with clean hands and a dripping face. "It was an emergency for me, if it was n't for him."

XXII

MacLeod kept his thoughtful way on to Electra's gate. There he turned in with no lack of decision, and walked up to her door. She had seen him, and came forward from the shaded sitting-room. It was as if she had been expecting him. Whether she had acknowledged that to herself or not, it was true that Electra had never felt so strong a desire for the right companionship as at that moment. As soon as she saw him and he had put out his hand to her, she felt quieted and blessed. He was, as he had been from the first, the completion of her mood. As he looked at her, MacLeod, little as he knew her face, noted the change in it. She seemed greatly excited and yet haggard, as if this disturbance were nothing to what had preceded it. And her bright eyes fed upon him with a personal appeal to which he was well used: that of the lower vitality involuntarily demanding the support of his own magnetic treasury.

"You are tired," he said, as she

drew her hand away and they sat down.

"No," returned Electra. "I am not tired."

"Tell me what has done it!"

The tender disregard of her denial broke down reserve. She looked at him eloquently. It seemed to her that he had a right to know. She answered faintly, —

"I have been through such scenes."

"Scenes? With whom?"

"Your daughter has told me — " She hesitated for a moment, and then, still confident that his worship of the truth must be as exalted as her own, ended with unstinted candor, "She says she was not my brother's wife."

Electra was looking at him, and it appeared to her now as if, in a bewildering way, his gaze absorbed hers. It was very strange, how he seemed to draw the intelligence of the eye into his and hold it unresisting. She hardly knew how he looked, whether surprised or sympathetic, or whether he was moved at all. But she was conscious of being gripped by some communion in which she acquiesced. After a moment he leaned forward and took her hand.

"Will you promise me something?" he asked.

"Anything!" The quickness of the answer was as eloquent as its force.

"Promise me that this thing — this subject — shall never come between you and me."

"Gladly."

"We won't talk of it."

"No."

"We won't ask each other how it seems to us."

"No."

"There!" He released her hand, and seemed also to free her, in some subtle way. He was smiling at her, and she felt a keen gladness, like a child who is told he has been good.

"Then we can be friends," he said, with a spontaneous relief, it seemed to her, like her own. "The best of friends."

"Yes. The best of friends."

Electra felt rich. Her heart swelled,

as now she reflected that here was one who understood her. She had that warm consciousness common to all MacLeod's partisans that his world and hers were alike. Each was mysteriously prevented by other people from enjoying the full freedom of that world, because each had been, until now, unaccompanied. But they had met at last. The path was plain. All sorts of gates were opening to them.

"Was that all?" MacLeod was asking her. "Were there other scenes?"

Immediately she wished to tell him everything. Yet this was difficult. She hesitated.

"I am — " she flushed redly. "I am not engaged to Peter. He does n't care about me."

"My dear lady! He would say you do not care for him."

Then Electra saw her good fortune. She was enchanted with the freedom which had fallen upon her in time for her to accept a more desirable bondage. She lifted her head and looked at him in a proud happiness.

"No," she said, "I do not care for him. I never did. I see it now. I am free."

"Are you glad to be free?"

MacLeod had a way of asking women persuasive questions. Though they were interrogative, they had the force of suggestion, of the clinching protest he might make in answer, when confession came. And they only noted, long after, that he never did answer. Electra did not know that form of communion, and it struck her as something holy. She looked him in the eyes, with a clear and beautiful gaze.

"Yes," she said, "I am very glad. Now I am free to devote myself to the most wonderful things, to worship them if I like."

There was passionate sincerity in her tone. It would have made a smaller thing of her vow if she could have said she was free to worship him.

"I am going to tell you something. You must not repeat it."

"I never will."

"I am going back to France."

"You have been summoned!"

He smiled at her and shook his head slightly, as if the manner of it were the only thing he could deny. She followed with another question, rather faintly, for his news left her shivering.

"To France, you said?"

"That is all I can say," he assured her. "It will be France first."

"You will be in danger!" She did not put that as a question. It was an assertion out of her solemn acceptance of his task. But that he did not seem to hear.

"When are you coming to France?" he asked her.

Electra had now no more doubt of the unspoken pact between them than if it had been sealed by all the most blessed vows. It would have cheapened it rather if he had delegated her to the classified courts of sympathy. Instead it left them a universe to breathe in. It pointed to undiscovered cities beyond the marge of time. It made her his in a way transcending mutual promises. This same full belief rose passionately to assert itself, and perhaps to soothe that small sharp ache in her heart, the kind that rises in woman when man, though he takes the cup, yet offers none in turn.

"Immediately," she answered without question. "Or, when you tell me to come."

"Will you write to me there?" He scribbled a street and number on a blank card and gave it to her. "I shall not get word from you for a month, at least. Perhaps not until the late autumn. But I shall get it. And if I don't answer, you will know I shall answer by coming — when I can."

Even that seemed enough. It was evident that until he came she should be upholding something for him, keeping the faith. It was beautiful in a still, noble way, one that left her indescribably uplifted. Her eyes were wet when he looked at her. Seen thus, Electra was a fine creature, her severity of outline

softened into womanly charm. It seemed unnecessary to claim from him any high assurance of what he had for her to do, yet she did say, for the pleasure of saying it, —

"You are going to let me help you?"

"What else is there for either of us to do," he said quickly, "but to help everybody?"

The blood rushed swiftly to her face and showed her in a glow. She leaned toward him in a timid and what seemed to her, for a moment, an ignoble confidence, because it touched such sordid things.

"I have some money. I will give that — and anything I have. You must teach me. I have everything to learn."

He seemed to promise that, as he seemed to promise other things, partly by his answering smile, partly by the inexplicable current of persuasion pouring from him. He rose.

"Now," he said, "I must go. It is nearly noon."

"You won't stay to luncheon?"

"Won't the others be here?"

"My grandmother and Mr. Stark."

She was hardly urging him, because it seemed to her, too, a doubtful pleasure, if it must be shared.

"Not to-day, then. But I shall see you again."

"Before you go."

Her face called upon him like a messenger beseeching news.

"Many, many times," he told her smilingly. "Many times, even if they have to be within a few days. Now, good-by."

She watched him down the walk, and as if he knew that, he turned, as the shrubbery was closing about him, and waved his hat to her. That seemed another bit of prescience, — to know she was to be there. Electra was very happy. She sat down again in a swoon of the reason and a mad hurry of what cried to her as the higher part of her nature, unrecognized until now, and thought of her exalted fortune.

MacLeod found Rose ready to ques-

tion him. She was at the gate, to have her word immediately. He noted the signs of apprehension in her face, and, taking her hand, swung it as they walked.

"Has anything happened?" she asked irrepressibly.

"I've been down to — what do they call it? — the plantation."

"What did you talk about?"

"Oh, crops!"

"You don't know anything about crops!"

MacLeod laughed.

"Well, the other man did. I can always listen."

"Have you been there all the time?"

"No. I went in to see Electra?"

Rose stopped short in the path between the banks of flowers. It was a still day, and the summer hush of the plot — a velvet stillness where the garden held its breath — made the time momentous to her. Unconsciously she gripped her father's hand.

"She has told you!" she breathed. Her eyes sought his face. MacLeod was looking at her smilingly, fondly even. She shuddered.

"You are a goose, Rose," he said lightly. He released his fingers from the clasp of hers and gave her hand a little shake before he dropped it. "But I can't help it. If you will go on tipping over your saucer of cream, why, you must do it, that's all."

They walked on, and at the steps she paused again, though she heard Peter's voice within.

"You're terribly angry with me, are n't you?" she said, in a low tone, seeming to make it half communion with herself.

"Angry, my girl! Don't say a thing like that."

"You look exactly as you did the night Ivan Gorof defied you — and the next day he died."

MacLeod laughed again, so humorously that Peter, coming forward from the library, his own face serious with unwelcome care, smiled involuntarily and returned to his everyday mood of

belief that, on the whole, things go well.

"I did n't kill him," MacLeod was saying, as he mounted the steps.

Rose shivered a little.

"No," she insisted. "But he died."

MacLeod was beguilingly entertaining at dinner that day, and in the afternoon he and Peter went to drive. At supper, too, he was in his best mood, and that evening, Rose, worn out by the strain of his persistent dominance, escaped to her own room. There she sat and counseled her tense nerves. She was afraid. Then when she heard the closing of grannie's door, she slipped downstairs to her tryst. The night was dark and there was a grumble of thunder from the west. In her excitement she took swift steps, as if all her senses were more keenly awake than they had been in the light, and kept the path unerringly. She had no doubt that he was there, but he called to her before she could ask. His voice vibrated to the excitement in her own heart.

"Good child, to come!"

She found her chair and sank into it.

"I had to come." At once she felt lighthearted. There seemed to be no bounds to his protection of her. "I have told Electra."

"I knew you would."

"She has told Peter. They know it now, — all but grannie, — dear grannie."

"She can wait. She won't flicker. She won't vary. Nothing can shake grannie's old heart."

"What did he say to you to-day?"

Osmond laughed. It was a low note of pleasure.

"Platitudes," he rejoined.

"And what did you say to him?"

"Platitudes again. He said his kind, I said mine. I learned a few truths."

"About his business? — that's what it is. I can say it when I'm not in the same room with him — business."

"About me. I learned what other fellows know when they are boys."

"Did he teach you?"

"He? No. Yes. Through my hatred of him."

"Ah, then you hated him! Was it because I taught you to?"

"Partly. Partly because he is an insolent animal. He is kind because he is well-fed. Yet I think it was chiefly because he has ill-used you."

"Yes," she owned sadly. "I betrayed him to you."

But Osmond had escaped from recollection of the day into a mood half meditative, half excited fancy.

"I have been thinking back, since he left me," he said, "ever so many years. I see I have n't had any life at all."

"Ah!" It was a quick breath of something sweeter than pity. It could not hurt.

"I have been turning away from things all my life, because they were not for me. But now I think — what if I did n't turn away? What if I met them face to face?"

"What, playmate? You puzzle me."

"Grannie indulged Peter. Even in his eating, she could n't refuse him anything."

"But she loved you best!"

"No doubt of it. But he was well. He could have anything, even hunks of cake. Grannie hates to deny pleasures to any living thing. 'I guess it won't hurt you!' I've heard her say it to him over and over. But to me —"

"To you?"

"Why, to me she never varied. 'Son,' she'd say, 'that is n't the way to do. We can't risk it.' So I turned aside and ate good crusty bread and drank milk. I did n't want cake. I did n't want Peter's coffee. But I wonder how it would seem to have ridden them all bareback, all vices, all indulgences, and conquered them after I'd known them — not turned aside and gone the other way."

In that mood she hardly knew him. The clean, sweet, childlike quality had gone; it had fled before this breath of the passion of life. She felt vaguely how wrong he was. He was idealizing the world as he did not know it and the conquest of the world as it appeared in her father, the master of all its arts.

"Playmate," she said, though she was doubtful of her own wisdom.

"Yes, playmate."

"There is n't anything desirable in evil knowledge. I've heard him say — you know —"

"Tom Fulton?"

"Yes. I've heard him say he wanted to know everything about life — bad and good. He was black with knowledge. I might have learned it from him. I thank God he spared me that. I wish you would be grateful for your clean life. I wish you'd see there's no magic in the things my father knows, for instance. It's better to make a lily grow."

"Ah, but I've discovered things in myself that are exactly like the things in other men — and other men are used to them. So when an ugly beast puts up its head, the man gives it a crack and knocks it silly. Then it lies down a spell, and the man goes about his business. He gets used to its growling and clawing away at intervals. He's only to knock it down. But I don't fully know yet what is in that pit of mine. I discovered something to-day."

"What?"

"The lust for fight."

She shuddered.

"I was n't prepared for it. Another time I should be. It was an ugly devil — but I loved it."

She was silent, and after a moment he asked her, in his old anxious, friendly tone, "Have I hurt you?"

"No. But somehow it seems as if you'd gone away."

"I know. I'm still communing with that brute in me — the fighting brute. I must be honest with you. I can't help thinking he'd give me a special kind of pleasure."

"Would he?" She asked it wistfully. He had opened the windows of their house to strange discords from without. "What kind of pleasure?"

He was glad to tell. The magnitude and newness of his emotion that day made it something to be flaunted while

the disturbed currents of his blood kept their fervor. Later he might put it to the test of equable judgment. Now it was all a glory of hot action.

"Playmate," he said, "I wanted to kill him."

"My father? Oh, why, why?"

"Maybe for your sake. Yes! there was an instant when I said I would kill him and free you from him." She could not answer. He heard the rustle of her dress and added quickly, "Now, don't go. Of all nights, to-night is the night I can't spare you."

"I thought it was the one when you did n't need me."

"I need you to listen. I'm a blaring, trumpeting egotist to-night. Please understand me! Stop being a woman a minute, and see how it would seem to be a man — not like me, but free to live and sin and refuse to sin."

"You are free," she said, in her low, pained voice. "You have refused all the ignoble things."

"Ah, but I did n't even parley with them. I wish I could feel I'd whacked them and broken their skulls instead of going the other way."

"Playmate," she cried, "you are all wrong. You must not parley with them. You must refuse to look at them."

"Refuse to look at the worm that eats the root? No. Find him and stamp on him. The worst of it is, I begin to be rather terrified. I see that life is a bigger thing than I thought."

"Not to grannie. To her it's big and simple."

"Because she knows the way. Well, what if there are many ways, — not like hers, not the true way, — but ways we ought to look at before we can say we know life at all? Think of it, playmate. You are a woman, younger than I, delicate as a rose; yet you know more about life than I. You know how to meet men and women. There are n't surprises you can't master."

She sat wondering what it was that had moved him, and whether it was not

simply the power of MacLeod's personality, equally compelling to love or hate. But Osmond was going on in that fierce monologue.

"I feel as if I had been waked up. Once I had my riding dream. Now I have a million dreams. Did I tell you my riding dream? Some nights — chiefly when there's a moon — I wake and lie there and fancy I am on a horse. There's the smell of the horse and the leather, the creak of the saddle, and we are riding like the devil or the wind, always over plains that stretch out into more miles, however far I ride. I am bent over the saddle, peering forward. That's what I had when my blood moved too fast for me. Now I shall dream of fight. Playmate, what is it?"

"It is n't anything. I did n't speak."

"Yes, but there was that quick little breath. I keep hurting you somehow. Do you suppose I want any of it except for you? I want to ride to you. I want to fight because I could fight for you."

"Ah," she said sadly, "you think so now for a minute. But you had forgotten me."

"Yes, I had," he owned. "That's being a man, too. We have to forget you or we could n't ride and we could n't fight. But it's all for you."

There was the thunder again.

"I must go back," she said.

"Yes, it's going to rain. You must go. One minute. It won't come yet. Does he know you have told Electra?"

"My father? Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He — accepted it." For some reason, she dared not tell him how that acceptance troubled her. Osmond himself seemed like an unknown force as ready to bring confusion as calm.

But he knew.

"You are afraid of him," he said. "Dear child, don't be afraid. Sit down hard and say 'no' and 'no,' whatever he demands. You are here with us. Grannie is an angel of light. She'll send for shining cohorts and they'll camp round about

you. There's Peter — your Peter. And I'll die for you."

"No! no!" The assurance of his tone was terrifying to her. She saw him dying in unnecessary sacrifice. "Nobody must die for me. We must all live and be good children and do what grannie would want us to."

"Then the first thing is to run home and go to bed. The storm is coming. Good-night, dear playmate. I'll follow on behind and see you don't get lost."

"One minute!" She paused, not knowing how to say it. "Can't you take it back?" she ventured. "What you said about my father?"

He laughed, with an undertone of wild emotion.

"Not even for you! I did want to kill him. If I got my hands on him I should want it again. But it was for you."

"Good-night."

She was going, and he called after her, "Remember!"

"What shall I remember?"

She halted, hopefully, and the old kind voice was near her:—

"Remember I would die for you."

XXIII

Peter was early at Osmond's door. He did not find him working, though the other men had been many hours afield, but standing still gazing off into the distance. Osmond was pale. He looked as if he had not slept, and the lines about his mouth hinted at decisions.

"I want to speak to you," said Peter abruptly.

"Yes. I want to speak to you, too." The answer was gravely and almost unwillingly given. "Come out under the tree."

They took their way silently to the apple-tree, but there neither could, after old custom in a talk, throw himself on the ground to luxuriate and, in moments of doubt, chew a blade of grass. Peter walked back and forth, a short tether. Osmond, fixed in some unexplained re-

serve, awaited him. Peter spoke first, nervously.

"Electra has given me up."

"Well, it was bound to come."

"Why was it?"

"It was a dream, Pete. You dreamed it when you were a boy. It was the best you had then."

"Well, there's something else. That's not a dream. But I don't know that I can talk of it yet. What was it you wanted to say to me?"

At intervals all night Osmond had been wondering how to broach it.

"You know, boy," he began at last, "it is n't good for you any more to have me send you money."

Peter stared.

"But it's our money," he said.

Osmond too stared, but not at him. He was wondering whether Peter could possibly fail to see that the money, all these years, had not come by favor, that it had been earned by Osmond's own arduous grappling with the earth, that struggle out of which the man had gained strength and the earth had yielded her fruits.

"You see, boy," he hesitated, "there is n't anything but the place, and that's grannie's."

"Yes, but the place earns something."

"Not without a good deal put into it."

"Ah!" Peter drew a breath of pure surprise. "You're tired of overseeing, old boy. I don't wonder. Of course you must let up."

Again Osmond waited, not so much to commune with himself as from sheer disinclination to face the awkwardness of speech. It was impossible to say, "I am not tired of serving you, but you must not be served. You must carry your pack."

"You see," he began again, "the place must stand intact while grannie lives. After that, we don't know. But now — Pete, you must paint your pictures."

"Of course!" But the response was wavering. Peter smiled, radiantly.

"Come, old chap," he said, "you're not going to make rules for me, because it's better for the white man to bear his burden."

Osmond, too, tried to smile, and failed in it.

"I don't know but I am," he said, with a wry face. "Pete, I want you to go in and conquer — earn your fame, earn your bread. I don't want you to depend on anybody, even on me."

Peter was wrinkling his brows. He was delightfully good-tempered, and money meant very little to him save as a useful medium of which there was sure to be enough. He had never regarded it as a means of moral discipline.

"That's very awkward," he said, "because — Osmond, I want to marry."

"To marry! You said she had given you up!"

"O, Electra!" That issue had withdrawn into a dim past. "Osmond, I have spoken to Rose."

"Rose!" Now again Osmond felt the blood beating in his ears. Was it the impulse of fight, he asked himself, or another, as savage? But this time he did not mean to be overborne. Peter was speaking simply and boyishly, with a great sincerity.

"I see now there never was anybody but Rose, from the minute we met. I told her yesterday."

"So you are — engaged." Osmond brought out the commonplace word with a cold emphasis.

Peter looked at him, surprised.

"No. She's not to be had for the asking. I had to tell her. But I've got to earn her. If you knew her as I do, you'd see that."

Osmond's brain was in a maze of longing to hear what she had said, and with it a fierce desire to escape that knowledge. Also he was overborne by a passionate recoil from his own suggestion of cutting off his brother's income. At least he might have some share in their happiness. He could work here like a gnome underground, delving for the

gold to deck their bridal. And underneath was that new pain at the heart: that earth pang so sickening that it might well threaten to stop the heart's beating altogether.

"There never was anything like her," said Peter, out of his new dream. "She needs happiness, sheer happiness, after what she has been through. That settles it about living abroad." He looked up brightly. "We must be in Paris."

"You think she would wish it?"

"We should be near her father, near headquarters. For of course we should be working for the Brotherhood."

Osmond turned abruptly.

"I must get to hoeing," he said.

Peter followed him. Something in the air struck him with a new timidity.

"You know," he qualified, when they were well into the field, "she has n't accepted me."

"No."

"I'm not the man for her, in many ways. Who is? But by the powers! I bet I could make her happy." He took off his hat to strike at a butterfly, not to destroy it but to prove his good-will, and Osmond, without glancing at him, knew exactly how he looked, and thought bitterly that to Peter Rose was only one of a hundred beautiful things that made the earth a treasury. And to Osmond there was but one, and that was Rose.

Peter took the path homeward, and Osmond kept on across the field. At the farthest bound, he stepped over the stone wall into the bordering tangle on the other side, and crossed that field also and went on into the pasture, to the pines. This land was his, and the deep woods, stretching forth in a glimmering twilight, had been in many moods his best resort. He did not enter far, but sat down in a little covert where in spring there were delicate flowers. There he faced himself.

Everything brought its penalty, even life. This he knew at last. He could not feed on what he called his kinship with Rose and escape the suffering from a bond unfulfilled. Instead of halting outside the

garden of being, smelling its fragrance and thankful for a breath, he was inside with other men who owned the garden and felt free to eat the fruit. He had never really been outside the garden at all. He had merely been turning away from the blossoming trees, denying himself the certainty of what the fruit might be, working carefully about the roots and learning the unseeing patience of the earthworm. And the one flower had bloomed in the garden at last, so sweet he could not ignore it, so white it lighted the air like a lamp that was stronger than the sun. He had bade himself never to forget that he was not like other men; but he was exactly like other men, for he loved a woman.

As he sat there, overcome by this conviction of the tyranny of the universe, one thought pierced him like the light of stars. He could have made her happy. A sweet exultancy told him that her nature turned to him as irrevocably as the needle to the north. He could sway and dominate her. He could comfort her with the unconsidered tenderness that, when he thought of her, came with his breath. As by a revelation he understood what she had meant when she told him how love had been her waiting dream. In a passion of sympathy he saw her trailing through sad undergrowths in pursuit of that luring light — now stumbling in the bog of earthy desires other hands had led her to, now pricked by thorns of disappointment, but never for a moment sullied through that wretched progress; and when the marsh was past, washing her garments and her feet in the water of life — that unquenchable spring of belief in the mystery. That was what it was, the divine mystery, the force that led through all appearance to the real, through all false glitter to the light. It was a heavenly vision, the possibility as she saw it: the rounded life, the two bound in a mutual worship, carrying their full cup carefully to the altar where they would make their vows. He saw how lesser desires could be wiped out by

one pure passion, how no price is too great to pay for the soul's treasure, not so much the possession of it, but the guarding it for all the uses of the world.

While he lay there, the scent of the pines in his nostrils, it seemed to him that he was living through the progress of his completed life with her. There was not only the overwhelming passion of it, but the intimate communion of quiet days. She would turn to him for counsel and for sustenance, as he would turn to her. This would be the interchange of needs and kindnesses. There would be funny little queeresses of the day to keep them laughing; and they would be kind, not forgetful in their castle of content, but kind, the stronger that they had multiplied their strength by union.

And then settled upon him again his wonder at the inexorability of things, that a man could not escape the general laws because he willed to live outside them. He was bound round by necessity. Merely because he would not take a mate, he was not exempt from crying out for her. And as the day went on and the vividness of his first high vision faded, his mind went back to Peter and the incredible truth that Peter also knew he could make her happy. The cloud of jealousy darkened again, and he met earth pangs and strangled them. But as he slew them, more were born, and lying there in the fern he hated his brother and his brother's body, born to regnancy. MacLeod, too, appeared before his inward vision, wholesome, well-equipped, riding the earth as Apollo drives the horses of the sun. Him, too, he hated, and for Rose's sake longed again to put him away with his own hands out of the air she breathed. Spent by his passions, he lingered there in the coolness of the unheeding woods while the afternoon gloomed into night.

Madam Fulton sat on the veranda, thinking sadly. She found herself puzzled by one thing most of all. Several times a day she had asked Billy Stark,

"Do you really believe there's anything in that notion about money's being tainted?"

"Don't fret yourself," he counseled her, in his kind voice; but she would sit wrinkling her brows and putting the question again to herself, if not to him.

"The trouble is, Billy," she had said, this morning, "I get so puzzled. It's like trying to learn a new language when you're old. My eyes are too blurred to see the accents. My ears are dulled. There's that girl that comes looking like an angel and says she's a sinner. I thought she might be a comfort; but no, if you please. She just looks Electra in the face and says, 'I'm as good as the best, only I prefer to do things in my own way.' I wish Electra had n't made me so frightfully self-conscious."

But smile at it all as she might, something had wrought upon her. She looked older and more frail, a pathetic figure now, leaning forward in a ruminating dream, and reminding Billy Stark, in a hundred unconsidered ways, of the shortness of the time before she should be gone. His heart ached. He had truly loved her in his youth, and afterwards, in other fashions, for many years.

As she sat there in her daze of past and present, she was aware that a tall white figure stood before her in the sun. She recalled herself with a start from those never-to-be-explored bounds, and came awake, humorously frightened at the thought that here, judging from the height and whiteness, was an angel come to make remarks upon tainted money. But it was only Electra.

"The next thing to it," said Madam Fulton, with her broad-awake smile.

"What did you say, grandmother?" asked Electra.

"Nothing, my dear. What were you going to say? Sit down. You dazzle me in that sun."

Electra sat down and considered how she should speak, having triumphant news to tell. Then, in the midst of her

reflection, the news got the better of her. She began with an eloquent throb in her voice.

"Grandmother, I am going abroad."

"So Peter has spoken, has he? When is it to be?"

"I am not going with Peter. That is all over."

"Well, you're a silly girl. You never'll get such a nice boy again. Peter could make a woman laugh from morning till night, if she'd have the sense to please him."

"I am going for a year. At least, I say a year. I put no limit to it in my own mind. Do you want to go with me, grandmother?"

"No, I'm sure I don't. If I go with anybody, it will be Billy Stark."

"Then I must go alone." A high determination ruled her voice.

"Alone! Mercy, Electra! you're a young woman. Don't you know you are?"

"I am glad I am young," said Electra. Her eyes were shining. "I shall have the more years to devote to it."

"You don't mean to say you propose crossing alone? Did you want to drag me out of my coffin to see you landed there respectably?"

"I am quite willing to go alone," said Electra, still with her air of beatific certainties. "I shall be the more unhampered. You must stay here all you want to, grandmother. Keep the house open. Act exactly as if it were yours."

A remembrance of the time when she had thought the place not altogether her own tempered the warmth of that permission. Some severity crept into her demeanor, and Madam Fulton, recognizing its birth, received it humbly as no more than she had earned.

"When are you going, Electra?" she asked.

"In about a month. Grandmother!" Electra in her worship of the conduct of life, hardly knew how to express strong emotions without offense to her finer instincts. "I don't forget, grandmother,"

she hesitated, "that I ought to be with you."

"Why ought you?"

"Because — grandmother, have n't I a duty to you?"

"A duty!" the old lady muttered. "The devil fly away with it!"

"I beg your pardon, grandmother?"

"I beg yours, my dear. Never swear before a lady! No, no. You have n't any duty towards me."

"But there are other calls." Electra struggled to find words that should not tell too much. She ended lamely, "There are calls I cannot disregard." There rose dimly before her mind some of the injunctions that bid men leave father and mother for the larger vision.

"There's Billy Stark," said the old lady, with a quickened interest. "Fancy! he's been away all day."

Electra rose and went in again. She was not sensitive now to the ironies of daily life, but it did occur to her that her grandmother was more excited at seeing Billy Stark home after a day in town than by her own great conclusion. Electra had thought solemnly about the magnitude of the decision she was making when she gave up the care of grandmother to follow that larger call, but again she found herself outside the line of recognized triumphs. She had announced her victory and nobody knew it.

Billy Stark had brought his old friend a present: a box of the old-fashioned peppermints she liked. She took off the string with a youthful eagerness.

"My dear," said she, "what do you think has happened now?"

"I know what has happened to me," said Billy. He threw himself into a chair with an explosive sigh, half heat and half regret. "I've had business letters. I've got to be off."

"Off!" She regarded him in a frank dismay. "Billy, you break my heart!"

"I break my own heart," said Billy gallantly. "I've taken my passage. Say the word, dear girl, and I'll take it for two."

She looked at him in silent trouble. Tears had dimmed her eyes.

"Well, Billy," she said at last, "this is the pleasantest summer I shall ever have."

"Say the word," he admonished her again. "We've got more summers before us."

She smiled at him, and winked away the tears.

"Then come back and spend them here. Electra's going, too, — like a stow-away. You won't let her cross with you, and see at least that she does n't hold services on board?"

"God forbid!" said Billy. "I'm afraid of her."

"I don't blame you. Billy, I suppose we ought to be saying solemn things to each other if you're really going."

"Clip ahead, old lady. What do you want to say?"

"I'd like to clear up my accounts a little. I want to get my books in order. I don't intend to die in a fog. Billy, how much of it was real?"

"How much of what, Florrie?"

"Of life? Of the things we thought and felt? Is there such a thing as love, Billy?"

He got up under the necessity of thought and stood, hands in his pockets and legs apart, looking over the garden beds. He might have been gazing out to sea for the Islands of the Blest.

"Florrie," he said at length, "I guess there is."

"Did you love me, Billy? No compliments. We're beyond them."

"Yes," said Billy, after another pause. "I think I did. You were a great deal to me at that time. And when I found it was no use, other people were a great deal to me, one after another. Several of 'em. I looked upon it then as a kind of a game. But they did n't last, Florrie. You did. You always give me a kind of a queer feeling; you're all mixed up in my mind with pink and blue and hats with rosebuds on 'em and college songs."

It was not much like a grand passion,

but it was something, the honest confession of a boy.

"I thought it was a game, too," she said musingly. "Do you suppose it was, Billy? Or were we wrong?"

Billy whirled about and faced her.

"Dead wrong! No, Florrie, it never was meant for a game. It's earnest. The ones that take it so are the ones that inherit the earth. No, not that — but they go in for all they're worth and they've something left to show for it. They don't put their money into tinsel and see it fade."

"Well, what else? Did Charlie Grant love me?"

"Yes. No doubt of it."

"But he loved Bessie afterwards."

"Yes. She lived the thing through with him. She built up something, I fancy. He probably remembered you as I did, all pink ribbons and fluff; but she helped him rear his house of life."

"And my husband did n't love me and I did n't love my husband," the old lady mused. "Well, Billy, it's almost the end of the play. I wish I understood it better. And I've written a naughty book, and I'm going to be comfortable on the money from it. And you wish I had n't, don't you?"

He saw how frail she looked and answered mercifully, —

"I don't care much about the book, dear. Don't let's talk of that."

"You wish I had n't written it!"

"I wish you had n't been so infernally bored as to think of writing it."

"And I'll bet a dollar you wish you'd come back and found me reconciled to life and death and reading daily texts out of little pious books, and knitting mufflers for sailors, instead of seething with all sorts of untimely devilishnesses. Don't you, Billy?"

What Billy thought he would not tell himself, and he said with an extreme honesty, —

"You're the greatest old girl there is, Florrie, or ever was, or ever will be."

"Ah, well!" she sighed, and laughed a little. "I can't help wishing there were n't so many good folks. It makes me uncommonly lonesome. For you're good, too, Billy, you sinner, you!"

He read the gleam in her eyes, the reckless courage, the unquenched love of life; after all, there was more youth in her still than there had ever been in him or in a hundred like him. He laughed, and said, —

"Oh, I do delight in you!"

(To be continued.)

SUGAR: A LESSON ON RECIPROCITY AND THE TARIFF

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

I TRUST the reader will not be repelled by the figures which I place at the beginning of this paper. They are needed to give point and precision to what follows, and they illustrate some general prin-

ciples which are important in these days of colonial preference and reciprocity treaties. It is to these principles and their bearing on some current problems that I wish chiefly to call attention.

THE SUGAR SUPPLY OF THE UNITED STATES
(IN MILLIONS OF POUNDS: 15 = 15,000,000 LBS.)

	1870	1875	1880	1885	1890	1895	1900	1903	1906
<i>Group I</i>									
Java	15	74	23	7	112	280	1162	892	782
Brazil	24	71	153	329	74	52	89	74	29
British West Indies ..	63	37	64	282	291	193	200	191	37
Europe (beet sugar) ..	..	..	..	269	601	347	701	87	48
<i>Group II</i>									
Cuba	801	1090	1087	1115	1041	1845	705	2396	2782
Philippines	59	119	133	179	260	69	49	19	69
<i>Group III</i>									
Louisiana	99	134	199	211	287	711	329	512	594
Domestic beet sugar ..	..	..	..	..	10	45	163	437	672
Porto Rico	131	110	84	160	77	56	72	226	410
Hawaii	14	18	61	170	224	274	505	775	712

The figures need a few words of explanation and comment. They show the most important sources of sugar supply for the United States. They do not state all the sources of supply, nor do they attempt to follow the course of trade year by year. For an elaborate inquiry, such as a statistician or legislator might desire, much greater detail would be necessary. For the present purpose it suffices to indicate the broad facts. The figures are given in round numbers (so many millions of pounds), and at five-year intervals between 1875 and 1900; thereafter for the years 1903 and 1906.

The various sources of supply I have divided into three large groups. In the first are those foreign countries with which we deal at arm's length, — whose sugar is subject to duties at our full rate, and whom we show no favors. In this

group belong Java, Brazil, the British West Indies, Germany, and other European countries which send us beet sugar, and some minor countries not here mentioned, and negligible for the present discussion. In the second group are those regions which we now put on a favored basis, — whose sugar is subject to duty, but not to duty at the full rate. This partly favored group contains Cuba and the Philippines. Finally, in the third group are those dependencies whose sugar we admit free, and the strictly domestic sources of supply, which of course pay no tax. Here belong Hawaii and Porto Rico on the one hand, Louisiana and the beet-sugar districts of the West on the other. Each of these groups has sent us regularly, throughout the thirty-five years, substantial contributions. The amounts from the several countries show

large fluctuations, the cause of which we need not stop to consider. One circumstance, important for the reasoning which is to come, the reader should bear in mind: that there have been always large imports from the full-duty-paying countries, such as Java, Brazil, Germany.

One word more by way of preface. "Sugar," as it is here to be spoken of, is raw sugar. Almost all the sugar used in the United States comes to us first in the raw state, that is, with some admixture of impurities which are got rid of in our refineries. The only considerable exception is the beet sugar made within the country, which is refined and made ready for consumption at the beet-sugar factories. All other sugar, whether it be cane sugar or imported beet sugar, reaches us raw, and then goes through the hands of the refiners, — or rather of the refiner, since virtually all of it must run the gauntlet of the American Sugar Refining Company. With the operations of this trust I shall not trouble the reader. It is one of the earliest of the trusts, and a very characteristic specimen; but it is no part of our present subject.

Turn now to one among the last mentioned of our sources of supply, — Hawaii. The political and industrial history of that peacefully acquired dependency all centres about sugar; while our own experiences with its sugar are highly instructive as to sundry aspects of reciprocity and colonial expansion, and as to the general controversy on protection and free trade.

The figures on the imports of sugar from Hawaii show an extraordinary increase. Beginning with insignificant amounts in 1870 and 1875, these imports advance by leaps, doubling on the average in nearly every quinquennial period. Between 1890 and 1895 (take note of this period, on which more presently) there was indeed a relaxation, almost a standstill. But after 1895 the upward movement was resumed. This comparatively small region sent us in 1906 over seven

hundred million pounds; and 1906 happened to be a lean year, — in 1905 the amount was over eight hundred millions.

This extraordinary growth is the unexpected outcome of the reciprocity treaty of 1876 and of the close-knit relations with the Hawaiian Islands which that treaty brought about. No result of this kind was looked to when the treaty was made. The islands were commercially insignificant in 1876. They had supplied little but sandalwood for a long time after Cook's famous voyage of discovery in the eighteenth century; then they had become an outfitting centre for the whalers. They were supposed to have a "strategic" position in the Pacific Ocean, and Pearl Harbor (a fine bay near Honolulu, but not a commercial port) was regarded with longing eyes by the naval men. There was said to be danger that British influence would become dominant in the islands, and that they would fall into Britain's lap. The treaty made in 1876 was advocated in Congress chiefly on political grounds and attracted no great attention. By it Hawaii undertook to give no other power a lien or lease on any of its harbors. A later convention, of 1884, gave the United States the express right to maintain a coaling and repair station at Pearl Harbor; a right of which we have never availed ourselves. The treaty further provided for the free admission into the islands of sundry American products, and for the free admission into the United States of sundry Hawaiian products. Among the latter, raw sugar (not refined sugar, which still remained dutiable) alone proved to be of importance; but that, as events turned out, of signal importance.

Our import duty on sugar in 1876 was about two cents a pound. That has been roughly the rate of duty ever since the Civil War, — with some fluctuations (not important for the present discussion) in the various tariff acts, and with a brief period of free sugar under the McKinley Tariff Act from 1890 to 1894. On Hawaiian sugar, after 1876, this sum of two

cents a pound was no longer collected: the sugar came in free. Who got the benefit of the remission? There were three sets of persons who might conceivably have secured the gain: the American consumer who in the end used the sugar, the American refiner who bought it in the first instance from the Hawaiian planter, and the Hawaiian planter himself. The American consumer certainly did not get it, and does not now get it. In the early stages the people of California and the Pacific slope were the only consumers of Hawaiian sugar, and most of it is still used in that region. Refined sugar has never been cheaper there than elsewhere in the country; nay, for a large part of the time it has been dearer. The consumer still paid an extra price equal to the tax, though the government no longer collected the tax. Next, as to the refiners, who might possibly have pocketed the gain. If they had made up a compact purchasing syndicate, still more if their business had been in the hands of a strong monopoly, they might conceivably have bought the Hawaiian raw sugar at the low price of neutral markets, and sold the refined product at the higher American duty-weighted price. But refining in California in the seventies was still in the competitive stage. The competition of the refiners promptly brought the price of the Hawaiian sugar to the price of other sugar in the United States, — that is, to the ruling price in the world's markets plus the two cents of duty. The practice which established itself at once in California was to pay for Hawaiian sugar on the basis of the New York duty-paid price. And this practice has maintained itself ever since, notwithstanding the progress of consolidation and combination among the refiners. Claus Spreckels became king refiner on the Pacific slope; the Sugar Trust gradually gathered in the whole industry in the rest of the country; the two great rivals quarreled and fought, made friends and combined; but through it all Hawaiian sugar has been treated

like other imported sugar, that is, has been paid for as if it were subject to duty. In other words, the persons who got the benefit of the remission of duty were — the Hawaiian planters. They were able to sell their sugar in the United States at a price two cents higher than they could have got elsewhere, while no duty was paid on it by them or by any one else. The remission of duty has operated virtually as a bounty on Hawaiian sugar.

This — to proceed at once to the general principle involved — is the normal effect, almost the inevitable effect, of any partial remission of duty. The gain enures not to the domestic consumer, but to the foreign producer. If, for example, we were now to conclude a reciprocity treaty with Canada admitting Canadian wool free, the wool-grower in Canada would pocket the amount (ten cents a pound in our present tariff) so remitted. Other wool, from Australia and Argentine and elsewhere, would still have to be imported, paying the ten-cent duty; the ruling price in this country would still be the duty-paid price; and that price the Canadian wool-grower would secure for his wool. Or if England were now to impose a duty of a shilling a quarter on wheat in general, and yet admit wheat from Canada free, the British consumer would pay the extra shilling on all of his bread, but the Canadian wheat-grower would pocket the shilling on that portion supplied by him. This, of course, on the supposition that the Canadian wheat-grower could not send to England enough wheat to displace all other supplies. So long as other countries — the United States, or Russia, or Argentina — were called on to send to England part of the wheat she bought, and so long as duty had to be paid on that wheat, any duty-free colonial wheat would get a bounty of the amount of the duty. If indeed Canada could supply all the wheat imported by England, and could produce that wheat at a cost as low as in countries that now supply England, then importations from elsewhere would cease,

and competition among the Canadian growers would keep the price in England down. And then, of course, "preference" would be merely nominal. Such an outcome obviously would be quite an impossibility now, and an improbability even with the utmost extension dreamed of for the wheat-growing regions of the Canadian northwest.

Reciprocity and preference are thus devices of doubtful effect. If partial in their operation, they bring a charge on the domestic consumer for the benefit of the foreign producer. But if of larger reach in their effect, they amount to the same thing as general reductions or remissions of duty. The latter is the usual effect of reciprocity arrangements. They are usually applied — perhaps not at the outset, but by a more or less gradual application of the most-favored nation principle — to a series of countries, and thus have the effect of a reduction of duties all around. Such was the outcome of the net-work of reciprocity agreements which overspread Europe for a generation after the famous Anglo-French treaty of 1860. Such is likely to be the outcome of the commercial treaties, and of the maximum and minimum tariffs, about which European countries are now higgling and which we in the United States are often advised to imitate. They are bluffs, so to speak, designed to bring about a relaxation of tariff pressure all around. But not all reciprocity arrangements are of this beneficial, or at least harmless, kind.

To return to Hawaii, which presents the most striking example of partial reciprocity. The extraordinary advance of sugar-growing in the islands (Oahu, on which Honolulu stands, is the most important of them) was the direct result of our bounty by way of remitted duty. Considerable parts of the island are fitted for this crop, having a climate sufficiently warm and equable, and the abundant precipitation which the sugarcane needs. With an extra two cents a pound added by the United States, profits were enormous. The planters who reaped these

profits — that is, pocketed the bounty — were chiefly Americans, or of American extraction. Some were descendants of the American missionaries who had gained during the preceding half-century such remarkable success in converting and ruling the natives. Some were new arrivals, who hastened to exploit this rich opportunity. Among the latter was the astute Spreckels, who combined the profits of Hawaiian planting with those of Californian refining, and naturally became a dominant figure in the islands. The great planters succeeded the missionaries as the real power behind the paste-board Hawaiian throne. There never was a more hollow royalty than that of the latter-day Hawaiian kings and queens.

This enviable situation with its mounting output of sugar, the rapidly growing population in the islands, high prices of plantations and high dividends on plantation stocks, had a rude shock in 1890. In that year our McKinley Tariff Act admitted sugar free of duty, — the one notable concession then made to the feeling that sometimes there might be a public gain from reducing taxes. Consistently with the protective principle, the Louisiana sugar-growers were placated by a direct bounty of two cents a pound. With the duty swept away, they would have to accept a price for sugar lower by two cents; the bounty of that amount left them as well off as before. But the Hawaiian planters, who also had to face the lower price, got no bounty. They had to accept for their sugar the rates of the open market, like the planters of Cuba, Java, Brazil. Hence great depression in the islands, and much soreness of heart. The hard times that ensued meant, to be sure, not that profits had disappeared, but that the extravagances of the past were gone. Sugar-growing simply got down to hard pan. But heavily-watered plantation stocks shrank, and planters' expenditures could no longer be on a recklessly generous scale. It is said, too, that the methods of growing and grinding and extracting were vastly improved dur-

ing those times of pressure and close calculation, — not an uncommon economic gain in periods of travail.

The uneasiness and discontent bred by this pressure led to the Hawaiian revolution of 1892, and to the treaty which the Harrison administration made for the annexation of the islands to the United States. It would not be just to say that sugar and reciprocity, and a desire to get once more under profitable cover, were the sole motives for the upsetting of the pasteboard monarchy. The queen Liliuokalani and her predecessor Kalakaua had not been creditable specimens of royalty, and doubtless were a good ridance. Among the planters themselves there was some division of opinion as to the expediency of annexation. None the less it is clear that the root of the movement was in the sugar situation, in the wish to get back somehow into the golden relations with the American market. This was certainly the case when annexation was finally accomplished. It will be recalled that the Cleveland administration, on coming into power in March, 1893, withdrew from the Senate the annexation treaty concluded by its predecessor, and caused the collapse for the time being of the whole movement. But the Hawaiian monarchy was gone for good, and the Hawaiian Republic (with a carefully guarded suffrage!) took its place. Very soon after, in 1894, the United States again imposed, in the Wilson Tariff Act, a duty on sugar; not quite so high a duty as that before 1890, but high enough — Hawaiian sugar being always admitted free — to restore a handsome bounty for the island planters. Good times returned, and were rendered more secure by the final annexation of the islands in 1898. As soon as President Cleveland went out, the McKinley administration emphasized its adoption of directly opposite policies by renewing the negotiations for annexation. A treaty for annexation was concluded as early as June, 1897; but ratification by the Senate did not come until 1898, when

the Spanish War and the Philippine conquest brought an added pressure. The favored position of Hawaiian sugar rested thereafter not on the basis of a revocable treaty (the treaty had become, after 1894, terminable at twelve months' notice), but on the solid foundation of a complete incorporation in the American dominions. Sugar-planting, which had barely held its own from 1890 to 1894, now resumed its upward march. New plantations were opened, old ones enlarged their output, more and more sugar was poured into the United States, and the islands again boomed.

The increase of the Hawaiian sugar crop during the last ten years has taken place in a way that serves to illustrate still other economic principles. The tendency to diminishing returns in agriculture — the inability to add indefinitely to the output without an increase of cost — has shown itself as the sugar-growing resources of the island have been pushed further. The best plantation lands have now been in use for many years. As more sugar was got from the soil — even for the maintenance of an output at the existing rate — it became necessary to resort to high cultivation. The Hawaiian plantations, hence, are large importers and users of fertilizers. Therein they are in contrast with Cuba, where sugar land is abundant, and where, as one batch shows signs of exhaustion, the planter simply moves on to another virgin plot. Not only is there this pressure on the good sites in Hawaii: there is a tendency also to descend in the scale of cultivation, and to use poorer and poorer sites. Where the rainfall is insufficient or irregular, great irrigation plants have been established. In one notable case, it was proposed (I know not with what success) to use the falling water on one side of a mountain to generate electric power for pumping that water to the other side of the mountain, into a dry valley, — all in order to grow sugar.

To the economist, this seems sheer industrial waste; and waste of the sort

which constitutes the earmark of an ordinary protective duty. The Hawaiian planters are now sheltered by the mantle of protection which we draw around all our sugar producers. So far as they can produce sugar as cheaply as their foreign competitors, the rise in price due to the duty (now roughly $1\frac{3}{4}$ cents a pound) is a clear extra profit. Such is the case with probably the larger part of the Hawaiian product; the American consumer here pays a plain bonus. The old-fashioned free-trader would say it was a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. So far as the Hawaiian planter pushes his land to extra yield by expensive cultivation, or turns to land where the yield is by nature light, he may make little or no extra profit. Then the higher price simply enables him to carry on sugar-growing where he could not do it otherwise. The old-fashioned free-trader would say that in this case Peter was robbed in order to pay Paul for carrying on an industry that was not worth while. The only consolation this old-fashioned person would find in the situation lies in the probability that the operations have reached their term. It is said, apparently with good ground, that the sugar-growing capacity of the islands has been taxed to its limit, and that no considerable increase of output is to be expected in the future.

Still another aspect of the Hawaiian experience is instructive, — its labor problem. Cane-sugar-growing calls for hard labor in the hot fields. The light-hearted, easy-going Kanaka proved poor material for this sort of thing. Indeed, he has withered away in the contact with civilization. The number of the native Hawaiians — even if those of mixed blood be included — has steadily declined for the last half-century, and they now form less than a quarter of the total population of the islands. The Chinese coolie was soon resorted to, and was brought into the islands by the thousand. He came in under a “penal labor contract.” That contract doubtless was devised and administered with as much humanity as

such things permit. But, as an agent of our Department of Labor remarked in a recent official report, it had “all the advantages of slavery without its disadvantages.” Some experiments in bringing Portuguese from the Azores had had no appreciable results; but the contract-held Chinamen supplied the planters with the labor needed for growing their sugar. But behold! Annexation, which solved one part of the planters’ problem, brought troubles of its own. The immigration of Chinese into American territory was prohibited by our laws; and the “penal” features of the old Hawaiian labor contract — those which enabled the planter to hold his coolies to the work, willy-nilly, throughout the stipulated term of years — were also void under American law. Therefore other laborers, hired under less rigorous agreements, had to be resorted to. The Japanese are available, — plentiful in numbers and tough workers. But they are, from the planters’ point of view, too intractable. They “make trouble;” they ask for higher wages; they even strike. And they push their way farther, using Honolulu as a stepping-stone toward our Pacific coast, — a movement equally unwelcome for the community which they leave and for that which they join.

There is a new ferment in the islands among the laborers, and a new uneasiness among the planters. These latter have a strong wish to get the Chinaman again, by securing from Congress a relaxation for the islands of the prohibition against him. Our Department of Labor has proposed, on the other hand, that the immigration of real farmers be encouraged, — men of European blood who will settle on plots of land of their own. Both proposals are futile. Congress would not admit the Chinaman, irrespective of any solid merit in the proposal for doing so. The American or European laborer, even if he could secure Hawaiian land, could find nothing comparable in attractiveness to what our own United States can offer. The islands

no longer have the apathy of servitude, yet their unrest is not the healthy unrest of a true democracy.

These social conditions obviously are not consonant with the ideals and traditions of democracy. A great mongrel mass of sugar-plantation laborers, — Chinese, Japanese, the wasting Hawaiians, a very few Portuguese; above them an oligarchy of rich planters, with their bankers and shipping agents and other associates, and a few hangers-on; all dependent on a single industry puffed to unnatural dimensions by legislative favor, — this is not a congenial addition to the American Commonwealths. Nor does there appear any prospect of improvement. The situation is not unlike that of the South before the war. It is much less promising than that of the present South, grave as this may be; for the present South has industries inherently strong, and in its race problem finds among the negroes at least hope and ambition to become worthy citizens of a democracy.

Most people think of an addition to a nation's dominions as they do of an addition to an individual's possessions. John Smith is more prosperous if he acquires more real estate; and the United States are supposed to be more prosperous if they acquire more territory. Hence we are willing to pay twenty millions for the Philippines, and think we do well to get Hawaii of its own offering and Porto Rico by right of conquest. In truth, they are doubtful boons. If indeed new acquisitions serve to open, for settlement and utilization by a vigorous race, territory that otherwise would have lain fallow, there is a real gain. Such was the result of the Louisiana purchase, and of the acquisition of Texas and of the Pacific coast. These expansions, too, made possible a great extension of the geographical division of labor. How much has the beneficent influence of unfettered trade between the different parts of our nation been increased by the vast area over which it is in effect! And even if there be no possibility of true colonization, the

acquisition of tropical or semi-tropical countries may bring a gain if it promotes the free exchange of products under conditions of real advantage. But no such gains have come from our newly acquired dependencies. I see little in the whole Hawaiian episode but one long course of error. The American consumer has paid for thirty years (barring the brief respite while the McKinley Tariff Act was in force) a tidy sum annually to the Hawaiian planters. In recent times this tribute has amounted to twelve or fifteen millions of dollars a year. For this we have nothing of any real value to show, — unless it be that we have a stepping-stone to the Philippines, another dependency hardly less unprofitable.

I have referred to Porto Rico. The situation is obviously the same so far as that island's sugar is concerned. That, too, comes in free of duty, and that, too, sells at a higher price, just as if duty were imposed on it. The American consumer pays virtually a bounty to the Porto Rican planter also. This bounty has been in operation but a few years; yet its influence will be seen in the rapid growth of our imports of sugar from the island. In 1900 they were but seventy-two millions of pounds; in 1906 they were already four hundred and ten millions. Here, as in Hawaii, it is not the laborer delving in the canefields, but the capitalist planter, who chiefly pockets the bonus. And that capitalist, as in Hawaii, is usually one of our own money-makers. "Interests closely associated with the American Sugar Refining Company" — such is the sort of polite phrase the financial journals use — have invested in Porto Rico sugar plantations, and profit handsomely thereby.

Turn now to the Philippines. Under the legislation at present in effect, imports from the Philippines are admitted with a reduction in duties of twenty-five per cent; that is, they pay three-quarters of the ordinary rate of duty. They get a bonus, in other words, of one-quarter of the duty, or about $\frac{2}{3}$ of a cent a pound. This

is modest as compared with our largess to the Hawaiian and Porto Rican planters; but it might be a neat source of profit. As yet, nevertheless, it has had no appreciable effect on our imports of sugar from the Philippines. This may be due to the unsettled industrial conditions which unhappily persist in so many parts of the archipelago. It is probably due still more to the special adaptation of the islands for growing their hemp, which seems to offer possibilities greater than those of sugar with only a moderate bounty.

Not a few persons to whom the Philippines present an unwelcome problem nevertheless maintain that, so long as we have them on our hands, we should deal with them generously. Their people are knocking at our doors: let us throw the doors wide open! Secretary Taft has pleaded steadily for complete free trade with this dependency. The hold which this proposal has obtained among both the opponents and the advocates of colonial expansion is probably due in large part to the notion, so long dinned into our ears by the protectionists, that an import duty is a tax, not on the domestic consumer, but on the foreign producer. So considered, the duties on Philippine products are reprehended as unfair now that the Philippines are part of ourselves. Rightly considered, however, the question is not whether we should tax them. The question is whether we should tax ourselves; and whether, in remitting duties, we really free ourselves, or maintain the burdens of taxation in such a way as to give the Philippines special favors. So far as the imports which they would send us free of duty are of the sort which they can supply in quantity sufficient for all our needs, remission of duty means complete remission. This brings benefit to the American consumer as well as to the Philippine producers. Such is the situation as to Manila hemp, which, as it happens, already comes in free. But why admit Philippine sugar free — retaining our general sugar duty — and so extend

the policy which has brought such ill results in Hawaii?

There are those, doubtless, to whom the altruistic side of a Philippine policy appeals, and who might be willing to pay a bonus on their sugar and other imports as one step toward the fulfillment of our moral obligation to do our best by the people of the islands. This is the only side of the case that appeals to me. I can see no economical or political or social gain from our ownership of the archipelago. But having forcibly secured possession, we are bound to do all that in reason we can toward uplifting the inhabitants. Good government, good education, good roads, a good monetary system, and, not least, examples of good character and morals, — these we can and should provide. And, unwelcome and unprofitable as the dependency may be, it is to be said that our administration of its affairs has been on the whole wise and helpful, and has supplied these things; a balm to our conscience for which we are indebted above all to Secretary Taft. But to give the islands favors by special privileges to their products, — to put their industries on an artificial basis, — this is not only costly for us, but in the long run bad for them. It is much better that they should develop industries that can stand on their own bottom. Hence indiscriminate free admission of all Philippine imports, irrespective of their relation to competing imports, and regardless of their effect on our own consumers, is not sound policy.

Finally, our relations with Cuba deserve consideration. After what has been said of the other regions, this one can be disposed of briefly. By the reciprocity treaty concluded with Cuba in 1903, we admit Cuban sugar with a reduction in duty of 20 per cent. It pays four-fifths of the full duty. It is thus put in nearly the same favored position as Philippine sugar. But, unlike the Philippines, Cuba, as has already been noted, sends us great and growing quantities. Its climate, especially on the southern side, its soil, its

great area, its ease of access, make it the great natural source of supply. But it cannot grow all of our sugar, — at least not yet. Other countries must be called on to yield the immense amounts which our prosperous millions buy. Sugar still comes in from full-duty-paying countries as well, — from Java, Germany, Brazil, and what not. Cuban sugar, hence, sells at the duty-paid price, and so gets its bounty too: 20 per cent of the duty, or about $\frac{1}{3}$ of a cent a pound. Now, sugar-planting in Cuba is profitable without any bounty at all. Under good management, it is highly profitable. With $\frac{1}{3}$ of a cent extra it is even more highly profitable. The American money-maker has again not been slow to see his opportunity, and the American investments in Cuban plantations, considerable before, have been much increased in recent years. So tempting and so easily reached is the field that — given peace and security in the island — it is certain that the sugar crop will rapidly grow. As the figures show, it has already increased fast since 1900. Probably before many years the Cuban output, with that from Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and Louisiana, and Western beet sugar, will supply all our needs. The foreign countries which now send in sugar that pays full duty will be crowded out. The price

will then fall to the Cuban basis, — the effective duty will be four-fifths of the present full duty. The special advantage to Cuban sugar will then disappear, and (practically) that to Philippine sugar also. The only really favored regions — and those somewhat less favored than now — will then be the tax-free portions of our own domain, — Hawaii, Porto Rico, Louisiana, the beet-sugar districts in our Western irrigated lands.

This, however, is prediction, or guessing, as to the future. The present situation can be made out with very little guessing. Let us bring together the various items considered in the preceding pages and see where we stand.

The situation can be summarized in the form of a statement of account which we may suppose our government to submit to the sugar consumers, that is, to the taxpayers. In such a consolidated balance-sheet, the government would properly put on the debit side all that it has taken from the consumers in the form of the higher prices which its taxes cause them to pay. On the credit side it would show what has become of the money, — how much has flowed into the Treasury and so become available for public expenditure, and how much has gone elsewhere. An account of this sort for the year 1906 would stand as follows: —

U. S. GOVERNMENT IN ACCOUNT WITH U. S. SUGAR CONSUMERS
FOR THE YEAR 1906

<i>Dr.</i>	<i>Cr.</i>	Received by the U. S. Treasury.	Received by Sugar Producers.
Taxes paid on a total consumption of 6370 million pounds of sugar	On 1128 millions of full-duty sugar	\$19,100,000	..
\$101,000,000	“ 2782 “ Cuba “	32,800,000	\$9,200,000
	“ 69 “ Philippine “	500,000	200,000
	“ 712 “ Hawaii “	..	11,700,000
	“ 410 “ Porto Rico “	..	6,800,000
	“ 594 “ Louisiana “	..	9,600,000
	“ 672 “ Domestic beet “	..	11,100,000
	Total	52,400,000	48,600,000
		\$101,000,000	
\$101,000,000			

Let the reader take warning at once that this account is cooked — a little. It cannot be made out with such accuracy

as the figures seem to exhibit. The very first and most important item — the total charge on the consumers, here put at

\$101,000,000 — cannot be stated with precision. Our duty on sugar is a very complex one, graded according to color and saccharine content. It ranges from less than a cent a pound on the cheapest and dirtiest sugar to nearly two cents a pound on sugar completely refined. The grade most largely imported — comprising, in fact, two-thirds of the imports — is chargeable at 1.65 cents per pound. I have tried to take a fair average, and have figured out a charge on the consumer such as is stated in the account. It is not perfectly accurate, but it is near enough.

And similar allowances need to be made on the other side of the account. The amount received by the sugar producers depends upon the higher price of their sugar due to the duty; which again depends on the quality of what they supply. The Cuban and Hawaiian planters send us raw sugar of excellent quality, and get the full benefit of the 1.65 cent rate of duty. Philippine sugar is much dirtier, is subject to lower duty, and is less raised in price. There is probably some allowance to be made also for the fact that, at certain seasons of the year, the Cuban crop dominates the market, and that for a while this is not raised in price by the full duty. Something also ought to be reckoned on both sides for the extra duty on refined sugar; though this, effective as it may be in swelling the profit of the sugar trust, is a very modest item compared with the burden from the duties on raw sugar.

But all these corrections would not affect the significance and the essential truthfulness of the account. The broad unquestionable fact is that our sugar duties cause the consumers to pay in the way of taxes one hundred millions of dollars, and that only one half of this goes into the Treasury as revenue, while the other half goes to the sugar producers. We hand over to the sugar planters and producers in Hawaii, Porto Rico, Louisiana and the Western States, Cuba, the Philippines, a round sum of fifty millions

a year. All of this is not extra profit to them. A good part, to be sure, is really extra profit; it is so for those among them who could produce the sugar with sufficient profit even without the bonus. For some of the producers it serves as inducement to enter on an industry which they could not maintain except for the bonus. Whether it is worth while to give the inducement in such a case raises the essential question at issue between protection and free trade.

On mere fiscal grounds there is something to be said in favor of a duty on sugar, — not at the present comparatively high rate but at perhaps one-half that rate. But on mere fiscal grounds the tax should be collected on all sugar. Then the sums paid by the consumers would bring just so much revenue into the public treasury. This, in my judgment, would be the statesmanlike policy, to be adopted if our hands were free. But our political and international relations being what they are, it seems not within the bounds of the practicable. Next best, and almost as good, would be the cutting of the Gordian knot by admitting all sugar free of duty once for all. No doubt in view of the large capital investment, especially among the Louisiana factories, some mercy should be shown to the strictly domestic producers, — perhaps by a bounty, such as the McKinley Act gave, for a term of years long enough to enable them to accommodate themselves to the new régime. Even a permanent bounty to them would be much cheaper for the community than the present arrangement, and would have some advantages as a clarifying lesson on the true meaning of protection.

I am no devotee of natural laws in economics. Those who appeal in our day to natural law, or natural liberty, are apt to have in mind freedom from wholesome regulation, or license to prey on some one else. Nor am I unwilling to admit that public aid, by protective duties or otherwise, sometimes has good results. Inquiry in each particular case is to

be made, soberly and without bias. But it seems clear to me that *prima facie* a protective duty brings a loss, and that any offsetting ultimate gain needs to be proved. In this case of sugar, precious little, if anything, can be made out in the way of gain. Certainly our remissions and

preferences to the dependencies stand for so much pure loss. Reviewing the whole episode, I feel a great temptation to use again the old phrases, and to ask, with Adam Smith, for a return to "the obvious and simple system of natural liberty."

BED-TIME

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

SHALL I yield up this shallow breath
For breathings full and deep,
Some night into the hands of Death,
As now, to-night, to Sleep?

Shall I not know that peace is best,
As I am sure to-night,
Nor grudge a tired heart its rest
From sorrow and delight?

So would I come, — as one who brings
His soul for God to keep,
To be washed clean among the springs
Of silence and of sleep;

So friendly find my waiting urn
As in my bed to-night —
A place to tarry and unlearn
Until the morning light.

A SECOND MOTOR-FLIGHT THROUGH FRANCE

III

BY EDITH WHARTON

THE PYRENEES TO PROVENCE

As one turns northeastward from the Pyrenees the bright abundant landscape passes gradually into a flattish grey-and-drab country that has ceased to be Aquitaine and is not yet Provence.

A dull region at best, this department of Haute Garonne grows positively forbidding when the mistral rakes it, whitening the vineyards and mulberry orchards, and bowing the shabby cypresses against a confused grey sky; nor is the landscape redeemed by the sprawling silhouette of Toulouse — a dingy, wind-ridden city, stretched wide on the flat banks of the Garonne, and hiding its two precious buildings in a network of mean brick streets.

One might venture the general axiom that France has never wholly understood the use of brick, and that where stone construction ceases architectural beauty ceases with it. Saint Sernin, the great church of Toulouse, is noble enough in line, and full of interest as marking the culmination of French Romanesque; but compared with the brick churches of Northern Italy it seems struck with aridity, parched and bleached as a skeleton in a desert. The Capitoul, with its frivolous eighteenth-century front, has indeed more warmth and relief than any other building in Toulouse; but meanly surrounded by shabby brick houses, it seems to await in vain the development of ramps and terraces that should lead up to its long bright façade.

As the motor enters the hill-country to the northeast of Toulouse the land breaks away pleasantly toward the long blue line of the Cévennes; and presently

a deep cleft fringed with green reveals the nearness of the Tarn — that strange river gnawing its way through cheesy perpendicular banks.

Along these banks fantastic brick towns are precariously piled: L'Isle-sur-Tarn, with an octagonal brick belfry, and Rabastens, raised on a series of bold arcaded terraces, which may be viewed to advantage from a suspension-bridge high above the river. Aside from its exceptionally picturesque site, Rabastens is notable for a curious brick church with fortified tower, and much-restored fourteenth-century frescoes clothing its interior like a dim richly-woven tissue. But beyond Rabastens lies Albi, and after a midday halt at Gaillac, most desolate and dusty of towns, we pressed on again through the parched country.

Albi stood out at length upon the sky — a glaring mass of houses stacked high above the deep cleft of the Tarn. The surrounding landscape was all dust and dazzle; the brick streets were funnels for the swooping wind; and high up, against the blinding blue, rose the flanks of the brick cathedral, like those of some hairless pink monster that had just crawled up from the river to bask on the cliff. This first impression of animal monstrosity — of an unwieldy antediluvian mass of flesh — is not dispelled by a nearer approach. From whatever angle one views the astounding building its uncouth shape and flesh-like tint produce the effect of a living organism — high-backed, swollen-thighed, wallowing — a giant Tarasque or other anomalous off-spring of the Bestiary; and if one rejects the animal analogy as too grotesque, to what else may one compare it?

Among the fortified churches of south-western France this strange monument is the strangest as it is the most vast, and none of the accepted architectural categories seems to fit its huge vaulted hall buttressed with tall organ-pipe turrets, and terminating to the west in a massive dungeon-like tower flanked by pepper-pot pinnacles.

The interior of the great secular-looking *salle* is covered by an unbroken expanse of mural painting, and encrusted, overgrown almost, from the choir and ambulatory to the arches of the lateral chapels, with a prodigious efflorescence of late Gothic wood-carving and sculpture, half Spanish in its dusky grey-brown magnificence. But even this excess of ecclesiastical ornament does not avail to christianize the great church — there is a pagan, a Saracenic quality about it that seems to overflow from its pinnacled flushed exterior.

To reach Carcassonne from Albi one must cross the central mass of the Cévennes. The way leads first, by hill and dale, through a wooded northern-looking landscape, to the town of Castres, distinguished by a charming *hôtel de ville* with a box-planted garden said to have been laid out by Lenôtre; and soon after Castres the “wild-ridged steeps” break away in widening undulations as the road throws its loops about the sides of the Montagne Noire — black hollows deepening dizzily below, and long grey vistas unfolding between the crowded peaks. Unhappily a *bourrasque* enveloped us before we reached the top of the pass, so that we lost all the beauty of the long southern descent to Carcassonne, and were aware of it only as a distant tangle of lights in the plain, toward which we groped painfully through wind and rain.

The rain persisted the next day; but perhaps it is a not undesirable accompaniment to a first view of Carcassonne, since it eliminates that tout-and-tourist element which has so possessed itself of the ancient *cité*, restoring to it, under a

grey blurred light, something of its narrow huddled mediæval life.

He who has gone there with wrath in his heart against Viollet-le-Duc may even, under these mitigating conditions, go so far as to think that the universal restorer has for once been justified by his results — that, granting in advance the possibility of innumerable errors of detail, his brilliant hypothesis still produces a total impression of reality. Perhaps, too, all the floating tags of literary mediævalism — the irresistible “connotations” of keep and rampart and portcullis — help out the illusion, animate the serried little burgh, and people it with such figures as Dante walked among when Bellincion Berti went girt with leather. At any rate, the impression is there — for those who have the hardihood to take it — there all the more palpably on a day of such unbroken rain, when even the official custodians hug their stove, and a beneficent mist hides the stacks of post-cards and souvenirs waylaying the traveller from every window.

The weather, however, so beneficent at Carcassonne, proved an obstacle to the seeing of Narbonne and Béziers, and drove us relentlessly before it to Nîmes, where it gave us, the next morning, one of those brilliant southern days that are born of the southern deluges. Here was Provence at last — dry, clear-edged, classic — with a sky like blue marble, low red hills tufted by olives, stony hollows with thin threads of stream, and a sun that picked out in gold the pure curves of the Maison Carrée.

Among the Greek towns of the Mediterranean there is none as Greek — or, to speak more precisely, as Græco-Roman — as Nîmes. No other city of old Gaul seems to have put itself so completely in harmony with its rich nucleus of “remains” — eliminating or omitting the monuments of other periods, and content to group its later growth subserviently about the temple and the amphitheatre. It was very well for Arles

to make its Romanesque venture, for Reims to crown itself with a glory of Gothic; but with the tranquil lines of the Maison Carrée and the Nymphæum, the rhythmic spring of the arena arches, to act as centralizing influences — above all with the overwhelming grandeur of the Pont du Gard as a background — how could Nîmes, so far more deeply pledged to the past, do otherwise than constitute herself the guardian of great memories? The Pont du Gard alone would be enough to relegate any town to a state of ancillary subjection. Its nearness is as subduing as that of a great mountain, and next to the Mont Ventoux it is the sublimest object in Provence. The solitude of its site, and the austere lines of the surrounding landscape, make it appear as much on the outer edge of civilization as when it was first planted there; and its long defile of arches seems to be forever pushing on into the wilderness with the tremendous tread of the Roman legions.

By one of the charming oppositions of French travel, one may return from this classic pilgrimage through the mediæval town of Uzès; and, as if such contrasts were not fruitful enough, may pause on the way to smile at the fantastic château d'Angivilliers — a half-ruined eighteenth-century "Folly" with an anachronistic medley of kiosks, arcades, pagodas, a chapel like a Roman temple, and a ruined box-garden haunted by peacocks.

Uzès itself, a steep town clustered about the ducal keep of the Crussols, has a stately terrace above the valley, and some fine eighteenth-century houses, in shabby streets insufficiently swept; but its chief feature is of course the castle which, planted protectingly in the centre of the town, thrusts up its central dungeon over a fine feudal jumble of subsidiary masonry.

From Nîmes to the Mediterranean the impressions are packed too thick. First the Rhone, with the castles of Tarascon and Beaucaire taunting each

other across its yellow flood, Beaucaire from a steep cliff, Tarascon from the very brink of the river; then, after a short flight through olive-orchards and vineyards, the pretty leafy town of Saint Remy on the skirts of the Alpilles; and a mile to the south of Saint Remy, on a chalky ledge of the low mountain-chain, the two surviving monuments of the Roman city of Glanum. They are set side by side, the tomb and the triumphal arch, in a circular grassy space enclosed with olive-orchards and backed by delicate fretted peaks: not another vestige of Roman construction left to connect them with the past. Was it, one wonders, their singular beauty that saved them, that held even the Visigoths' hands when they wiped out every other trace of the populous city of stone-quarriers, with its aqueducts, walls and temples? Certainly, seeing the two buildings thus isolated under the radiant lonely sky, one is tempted to exclaim that they might well have checked even barbarian violence, and that never again did the stout Roman trunk throw out two such flowers of grace and lightness. It is as though, from that packed Provençal soil, some dust of Greece had passed into the Latin stem, clearing a little its thick sap; yet it is just because the monuments remain so sturdily Roman that the grace and the lightness count so much.

This Alpilles country between Rhone and Durance is itself the most Grecian thing west of Greece: Provence of Provence in every line of its bare sharp-cut heights, tufted with a spare classic growth of olive, cistus and myrtle, it explains why the Greek colonist found himself at home on these ultimate shores, and why the Roman conqueror bowed here to Attic influences.

Pushing southeast from Saint Remy, one comes, through a broadening landscape, to the old town of Salon, where Nostradamus is buried, and thence, by a winding road among the hills, to the wide valley where Aix-en-Provence lies encircled in mountains.

For a town so nobly seated it seems, at first approach, a little commonplace and insufficient; the eye, lighting on it from the heights, seeks a sky-line like that of Clermont or Périgueux. Aix, in this respect, remains inadequate; yet presents itself to closer inspection as a charming faded old place, tinged with legal and academic memories, with a fine double row of balconied and sculptured hôtels along its leafy *Cours*, and a number of scattered treasures in the folds of its crooked streets.

Among these treasures the two foremost — the picture of the *Buisson Ardent* in the cathedral, and the Gobelin tapestries in the adjoining Archbishop's Palace — belong to such widely-sundered schools that they might almost be said to represent the extreme points within which French art has vibrated. It is therefore the more interesting to note that both are intrinsically and pre-eminently decorative in quality — devotional triptych and frivolous tapestry obeying the same law of rigorously-balanced lines and colours. The great picture of the Burning Bush is, with the exception of the Virgin of Moulins, perhaps the finest flower of that early French school of painting which was so little known or considered that, until the recent Paris exhibition of "Primitives," many of its masterpieces were complacently attributed to Italian painters. Hanging midway down the nave, where a golden light strikes it when the sacristan flings open the splendid carved doors of the west front, the triptych of Nicholas Froment unfolds itself like a great three-petalled flower, each leaf burning with a rich limpidity of colour that overflows from the Rosa Mystica of the central panel to the pale prayerful faces of the royal donators in the wings.

The cathedral has its tapestries also — a series from the Brussels looms, attributed to Quentin Matsys, and covering the choir with intricately-composed scenes from the life of Christ, in which the melancholy grey-green of autumn

leaves is mingled with deep jewel-like pools of colour. But these are accidental importations from another world, whereas the famous Don Quixote series in the Archbishop's Palace represents the culminating moment of French decorative art.

They strike one perhaps, first of all — these rosy *chatoyantes* compositions, where ladies in loosened bodices gracefully prepare to be "surprised" — as an instructive commentary on ecclesiastical manners toward the close of the eighteenth century; then one passes on to abstract enjoyment of their colour-scheme and balance of line, to a delighted perception of the way in which they are kept from being (as tapestries later became) mere imitations of painting, and remain imprisoned — yet so free! — in that fanciful textile world which has its own flora and fauna, its own laws of colour and perspective, and its own more-than-Shakespearian anachronisms in costume and architecture.

From Aix to the Mediterranean the southeastern highway passes through a land of ever-increasing loveliness. East of Aix the bare-peaked mountain of Sainte Victoire dominates the fertile valley for long miles. Then the hermit-haunted range of the Sainte Baume unfolds its wooded flanks to the south, the highway skirting them as it gradually mounts to the plateau where the town of Saint Maximin clusters about its unfinished Dominican church — a remarkable example of northern Gothic strayed into the classic confines of Provence.

Saint Maximin owes its existence — or that part of it contingent on possessing so important a church — to the ownership of the bones of Saint Mary Magdalen, whose supposed relics were formerly venerated in the great Burgundian church of Vézelay, but in the thirteenth century were officially identified among the treasures of the Provençal town. As the penitent saint is supposed to have spent her last years in a grotto on the heights of the Sainte Baume, it

seems more fitting that she should now rest at its foot than on the far-off rock of the Morvan; and one is glad that the belief was early enough established to produce the picturesque anomaly of this fine fragment of northern art planted against the classic slopes of the Maritime Alps.

The great Gothic church was never finished, without or within; but in the seventeenth century a renewal of devotion to Saint Mary Magdalen caused the interior of the choir to be clothed with a magnificent *revêtement* of wood-carving in the shape of ninety-two choir-stalls, recounting in their sculptured medallions the history of the Dominican order, and leading up to a sumptuous Berniniesque high-altar, all jasper, porphyry and shooting rays of gold.

Saint Maximin, though lying so remotely among bare fields and barer mountains, still shows, outside its church, some interesting traces of former activity and importance. A stout old Dominican monastery extends its long row of ogival windows near the church, and here and there a vigorous bit of ancient masonry juts from the streets — notably in the sprawling arcades of the Jewish quarter, and where certain fragments of wall attest that the mountain village was once a strongly-defended mediæval town.

Beyond Saint Maximin the *route nationale* bears away between the mountains to Nice; but at Brignoles — a city of old renown, the winter residence of the Counts of Provence — one may turn southward, by Roquebrussanne and the Chartreuse of Montrieux (where Petrarch's brother was abbot), to the radiant valley of the Gapeau, where the stream-side is already white with cherry-blossoms, and so at length come out, at Hyères, on the full glory of the Mediterranean spring.

One's first feeling is that nothing else matches it — that no work of man, no accumulated appeal of history, can contend a moment against this joy of the eye so prodigally poured out. The stretch

of coast from Toulon to Saint Tropez, so much less familiar to northern eyes than the more eastern portion of the Riviera, has a peculiar nobility, a Virgilian breadth of composition, in marked contrast to the red-rocked precipitous landscape beyond. Looking out on it from the pine-woods of Costebelle, above Hyères, one is beset by classic allusions, analogies of the golden age — so divinely does the green plain open to the sea, between mountain lines of such Attic purity.

After packed weeks of historic and archæological sensation this surrender to the spell of the landscape tempts one to indefinite idling. It is the season when, through the winter verdure of the Riviera, spring breaks with a hundred tender tints — pale green of crops, white snow of fruit-blossoms, and fire of scarlet tulips under the grey smoke of olive-groves. From heights among the cork-trees the little towns huddled about their feudal keeps blink across the pine forests at the dazzling blue-and-purple indentations of the coast. And between the heights mild valleys widen down — valleys with fields of roses, acres of budding vine, meadows sown with narcissus, and cold streams rushing from the chestnut forests below the bald grey peaks. Among the peaks are lonely hermitages, ruined remains of old monastic settlements, Carthusian and Benedictine; but no great names are attached to these fallen shrines, and the little towns below have no connection with the main lines of history. It is all a tranquil backwater, thick with local tradition, little floating fragments of association and legend; but art and history seem to have held back from it, as from some charmed Elysian region, too calm, too complete to be rudely touched to great issues.

It was the mistral that drove us from this Eden, poisoning it with dust and glare, and causing us to take refuge north of the sea-board Alps. There, in a blander air and on a radiant morning,

we left Aix behind, and followed the Durance to Avignon. Approaching the papal city from the east, one may get a memorable impression by following the outer circuit of its walls to the *Porte de l'Ouille*, which opens on the *Place Crillon* just below the great rock of the palace. Seen thus from without, Avignon is like a toy model of a mediæval city; and this impression of artificial completeness is renewed when, from the rock-perched terrace below the palace, one looks out on the Rhone valley and its enclosing amphitheatre of mountains. In the light Provençal air, which gives a finely-pencilled precision to the remotest objects, the landscape has an extraordinarily topographical character, an effect of presenting with a pre-Raphaelite insistence on detail its sharp-edged ruins, its turreted bridge, its little walled towns on definite points of rock. The river winding through the foreground holds its yellow curve between thin fringes of poplar and sharp calcareous cliffs; and even the remoter hills have the clear silhouette of the blue peaks in mediæval miniatures, the shoulder of the *Mont Ventoux* rising above them to the north with the firmness of an antique marble.

This southern keenness of edge gives even to the Gothicism of the piled-up church and palace an exotic, trans-Alpine quality, and makes the long papal ownership of Avignon — lasting, it is well to remember, till the general upheaval of 1790 — a visible and intelligible fact. Though the Popes of Avignon were Frenchmen Avignon is unmistakably, almost inexplicably, Italian: its Gothic vaguely suggests that of the *Ponte Sant' Angelo*, of the fortified arches and tombs of mediæval Rome, and reconciles itself as easily to the florid façade of the seventeenth century Papal Mint in the square below as to the delicate classic detail of the west door of the church.

Rome — but Imperial not Papal Rome — was still in the air as we left Avignon and followed the Rhone valley north-

ward to Orange. All this part of France is thick with history, and in the ancient principality of Orange the layers are piled so deep that one wonders to see so few traces of successive dominations in the outward aspect of its capital. Only the Rome of the Emperors has left a mark on the town which lived with so vigorous and personal life from the days when it was a Gaulish city and a trading station of Massaliote Greeks, and which, when it grew too small for its adventurous brood, sent rulers to both shores of the North Sea; and the fact that the theatre and the arch survive, while the Orange of Carolingian bishops and mediæval princes has been quite wiped out, and even Maurice of Nassau's great seventeenth-century fortress razed to the ground — this permanence of the imperial monuments, rising unshaken through the blown dust of nearly a thousand years, gives a tangible image of the way in which the Roman spirit has persisted through the fluctuations of history.

To learn that these very monuments have been turned to base uses by barbarous Prince-bishops — the arch converted into a fortified *Château de l'Arc*, the theatre into an outwork of the main fortress — adds impressiveness to their mutilated splendour, awing one with the image of a whole reconstructed from such fragments.

Among these, the theatre, now quite stripped of ornament, produces its effect only by means of its size, and of the beautiful sweep of its converging lines; but the great golden-brown arch — standing alone in a wide grassy square — keeps on three sides a Corinthian mask of cornice and column, and a rich embossing of fruit and flower-garlands, of sirens, trophies and battle-scenes. All this decoration is typically Roman — vigorously carved and somewhat indiscriminately applied. One looks in vain for the sensitive ornament of the arch of *Saint Remy*, in which *Mérimée's* keen eye saw a germ of the coming Gothic: the sculp-

ture of Orange follows the conventional lines of its day, without showing a hint of new forms. But that very absence of imaginative suggestion makes it Roman and imperial to the core.

Ahead of us, all the way from Avignon to Orange, the Mont Ventoux lifted into the pure light its denuded flanks and wrinkled silvery-lilac summit. But at Orange we turned about its base, and bore away northeastward through a broken country rimmed with hills, passing by Tulette, the seat of a Cluniac foundation — of which the great Rovere, Julius II, was Prince and Prior — and by Valréas, which under the Popes of Avignon became the capital of the Haut Comtat, the French papal dominion in France.

Like too many old towns in this part of France, Valréas, once a strongly-fortified place, has suffered its castle to fall in ruins, and swept away its towers and ramparts to make room for boulevards, as though eager to efface all traces of its long crowded past. But one such trace — nearer at hand and of more intimate connotations — remains in the hôtel de Simiane, now the *hôtel de ville*, but formerly the house of that Marquis de Simiane who married Pauline de Grignan, the grand-daughter of Madame de Sévigné.

This is the first reminder that we are in the Grignan country, and that a turn of the road will presently bring us in full view of that high-perched castle where the great lieutenant-governor of Provence, Madame de Sévigné's son-in-law, dispensed an almost royal hospitality and ruled with more than royal arrogance.

The Comte de Grignan was counted a proud man, and there was much to foster pride in the site and aspect of his ancestral castle — *ce château royal de Grignan*. If Italy, and Papal Italy, has been in one's mind at every turn of the way from Avignon to Tulette, it seems actually to rise before one as the great ruin, springing suddenly from its cliff

in the plain, evokes a not too audacious comparison with the rock of Caprarola. In France, at least, there is perhaps nothing as suggestive of the fortified pleasure-houses of Italy as this gallant castle on the summit of its rock, with the town clustering below, and the vast terrace before it actually forming the roof of its church. And the view from the terrace has the same illimitable sun-washed spaces, flowing on every side into noble mountain-forms, from the Mont Ventoux in the south to the range of the Ardèche in the west.

The ancient line of Adhémar, created Counts of Grignan by Henri II, had long been established on their rocky pedestal when they built themselves, in the sixteenth century, the magnificent Renaissance façade of which only the angle towers now subsist. Later still they added the great gallery lined with full-length portraits of the Adhémar, and under Louis XIV Mansart built the so-called *Façade des Prélats*, which, judging from its remains, did not yield in stateliness to any of the earlier portions of the castle. From this side a fine flight of double steps still descends to a garden set with statues and fountains; and beyond it lies the vast stone terrace which forms the roof of the collegial church, and is continued by a *chemin de ronde* crowning the lofty ramparts on the summit of the rock.

This princely edifice remained in unaltered splendour for sixty years after the house of Adhémar, in the person of Madame de Sévigné's grandson, had died out, ruined and diminished, in 1732. But when the Revolution broke, old memories of the Comte de Grignan's dealings with his people — of unpaid debts, extorted loans, obscure lives devoured by the greedy splendour on the rock — all these recollections, of which one may read the record in various family memoirs, no doubt increased the fury of the onslaught which left the palace of the Adhémar a blackened ruin. If there are few spots in France where one

more deeply resents the senseless havoc of the Revolution, there are few where, on second thoughts, one so distinctly understands what turned the cannon on the castle.

The son-in-law of Madame de Sévigné was the most exorbitant as he was the most distinguished of his race; and it was in him that the splendour and disaster of the family culminated. But probably no visions of future retribution disturbed the charming woman who spent — a victim to her maternal passion — her last somewhat melancholy years in the semi-regal isolation of Grignan. No one but La Bruyère seems, in that day, to have noticed the “swarthy livid animal, crouched over the soil, which he digs and turns with invincible obstinacy, but who, when he rises to his feet, *shows a human countenance*” — certainly he could not be visible, toiling so far below, from that proud terrace of the Adhémar which makes the church its footstool. Least of all would he be perceptible to the eyes — on other lines so discerning! — of the lady whose gaze, when not on her daughter’s face, remained passionately fixed on the barrier of northern mountains, and the high-

way that ran through them to Paris.

Paris! Grignan seems far enough from it even now — what an Ultima Thule, a land of social night, it must have been in the days when Madame de Sévigné’s heavy travelling-carriage had to bump over six hundred miles of rutty road to reach the doors of the hôtel Carnavalet! One had to suffer Grignan for one’s adored daughter’s sake — to put up, as best one could, with the clumsy civilities of the provincial nobility, and to console one’s self by deliciously ridiculing the pretensions of Aix society — but it was an exile, after all, and the ruined rooms of the castle, and the long circuit of the *chemin de ronde*, are haunted by the wistful figure of the poor lady who, though in autumn she could extol the “sugary white figs, the Muscats golden as amber, the partridges flavoured with thyme and marjoram, and all the scents of our sachets,” yet reached her highest pitch of eloquence when, with stiff fingers and shuddering pen, she pictured the unimaginable February cold, the “awful beauty of winter,” the furious unchained Rhone, and “the mountains *charming in their excess of horror*.”

(*To be continued.*)

THE TEMPLE OF JUNO

BY ROBERT HERRICK

THE storm that had threatened all the day now beat against the dirty window panes of the forlorn little inn. Through the driving rain-sheets Marshall could barely make out the black smoke-plumes, far below on the rough sea, of the small coast steamer on its way back to the Calabrian port. His spirits sank as he watched the steamer and realized that for at least twenty-four hours he was committed to this dot of an island, to this storm, and above all to this cheerless country inn. He doubted if that temple of Juno, so bepraised by all the belletristic guide-books, could be worth the effort. The inn-keeper's wife was preparing places for two at the dirty table.

"Un' altra forestiere!" the woman explained proudly. "Una donna Inglese!" An Englishwoman, also in quest of the famous temple, and storm-bound, too! The news did not gladden Marshall's heart: the wandering Englishwoman of his acquaintance was not a mitigating prospect. He went back to the rain driving over the tiled roofs of the little town below, while the woman of the inn completed her arrangements. Presently there was a brisk footstep in the corridor, a flutter of skirts, and he turned reluctantly just as the stranger, having seated herself, looked up inquiringly.

In the surprise of their meeting eyes he was distinctly at a disadvantage. The roguish smile, that gay manner of taking the unexpected, which he had reason to know so well, carried *her* through even this.

With the air almost of having purposely arranged this impossible meeting, she spoke first, while he still fumbled with the back of his chair.

"Well, Alfred, it *is* unexpected!" she murmured.

"How on earth did you ever get here?" he stammered out bluntly.

"Oh! I came yesterday — on the steamer. Could n't walk very well, you know!"

She continued to smile, as though the situation gave her mischievous amusement.

"I came to-day," he managed to say, finally seating himself opposite her.

"So I supposed."

And then there was silence while the woman of the inn clattered in with two bowls of soup.

As her head bent over the soup he looked at her more closely. Ten years had touched the dark hair with a line of gray here and there, and the gentle curves of the chin and neck had flattened a bit; but he was conscious that she had far less of an account with Time than he, — with his heavy figure, his undisguised baldness. Ten years! It was exasperating that they two who had striven so desperately to separate themselves were thus brought together at the end of the little earth — where there was no escape.

"You did n't think what a — surprise was awaiting you at Stromboli, when you bought your tickets!" she remarked coolly, sipping at a spoonful of the thick *minestra*.

"Hardly!" A struggling smile softened the crudity of his tone.

"Fate makes strange —" she caught herself in time, and blushed — charmingly.

"The *padrona* said an Englishwoman."

"We're all English to them — besides, do I look like a touristy American?"

To this touch of coquetry he replied clumsily, —

"Not exactly."

There was another silence while she endeavored to make headway in the thick mess with her little sips, but abandoning it in despair she laid down her spoon and looked at him. He ate stolidly through his bowlful, — as if to reprove her excessive daintiness. The expected remark came as he scraped the bottom.

"You must have a bad time with the food in a place like this."

"It is not Martin's — this inn," she replied serenely. "However, one lives — on eggs."

It was a brave little note. She was leaning on the table, with her fingers arched. The rings were unfamiliar. He missed the two that he had given her, — even the plain gold band, the symbol of their twelve years' misadventure. She noticed his gaze, and smiled — but did not change the position of her hands. It was as though she wished him to realize that she had done her best to obliterate her woman's share in their common bondage. They had not divorced, because of the children — for all the reasons. But that she had divorced him in heart and soul, so far as she could, that was what she meant by going about the earth without her papers, so to speak, though married. That was always Eleanor's way, — to publish her defiance of some convention with needless emphasis, getting satisfaction from spurning a mere symbol.

They were struggling with the tough chicken when she remarked politely, —

"There's not much to see in this place, — only a heap of brown stone at the other end of the island. I can't see why they make such a fuss over that temple — it's mostly on the ground!"

"A fragment of the pediment still in place is said to be of the best period," he replied pedantically.

"Oh, there are two or three columns still up and a few blocks on top. But the view is lovely, and it's the dearest, dirtiest little hole of a town — I love it!" He smiled at her familiar descriptive manner. "I meant to leave by to-day's

steamer — my maid Annette is so miserable it is cruel to keep her here. But it looked blowy — and something — well, I stayed!"

She had done her part, brought them through the meal, almost, — to the desiccated nuts and raisins. It was his, now, to take the laboring oar.

"So you've got a maid with you?"

"You did n't think that I would be here alone! I've had one — ever since — when was it? I forget."

He reddened at the neatly delivered blow. His second remark was hardly more fortunate, but it had been on his mind all through the meal.

"Where's Molly? why is n't she with you?"

She answered him squarely, with no attempt at equivocation: —

"She did n't want to come over — preferred to spend the summer with the Claytons on the Maine coast. You see she's eighteen this summer, and there are gayer things for a pretty girl of eighteen than knocking about Europe with an old woman of a mother!" Then she added lightly, "The Claytons, you know, have a very charming home."

It was the second stab so far!

"And Ned," she continued, now that he had brought the children in, "I had a letter from him last week. He's camping in some wild place north."

"Yes, Saguenay — seems to be enjoying himself with his friends. He really worked at college this year. The trip will do him good."

"I hope so."

As there was no coffee, there was no reason for prolonging the lamentable meal. She rose and turning to the window remarked, —

"It *does* mean business when it rains here."

He drew a cigar from his pocket. As she passed through the door that he held open for her, she hesitated, then said graciously, —

"I have a small *salon* upstairs. It's cosier than this, and you'll hardly find a

café at Stromboli. Won't you come up and smoke your cigar? It's quite — proper!" she added demurely.

As he followed her up the flight of dirty stone steps, he felt that he had made a mistake in accepting her invitation, — had compromised their position. But it was too late. The *salone* was only another cheerless cell of a room, like his across the hall. The bed had been removed, however, and there was a fireplace on which a bundle of fagots burned. There was also a fantastic and ancient lounge drawn before the fire, and on the table near-by some yellow backs besides the guide-books, photographs, writing materials, and other odds and ends that make a forlorn simulacrum of home for the wanderer. In the further corner was a desultory medley of wraps and purchases — no maid could keep Eleanor wholly "picked up!"

Marshall, glancing about, wondered vaguely at the energy involved in making over this room, just for a few days' stay. On the floor beside the fagot fire knelt the maid, holding a tiny copper pot over the flame. He might have guessed that it would never be the inn coffee for Eleanor, luxurious puss!

When the maid rose with the steaming potkin, her mistress said, "Another cup for monsieur, Annette!" and added in English, — "You will have to be just Monsieur Alfred — I can't bother to resurrect a husband for her after I have so decently buried him!" She laughed boyishly, and he reddened. "You've saved the poor girl's life — she will be crazy with excitement. She finds my loverless existence altogether inexplicable and *triste*. I shall have to tell her that I just met you — by accident."

He sipped his coffee, which did not come from Stromboli, and he realized that Eleanor had given him her customary second cup. But she was always generous.

"I'd have had cream, if I had expected the honor."

"Thanks. I have given up cream."

"Still bothered with your digestion?"

"Yes."

He was looking at the books on the table. With an exclamation of surprise he picked up Paillot's *Sur les Monuments Grecs*, etc. The thick volume was turned down well into the middle.

"It's rather heavy stuff, don't you think?" and he did not altogether suppress his irony.

"For me? I'm much interested in it," his wife replied. "I've been cultivating my mind. It's about all that's left for a woman like me to cultivate, you see."

At the sombre note he felt curiously a reproach originating somewhere far down in his consciousness. He did not reply, but continued to turn over the books, — a new French novel on the eternal French theme, a play or two, some English novels — more what he would have called "her line." Then he came back to the fire while she curled herself up in the corner of the lengthy lounge, holding her cup of coffee in sensuous reserve. She pointed to some photographs, one of the temple, and near it lay a pencil sketch of the same *pièce de résistance* of Stromboli.

"You did that?"

"It's *mine*," she chirped, "and also the others, beyond."

They were glimpses of the alley life up and down the steep stone stairways of the old Siculi-Italiot-Greek town. He laid them down without comment. To any other woman he would have vouchsafed a word of compliment, if they had been much worse. But he could not phrase it for her. She seemed to understand and smilingly drew his attention to her purchases.

"See those chairs and this old sofa, and the chest of drawers — I'm going to send them home — back, I mean!" (It was so like her to pack up these impossible moth-eaten scraps of furniture and cart them back at immense expense — to repose in a storage warehouse!) "And there's some linen and truck in the upper drawers."

He looked, and this time he admired moderately.

"What will you do with them?" he asked before he knew what he was saying.

"Oh, some day I shall have — a house, somewhere, just a place to keep duds in — and for the children to come to — if they will!"

He winced. There had been something of the same vague purpose in the background of his mind latterly.

It seemed as though they had come to an *impasse*, conversationally. He looked at his half-consumed cigar and debated flight. It was not gay, this skating over all the thin ice that stretched between one and the wife one had avoided for ten years. There were old friends to be asked about, but he refrained. They had divided the camp when the break came, and he had no real curiosity about the other side of the camp. And his wife, having finished her coffee, seemed depressed, too, — could not maintain that light comedy note which she had struck so bravely at first.

"There's Ned's letter over there," she remarked, pointing to the table. "Nice boy! Our children seem to get along, — to be fairly happy without us!"

"Well, that usually is the case with children, is n't it?"

"Oh, I don't know — not always."

There were times when he also reflected that giving his son a liberal allowance at school and college and writing him regularly each week, with an occasional vacation spree, was not completely fulfilling the rôle of parent. Conceivably both the children might criticise them for their failure — in spite of the fact that they had "stuck it out" for twelve years, "for the sake of the children," and then merely "separated" instead of availing themselves of the liberal divorce arrangements prevailing in their country.

"There are a good many like us!" he ventured.

"There are. But it's not good for a girl, especially — when she begins to think of love and marriage and all that

— to know what a failure *her* mother made of a woman's life!"

"It does n't seem to worry them — they usually take their chances, I notice."

"Of course — a woman *must*, somehow —"

"And a man?"

Her slight movement of the hand spoke eloquently of the gregarious and uncivilized state of the male.

"When I look at Molly and think —"

"Think what?"

"That very likely she'll have to go through with it all!"

"Very likely she won't!"

"That's the worst about growing old, — to see in your young the same things popping up — the old character that ran you off the track. Like your old clothes on a poor relative!"

"But there's always some difference," he suggested gently.

He saw that it was a flat thing to say, as the difference would probably consist of what the girl had received from him! But his wife was too much absorbed in her own chain of thought to heed his remark.

"Molly's so sentimental!" she continued.

"Most girls are —"

"Umph — not nowadays! All her geese are swans. She'll never know the man she marries until —"

"Perhaps that's just as well."

"You think so!"

"I'm beginning to think so — for *both*."

Thereat they recognized that the topic was too delicately edged with inferences to be continued, and they lapsed into another silence. And shortly afterwards he made a remark or two about the weather and rose. As his wife gave him her hand he noticed certain lines about the mouth — and reflected that most men and women of forty have lines.

"Thank you for a — the evening."

"Don't mention it, Monsieur Alfred! Buona sera. Buon' riposo!"

Nothing was said about the morrow.

II

When Marshall descended the long flight of steps to the quay, the next morning, the rain was no longer falling; but squally wreaths of cloud scudded overhead and what should have been the blue Æolian sea was a mass of dirty gray and foaming white. There was no steamer at the quay, no smoke patch on the horizon. "She'll not venture out a day like this!" the interested and completely idle citizens of Stromboli vociferated again and again. "There'll be no *vapore* until the Virgin sends calm seas!" Then Marshall, with the persistent resourcefulness of his race in providing extra means for meeting transportation emergencies, demanded a boat. There was stupefaction, and after repeating his idea in all sorts of Italian he was forced to admit that there existed no means of escaping from Stromboli that day.

As he turned back through the stony lane, he saw two women descending in hot haste, Eleanor and the maid staggering under a load of wraps.

"It has n't gone?" his wife demanded without the formality of greeting.

"It has n't come — and won't come to-day!"

"And there's no other way," she pouted. "That is the trouble with islands."

"No other way — not until the Virgin calms the waters," he said, repeating unconsciously the picturesque phrase of the citizens of Stromboli.

In spite of the faint rose that exercise in the damp sea air had brought to her face, there were dark circles under the eyes and a look of anxiety. Apparently she had not slept any better than he, and had concluded, on the tossing pillow, as he had, that the situation was impossible, ridiculous — must be evaded. But seeing her look of dismay reflected in his lugubrious face she burst into a hysterical fit of laughter, and finally seated herself on the edge of a step.

"I'm — afraid — we're — in for it!" she gurgled. "We can't escape unless

you will swim ashore, or take quarters in the temple."

Her gaiety cheered him only moderately. He would have followed her last suggestion incontinently; but one could hardly abandon even one's separated wife in an island village, without something of an excuse. While he was preparing one, she rose, in gay spirits.

"Come! I'll show you the place. You see I am installed here — almost *chez moi*!"

So they turned up the main alley, Eleanor pointing out to him the dark hole that served as café according to the sign. "See what I saved you from last evening!" Once or twice she darted into a noisome court where incredibly squalid old women pulled and jostled in their eagerness to dispose of certain heirlooms to the mad strangers. Once she came back from her foray to ask change for a banknote, and was very scrupulous about making change to the centime, searching her little net purse for a five-cent piece. Then they climbed a rocky path that skirted the gulf, far above the sea, leading to the temple. A streak of sunlight shot downwards through the leaden cloud masses, illuming for the moment the dull brown stones of the ruin, warming the broken pillars, the fragment still intact in melancholy isolation on the island promontory.

"Oh-h!" she exclaimed. "How lovely, and just for us! Come!"

She hurried the pace, and Marshall puffed heavily behind.

"You're pretty brisk," he remarked, remembering that in the old days she had never stirred without a cab.

"I take a good deal of exercise — that's another occupation for age — besides cultivating one's mind," she replied amicably, waiting for him to join her.

"So my counsels have borne fruit — late," he could not refrain from saying.

Eleanor, excited by the sun-bathed shrine, did not answer. As they gained the scaly hilltop before the east front,

the clouds drew together, leaving the spot in chill gloom.

"An ill omen — perhaps the goddess does not consider us fit persons to enter her sanctuary. Do you suppose she'll get Zeus to drop a thunderbolt on your head?"

Marshall smiled grimly at the daring joke in which he detected a jibe at former gallantries with those "other women." It was gentle enough, however, to be ignored.

"Come on — let's venture in, any way!" she continued in the spirit of mischievous raillery. "Juno must have been a forgiving lady — with that husband."

They plunged into the rank growth of grass about the temple steps, pausing to examine the fragment of the architrave still mouldering on the severe Doric pillars, and the one solitary pillar beyond, to which a thick green vine clung, swaying slightly in the wind. This was the bit, this isolated, broken pillar with the green vine, that she had sketched.

"It's fine, that!" she exclaimed, opening her arms in instinctive enthusiasm for its noble grace, "and the rest are broken fragments!"

As she stepped forward into the weed-grown inclosure, the fitful sun darted again from the heavens.

"See! She approves — still."

They poked about for a time among the prostrate members of the little temple, and she snapped with her camera a few details that he pointed out. Then they came out on the west side overlooking the gusty sea and sat down. Before another one of those uncomfortable conversational gaps she interposed blithely,

"I suppose this was where women came to pray for happy marriages, was n't it?"

He nodded.

"And now poor Juno's temple is without honor, here as well as in America!"

"The gods change: here they pray to the Virgin instead."

"Oh! I see."

His thought went back to those new

occupations, which presented such interesting developments of character.

"So you find time now to read and sketch, as well as to take exercise?"

"Yes — I'm getting dull even to myself. You see, when age comes," she mused on, "when you've finished with all your own agitating possibilities, you've simply got to look out of yourself into life — other people's lives, —" she waved her hand to the wide space of the sea, — "and try to see what's there — apart from yourself."

"Quite so," he agreed grimly. "It's a pity one could n't take that objective attitude earlier in life!"

She corrected him tranquilly.

"Without having the emotional one first, what would the other be worth?"

So they talked on, enjoying the calm and the flickering sunlight. There was something subtly humorous to them both in the idea of sitting there beneath the shadow of the temple of Juno exchanging philosophical reflections on life. It had been so many years, even before the outward rupture, when they had exchanged nothing beyond business details and dry conventionalities. Finally she rose, saying, "It must be past noon and that luncheon will be colder than these stones!" and they retraced their way, shepherded by a swarm of Stromboli youth.

The shambling *padrona* placed a fat bottle of Asti on the table. "Her votive offering to the goddess," he dared to suggest. What with the wine and their fresh zest after the morning on the windy promontory, they had a gay little meal.

"It has n't been so bad?" she demanded teasingly, on leaving him for her nap. "At any rate we've got through the morning — and you've seen the temple of Juno, — that celebrated ruin!"

III

"No, it has n't come to so much," he admitted, lighting his second cigar that evening. His wife was lying on

the rickety lounge, the full skirt of the summer dress that she had put on in honor of dinner falling gracefully to the floor. In the shadows of the lofty room flickered the light of many candles set about here and there. There was a second bundle of fagots on the fire and flowers in some old pots, — the morning's purchase. Eleanor had an instinct for giving the festal air even to trivial occasions. At first they had talked briskly, avoiding all roads that led backwards and downwards into the past. She had brought him at last to tell her what he had done with the ten years of freedom. And he had been forced to confess that after that lucky real estate speculation had put him in a position of ease there was not much to tell. He had had some thoughts of a book — indeed was over here now ostensibly to examine certain architectural monuments that might illustrate the book. But it had got vague — the book — and he was not sure that it was altogether worth the doing.

"So," his wife summed up, "it has n't been so much better than when you were hard pressed, and there never was quite enough to go around?"

"No — money does n't count so much as we used to think, perhaps."

"What does count?"

Ah, yes! What did count in making up the tally of a life! In the still room the points of tapered light barely touched the woman's white face where she lay with thoughtful eyes fixed on the ceiling. As he smoked and watched her, his former wife, some old current of memory brought back the days before marriage, when he was in the ardent mood, or as she had said once with woman's brutality, "wanted me most." It was uncanny, this slipping back over a third of a lifetime to take up the thread there at the beginning, — the thread they had contrived since to snarl so lamentably! There had been large and worshipful thoughts in those days.

"I wonder sometimes" — his wife's voice broke the silence with a flutter of

mounting sound — "what it would have been for *you* — with another woman; *any* other woman?"

This bold speculation touched him unpleasantly. His imagination, too, had tried to piece together a picture of what life might have been with her — or another, and had given up the hopeless task. After all would they, any one of them, have come out of the sweating process of marriage better than she had!

"Much the same, I fancy!" He tried to give a gallant ring to the admission.

"Would *they* have irritated you — brought out all the devil in you, as I used to?" she pursued ruthlessly; "made you put on your hat, so to speak, and get out? How I'd like to know!"

"It's a hard test, marriage," he remarked at random.

She sat upright, her palms clenched with sudden anguish, as if all the dreary years had swept over her in one whelming sense of despair.

"It *is* a hard test, God knows! for the woman. Oh, you think it was this or that in me — extravagance, willfulness, stupidity — that did our business. Perhaps not. You wanted your little way and I wanted my little way — and there was never quite enough room or money for both our little ways! Was that all? Men don't hate women for their faults."

"Oh!" he protested at the word.

"More likely it's the way they do their hair, the shape of their mouth, the way they talk — oh, you can't say. Something was wrong with the combination!" She slipped back to her cushions with a light word. "Perhaps we did n't make the proper sacrifice to Juno!"

Nevertheless there were tears, almost, in the voice. He made an impatient gesture, wishing to blot out this intervening gulf of years with all its repulsive detail of the lost game, that separated them from the starting point, so long ago!

"Oh, I am not going into it," she protested. "It's dead and decently buried. But one wonders. Do you still get to

the station half an hour before train time, Alfred? What a lot of time you must have wasted these last ten years!"

She showed him that she could still laugh. He did not like this sudden shift up and down the emotional scale.

"But we stuck — after a fashion — sort of half-way stuck!"

"Yes, we stuck — half-way!"

And there they were at the bottom. The candles flickered and smoked. The last fagot curled up economically into white ash. The woman's eyes still searched the ceiling for an answer to all the mystery. The man threw away his cigar. It was dead, almost pathetically dead — all their loud discords, their silent inharmonies. Nothing it seemed could ever relight the fire of their passionate distaste. Between the before and the now there lay a field of ashes where there might have been — the fragrant carpet of life, flower-sown with tears and laughter. The mere inexorable fate of it made them calm. He said softly, —

"We missed it — somehow."

"Yes — we missed it. And now we're like one of those extinct volcanoes over there in Italy, — a nice, round, proper cone, — all hollow on the inside where the crater was, — except for the ashes. And two little baby cones at our feet, with their hot fires all alive inside. That's life!"

"Well," he laughed, recovering from the surprise of her close-tracking thought, "it must be more comfortable for the neighbors when the eruptions cease. And there is always a chance for green things to grow around the dead cone," he added more gently — "to cover up the scars."

"But the fire — that was *life*!" she sighed.

"And the vines and the green things — they are life, too, of a sort."

The candles began to sputter out, and he got up to snuff them. He roamed about the room restlessly, touching this object and that, then came back to the lounge where his wife lay, wide-eyed, looking up into the darkening gloom. There were lines about the mouth — sad lines — and also in the uncertain shadows — the lines of youth — before it all.

"It's been bad for you, Nelly!"

"For both of us," and her eyes dropped from the ceiling to his. There came a low knock at the door.

"That's Annette — it is very late! You must remember that I have n't explained to Annette — she might find it — embarrassing!"

IV

During the night the lowering sky had been swept clear of clouds, and a fresh breeze flecked the blue water of the Æolian sea, through which the dirty little coast steamer ploughed its way toward the Calabrian shore. Close together on the rear deck Marshall and his wife stood gazing high above them at the ruined temple on the eastern promontory of the island. One solitary shaft in lovely isolation, wrapped with its clinging vine, reached into the vivid blue of the heavens.

"Some of it still stands — after all!" he exclaimed, pointing upwards.

"And so lovely, even in its ruin," she murmured. His hand lightly touched her shoulder, and as the temple faded into the distance across the waves he said gently, —

"We must make those green things grow over the dead volcano!"

She smiled wistfully, while the maid Annette eyed them speculatively through the cabin window.

A RECORD-BREAKING BALLOON VOYAGE

BY HENRY HELM CLAYTON

IN some moment of rest or recreation in the open air, every one must have looked into the blue sky, seen the snowy masses of cloud, and wondered to what unknown haven they were drifting. For me, the study of the sky and the weather has an irresistible fascination. In my youth, I watched the clouds with eager interest; and in my manhood, I have spent many years in observing and pondering over the meanings of their various shapes and motions, because I believe they hold secrets of great interest to the human race. Stop the vast flow of invisible vapor of which the cloud is but a visible symbol, and within a single year every wheel of industry would cease to turn, and our own busy land would be as silent and tenantless as the great Sahara; the summer sun would no more woo the fields to verdure; and the trees of our groves and forests would be but bare and lifeless trunks. Fortunately, no such grand catastrophe is likely to occur; but the variations of rainfall from month to month, and year to year, have a very great influence on our lives and comfort; and a knowledge of the laws of these changes will aid much in increasing the good, and decreasing the evil of their effects. I have hoped to aid in wresting these secrets from nature; but the study of the clouds has also had for me another interest, because I believe that the air is one day to be the highway of human travel, and a knowledge of its currents will aid in making its navigation safe and rapid.

The Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, with which I am connected, has won a place among the leading observatories of the world for its researches concerning the conditions of the upper air, and the director, Professor A. Lawrence

Rotch, is widely known in Europe. For this reason, when the interested aeronauts of the great nations of Europe began to make arrangements for the first international balloon contest, to be held in America, naturally they sought information from the observatory in regard to the conditions likely to be met here. All the contestants had studied the problem of the balloon and its equipment, and had provided themselves with the best balloons and instruments that the present state of the art permits. The pilots were all experienced men, and all had given much thought to the use of favorable air-currents in ballooning. The Germans, particularly appreciative of scientific knowledge and the advantages of expert advice, invited the director of the Blue Hill Observatory to go as aide in one of their balloons. Not finding it convenient to go himself, the director asked me to represent the observatory in this voyage. And so it happened that I was to undertake to map out the best air-currents for a balloon to take, in order to reach the greatest distance from its starting-point at St. Louis, and to put into actual practice what I had often planned in imagination.

Provided with heavy wraps for the balloon voyage, I arrived at St. Louis on October 20, the morning before the race. Already the air was full of eager preparation and expectancy. The newspapers contained full accounts of receptions given to the visiting aeronauts, pungent paragraphs concerning the characteristics of the individuals, and vivid descriptions of the preliminary trial trips in the balloons. Most of the aeronauts had come from far distant lands, and some of them had only a limited command of English. Under the inspiration of the Aero Club of St. Louis, many thousands of dollars had

been contributed toward the promotion of this unique race; a section of the city's gas-plant had been reserved for the purpose of making a light gas especially for the balloons, and about three hundred soldiers had been detailed from the United States Army to aid in protecting and launching the balloons. All this careful preparation assured the filling and dispatching of the balloons with exemplary promptness. On the afternoon of my arrival, I was called to meet the officials conducting the race and the contestants for the prize. At this meeting, the rules of the contest were discussed and agreed upon. It was decided that whenever any contestant came to the ground voluntarily and landed, the race was over for him; he would not be allowed to rise again; but much discussion arose in regard to the time that might be given for a contestant to free himself, if his trail-rope became entangled with objects below. It was agreed that fifteen minutes were to be allowed in case of such an accident, at the end of which time, if he had not freed himself, he was to be considered as having landed. It was decided that the distance should be measured in a straight line from St. Louis to the point of landing.

The morning of the race found me busy in aiding my German friends in the preparation of the balloons for a start. All the balloons were spread out, each on a large sheet of canvas, with the valve uppermost and the mouth next the gas-main. Next, the various lines were attached: first, a line for operating the valve and allowing the gas to escape when necessary; second, a line for ripping open the top of the balloon and thus letting out all the gas at once. This line was to be used only at the moment of landing. Its employment is comparatively new, and it is one of the most useful of the various devices for rendering ballooning safe. So secure did the pilot of our balloon, the Pommern, feel in its use that the anchor usually carried was dispensed with.

In order to place these ropes properly, a man had to crawl down through the empty balloon and come out at its mouth. After the arrangement of these details, the net to which the basket is attached when in place was quickly spread over the balloon under the skillful guidance of our pilot, Mr. Erbsloeh.

Before noon, all the balloons were ready to receive the supply of gas which was to carry them aloft, and within less than two hours afterward, the gas-main being connected with all the balloons simultaneously, they became swelling globes, some twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter, towering above the ground and gently oscillating in the breeze.

As a check on the movements of the contestants and to provide material for a study of the race afterward, the Aero Club at St. Louis gave each contestant a sealed, self-recording barometer, which traced on a sheet every movement of the balloon in a vertical direction, and thus showed at what height it was sailing at each moment in its course, making it impossible for any contestant to descend to earth without a record of the event. These packages were placed in the baskets of the balloons by the judges themselves, with instructions that they were to be returned with the seal unbroken immediately after landing.

In addition to these instruments we had recording barometers of our own, thermometers of a delicate kind for recording temperature, and compasses of various sizes and shapes. In use, the thermometers are whirled outside of the basket of the balloon as far as one can reach, in order that the temperature may be obtained away from the balloon and not be affected by the temperature of the observers' bodies.

The rules of the contest were that the balloons should ascend following one another in rapid succession. That in which I was to aid and of which Oscar Erbsloeh was the pilot, was assigned by lot the first place in the list. We were provided with red envelopes by the committee, with in-

structions to throw them overboard at the end of each two hours and as near as possible to towns, so that they might more readily be found. We also had a number of blanks placed in envelopes addressed to various newspapers, which we were requested to fill out and throw overboard, giving our position and speed at the time.

Before all this preparation was complete, throngs had begun to gather to see the race. Nearly an hour before the time of our departure, the streets immediately around the balloon-field were dense with people. During this last hour, crowds came streaming in from every direction. All the surrounding towns and cities contributed to the gathering, and some sight-seers had come from as far as Boston and New York. Before the ascent of the first balloon, every seat on the stands erected for ticket-holders was taken, and a crowd, estimated by the newspapers at 300,000, surrounded the field of operations to witness the first race of this kind ever held in America.

Five minutes before the time of starting, Mr. Glidden, the time-keeper, began to call off the elapsing minutes, and then during the last minute, the elapsing intervals of ten seconds. This was a hurried period of final preparation; sand-bags for ballast were hung all around our basket, which was the smallest of the nine, until its dimensions seemed nearly doubled. Finally, after several bags of ballast had been added and removed, the balance was adjusted so as to give only a slight excess of lift, and the Pommern was ready to carry Mr. Erbsloeh and myself on our long journey. A few seconds after four o'clock the order to depart was given. We grasped the hands of our friends in a final farewell, the restraining hands of the soldiers were removed, and slowly the earth began to recede from us. A wild, tumultuous cheer burst from the waiting thousands and I waved my hat in return to the waving hats and handkerchiefs below. The balloon was rising and moving northward without the slightest jar or jolt, such as one ordinarily asso-

ciates with motion, and it was difficult to realize that we were not stationary and the world spinning beneath us. Soon the great city of St. Louis lay spread out below us as on a map. The houses and street-cars looked like toys and the men like creeping ants.

The upper currents of the atmosphere in the United States almost always move toward some point between northeast and southeast, usually nearly east. We had discussed our course the previous evening at dinner, and Mr. Erbsloeh, deferring to my opinion about the best current to take, agreed to seek this upper current immediately after leaving St. Louis, and to make directly for the Atlantic coast, going south of the lake region. We wished to reach the coast as far north as possible, because in that direction the land stretched to the greatest distance from St. Louis, and it was agreed that we should ascend or descend as was necessary during the voyage in order to find favoring currents. About half an hour before the ascent of our balloon, one of the small sounding balloons which were then being liberated daily from St. Louis by Mr. S. P. Fergusson for Professor Rotch, was set free, somewhat in advance of the usual hour, for the purpose of aiding the balloonists. The air-currents near the earth's surface were toward the north, or northwest; but this small balloon showed that the eastward upper current which we sought was to be found at a height of about one mile and a half, and, throwing out sufficient ballast, we rose at once to find it. This manœuvre rendered our balloon one of the most conspicuous in the race, as is shown by the following remarks from the *St. Louis Republic* on the morning following the race:—

"The Pommern first, and then the America, made the brightest marks in the sky. Experts said the Anjou held the most gas, but the German far and away was the most conspicuous in the heavens. High and far she soared, and far and high went the others, but always was the Pommern the most majestic. Long after

the businesslike United States had swept out of sight, lost in the murk of haze to the northwest, the pride of the Teutons hung a sapphire sun in an opalescent sky, high in the north. 'It is magnificent, but not good ballooning,' said a veteran; 'the others are sailing lower and making more distance.' Nevertheless was the Pommern a sight good for the eye."

This remark of the veteran, confirmed by all the experts with whom I have discussed the matter since, showed that Mr. Erbsloeh, with the audacity of youth and confidence in his ability as a balloonist, and I, with the audacity of my ignorance of ballooning, but desirous of utilizing the air-currents to the best advantage, had broken the tradition of long-distance ballooning, which is to keep near the earth, at least during the first night out. At the height of about a mile and a quarter, we found a current moving toward the northeast with a speed of about twenty-two miles an hour. Here the ascent of the balloon was checked, and at this level we prepared to spend the night. It was now past sunset. In finding our course, we had crossed the lower Missouri near its mouth and then the Mississippi near the city of Alton, Illinois. The sun had set in a deep haze, a glowing ball of fire, but the adjustments necessary to beginning our journey had prevented much note of this, our first sunset. It was about six P. M. when we passed the twin cities of Alton and Upper Alton, their brilliant electric lights sparkling in the gathering dusk, like swarms of fireflies on a summer evening.

We watched these glowing lights amid a silence more profound than any I have ever known. After we left St. Louis, the roar of the city sank to a soft murmur, and then ceased, and now not a sound was to be heard, not even the rustle of the wind, because we were moving with the wind and hence in a dead calm. One often speaks of "the silent wood," but in the midst of the wood are heard the rustlings of the leaves and the myriad voices of nature; only in a balloon far above the

earth is absolute silence to be found, a silence as of death. Onward we drifted through the night, past the twinkling lights of various towns, and the scenery below us, bathed in the mellow moonlight, was like a fairy land of toy gardens and glistening brooks.

As we passed over towns, we threw overboard the notices provided for giving the press information of our progress. In order to cause these notices to be more easily found, I bought a number of small rubber balloons from a peddler on the ground, and at the appointed time a package of notices was attached to one of them and it was set free. The balloon, thus weighted, descended rapidly, and I thought it would serve to attract the attention of any one who passed near it after it had reached the earth. However, I have as yet no knowledge whether or not this device assisted in the finding of our notices.

About 3 A. M., the brilliant lights of a large city brightened the haze of the lower air like a coming dawn. This was Lafayette, Indiana, and we were soon passing over its northern suburbs, now wrapped in profound slumber. The throbbing and whistling of locomotives which reached our ears, showed, however, that all was not dead, but that even in the dead of night some life was astir to carry on the activities of a busy world. Here we crossed the Wabash, moving softly toward the southwest, and soon afterward we had an adventure often enjoyed by balloonists, that of a race with a locomotive, in which, I regret to say, the locomotive won. It was evidently a swift midnight express for the east, and when our courses finally diverged, the train was already several miles ahead of us.

The balloon had now sunk to within three-fourths of a mile of the earth's surface, and we first became aware of approaching dawn, not by the appearance of the sky, but by the awakening life below. There came to our ears out of the depths, first the faint, shrill bugle-calls of chanticleers, then the barking of dogs,

and finally the soft, muffled rumble of a wagon on its early trip to the city. As if not to disappoint the expectant life below, there soon appeared a rosy flush on the eastern sky, and the whole heavens, both east and west, were then suffused with pink. The sunrise was not more brilliant than I have seen below, but the unobstructed view in every direction and the strange surroundings gave it an unusual beauty. The landscape was now seen clearly for the first time, and there spread out below us a scene so picturesque that it is difficult to describe. We were crossing the headwaters of the Wabash, whose bed was covered with a broad river of fog far more beautiful than the river itself; while into it flowed smaller streams of mist, and here and there a lakelet of fog in a basin between the hills reflected faintly, from the crests of its snowy billows, the colors of the rosy dawn.

While we were directly over the valley of the Wabash, an electric car, with glaring headlight, rushed along on its early morning trip, like some submarine monster at the bottom of a wide river of fog.

The cause of this fog is the great cooling of the surface of the earth by radiation. The air, more transparent than glass, is but little heated by day or cooled at night by radiation, so that, at heights exceeding a half mile, there is very little daily change in its temperature, and it is scarcely more than one degree warmer during the day than at night. On the other hand, the earth's surface is much heated by day and much cooled at night, causing a large daily change in the temperature of the ground and in the air which comes in contact with the ground. This cooling of the lower air does not extend to a height of more than five hundred feet above level ground, so that a balloon floating along near that altitude is in air almost as warm as that of the day. As a consequence, balloonists like to seek this height, if there are not other reasons why it is desirable to go higher; because, except near the ground at night, the air grows colder as one goes

higher, and at heights of five or six miles, the cold is more intense than that of the coldest part of the earth's surface.

The balloon is like a little earth; it absorbs and radiates heat very powerfully. At night, the balloon is continuously cooling, and we had to throw out ballast at intervals to keep from sinking to the earth on account of the cooling and shrinking of the gas, as well as on account of a slow loss of gas through the envelope of the balloon. This ballast was in the form of little scoopedfuls of sand taken from a bag.

On the other hand, when the sun rose that first morning, a dazzling, brilliant orb, the balloon was heated in a surprisingly few minutes. Its gas, expanding and growing lighter, caused us to ascend rapidly, and we were soon again at a height of about eight thousand feet. Had it not been for an opening at the bottom of the gas-bag, made for that purpose, the balloon would have ascended many miles, — in fact until the expanding gas burst the envelope asunder and allowed it to fall to earth a lifeless mass. I knew all this, but also I knew that many years of experience had adapted the balloon to meet these demands, and I had not the slightest fear. In fact, I watched with intense pleasure the grand panorama unfolding in all its detail by the light of day. Apparently quite unconscious of our existence, the busy world of man awoke and began its daily routine. Its inhabitants were microbes, creeping along the ground, or riding noiseless on almost microscopic vehicles at a pace which seemed so slow that even a snail might envy it. How strange it all was! The whole visible world below was like a garden divided into innumerable plots of green and brown with the lines of small separation running always east and west, or north and south, and thus rendering the use of the compass unnecessary for obtaining directions. Those garden-plots were farms, broad acres in extent. The untamed rocks alone stood weirdly out from the general culture. So strange did

they appear that it was not until I had consulted my companion that I felt sure these were indeed rocks, standing out like little, irregular, volcanic cones above the general level of the prairie. All day we were crossing the great state of Ohio, so splendidly cultivated as to be almost a garden, with hardly an interval of waste land from one end to the other. We passed over or near the cities of Dayton, Springfield, Columbus, Newark, and Zanesville. When we reached Columbus it was already past noon, and we were hungry. Reclining in our basket, and shielding ourselves as best we could from the sun, we ate our mid-day meal. At the height of two miles, the sun shines with a fierce intensity unknown below, where the dust and the denser air scatter the rays which, thus diffused, lose their intensity while illuminating every nook and corner of our houses. At heights exceeding five miles, this diffused light is mostly gone and the sun shines a glowing ball, sharply outlined in a sky of which the blue is so dark as to approach blackness. At the outer limits of the atmosphere, the sun would appear a brilliant star of massive size among other stars; and if one stepped from its burning rays into shadow he would enter Egyptian darkness. At the height of a mile and a half, we found it necessary to shelter our faces to prevent sunburn, although the air around us was but little warmer than that of the previous night, being about forty-five degrees. As the afternoon wore on and the balloon began to cool and sink, we were obliged to throw out much sand, casting it away a scoopful at a time; and just after sunset, it was even necessary to empty two or three bags at once.

In preparation for a long trip in the air, I had provided myself with an instrument for taking latitude and longitude from the balloon in the same way that a ship determines its position at sea; but, owing to some error in observation and to unsatisfactory maps, we lost our bearing in eastern Ohio; and consequently, shortly after sunset, in order to make in-

quiries, we allowed our balloon to settle within about two hundred feet of the ground near a lonely farmhouse. The inhabitants of the farm did not see us until we were close upon them, and then consternation reigned supreme. In the barnyard, pigs, chickens, geese, and sheep rushed frantically in every direction for cover, hopping over and under one another, and turning every conceivable angle. The chickens had no doubt seen hawks before in their time, but a monster twenty-five feet in diameter probably baffled the imagination of the most daring of their tribe. In the midst of this commotion and noise, a woman appeared at the door of the house, and gazing motionless from wonder, fear, or other emotion, could not reply to our oft-repeated inquiry as to the name of the nearest town.

In a brief time we had swept past her little domain on to that of a farmer who responded to our inquiry by the query, "Where did you come from?" and then, "Where are you going?" Before we could get this matter settled to his satisfaction, we were out of hearing; and, passing over a small cluster of houses, we learned from some boys that we were over the town of Osego. As my knowledge of geographical names had limits, and I was not quite sure whether we had yet passed out of Ohio into Pennsylvania, I asked what state the town was in. It took the boys some minutes to overcome the shock of their surprise that these wanderers in the air did not even know what state they were in. They evidently thought that we were in a state of supreme ignorance; but finally we learned that the town was in Ohio between Zanesville and Port Washington. Freeing ourselves from the boys, who had seized our trail-rope, we now rose several hundred feet, and continued our journey toward the northeast. Soon the sun set once more amid a brilliant glow of red. In the gathering dusk the Ohio River was flowing below us grand and silent on its journey to the sea, but by a route far more

indirect than that we sought. We crossed about twenty miles north of Wheeling, West Virginia. From out of the darkness below a voice came up to us with the familiar demand, "Where are you going?" and then in insistent repetition, "Where are you going?" I was considering whether I should say to New York or Boston, but reply was unnecessary, for, not getting an immediate response, he gave us a warm invitation to a much hotter and more wicked place than either of those I had in mind! It seemed a strange behest to an occupant of the skies, but it is said that even angels may fall.

At 7.20 P. M. we passed over the city of Pittsburg with its glowing furnaces and innumerable lights. Over all this region there was a tinge of smoke indicating the centre of the great coal industries, and making it difficult to see clearly the objects beneath us. I was much impressed by the weird beauty of these glowing furnaces as seen from above; and it did not occur to me to connect these and the smoky air with the invitation earlier in the evening until I related the incident to an audience of young men at a university a few weeks later. We were now traveling northeastward well along the path we had planned to follow from St. Louis. But we were approaching mountains with which neither of us was familiar, and as the balloon was now within a distance of about one thousand feet of the ground, it seemed desirable to rise in order to avoid becoming entangled in the forests on the mountain-side.

We threw over ballast, and rose to a height of about a mile. We were soon crossing the ridges of the Appalachian Mountains which showed dusky gray outlines in the moonlight, while between them lay black, abysmal valleys. There were suggestions of awful precipices and bottomless depths which made me shudder involuntarily as I looked into them, although up to that time I had felt as safe and as free from fear as if I had been taking a voyage on an ocean liner above the

depths of the great ocean of water. About 2 A. M., we saw the brilliant lights of Harrisburg to the north, and passed directly over the city of Carlisle, where long lines of lights stretched at right angles to each other. We were now within about two thousand feet of the ground, and I listened for signs of life, but the sleeping city was as quiet as the dead. We crossed the Susquehanna River near the rapids at a height of less than one thousand feet, and could hear the gurgling murmur of the waters long before they came in view, and after they were lost to sight. We crossed a railroad-siding, where a puffing engine was waiting with a train of cars, and called through our megaphone, hoping to attract the notice of the engineer; but our voices were drowned by the hissing steam. Some factories, or foundries, were passed, where the wheels of industry evidently turn by night as well as by day, for we could hear the throb of engines and the voices of men.

Even before the first signs of dawn appeared in the east, we were hailed with a cheerful "Good-morning" by some early riser, and in response to our inquiries he informed us that we were then thirty-seven miles from Philadelphia, and moving directly toward that city. At this time and until we reached Philadelphia at sunrise, the air below us was entirely calm; fogs and mists filled the valleys and hollows, and there was not the slightest noise or rustle of the wind amid the trees. The air in which we floated was moving over the calm air below, as over a soft cushion, at a speed of about thirty miles an hour. So smoothly did we glide that a glass of water filled to the brim would not have spilled a drop. We were going with the speed of the wind, and not a breath of air rustled through the balloon. It was ideal traveling, — no smoke, no dust, no jar, no noise; we were out in the open, fresh, morning air at a comfortable temperature of about fifty-five degrees, and watching an unfolding panorama of surpassing beauty. We were approaching Philadelphia, over the suburban homes, flower-

gardens, and beautiful estates of its wealthier citizens. Floating at a height of between five hundred and one thousand feet above the earth, we exchanged morning greetings and bits of information with people below, hearing them as distinctly as if only separated from them by the width of a street, so easily does sound travel upward to this height. We talked through a megaphone and were easily understood.

As the balloon passed over a railway station where an early morning train had stopped, the passengers clambered out to see us, and I heard afterwards that it was with much difficulty the conductor got them in again, so as not to delay the train. Presently we crossed the Schuylkill, and then came a wilderness of factories with tall chimneys belching sparks. As the balloon was now within a few hundred feet of the earth, and there was a possibility of sparks reaching it, a small scoopful of ballast was thrown overboard, which sent us upward about fifty or a hundred feet. Some workmen, noticing this, supposed that we had thrown something at them — so I read afterward in a newspaper.

Before we had reached the centre of Philadelphia the warming rays of the rising sun touched the balloon, and we shot upward to a height slightly exceeding two miles, where the temperature was found to be a few tenths of a degree below the freezing point. This manœuvre of the balloon was in accordance with our wishes, because the ocean was now near, and if we were to continue our voyage, for which we had ample gas and provisions, it must be in the direction of New York and New England. The lower currents were moving east-northeast; but these would have carried us a little south of our desired goal, and we wished to know whether there might be a more favorable current within a reasonable distance of the earth's surface. At the height of two miles, the State of New Jersey lay spread out below us like a map. Looking eastward we could see the bays and inlets of the shore-

line for fully fifty miles on either hand, while the great ocean lay before us glistening in the morning sun with a silver sheen. We did not find a favorable current. It became evident that we must descend, and Mr. Erbsloeh requested me to pack everything secure because the balloon might strike the earth with a shock.

I pulled the valve-rope and down we came, two miles in a few minutes. When within several hundred yards of the earth's surface, we emptied two bags of sand, checking the downward speed of the balloon; and a few additional scoopfuls of sand thrown overboard brought us into equilibrium within a short distance of the ground, over which we continued to glide rapidly toward the northeast, traversing the state of New Jersey diagonally in about an hour and a half. We crossed the head of a bay and could see the waves of ocean breaking on the shore beyond. It was high time to descend, and selecting an open place in the suburbs of Asbury Park, we opened our valve and approached the ground. Suddenly our flight was arrested. We had encountered some telegraph wires amid which the basket was entangled, while the great mass of the balloon above was tugging to free us. The emptying of two more bags of ballast, a combined push against the wires, and the balloon was free once more, ascending rapidly. It now became necessary to act quickly; the valve was reopened, and in addition, a small hole was torn in the side of the balloon with the ripping-cord. This was effective, and we touched the ground; then with a long vigorous pull of the ripping-cord, the balloon lay to the leeward of the basket, an empty bag, and the race was over. In forty hours we had traversed the greatest distance in a straight line ever traveled by a balloon in America, and had won the race. In an air line from St. Louis, the distance is 872 miles; but in making this distance, since the course was not perfectly straight, we had traveled 932 miles at a speed varying between 17 and 31 miles an hour, and averaging 23.3

miles an hour. In all this distance, we had found it necessary to inquire as to our geographical position only once.

Although we had traveled this great distance there remained plenty of provisions, gas, and ballast for another day's journey in the air. Out of the forty-one original bags of ballast we had twelve remaining, — a larger number, as it developed afterward, than any other contestant.

Our first question to the people who immediately surrounded us was in regard to the latest news from the others in the race.

We were informed that the balloon United States had landed near Lake Ontario, but that the others were still in the air. We had no definite news of the others until late in the evening.

We were most hospitably received by the citizens of Asbury Park. The mayor made a speech extending to us a cordial welcome and giving us the freedom of the city. The leading citizens also provided us with an ample dinner. The newsgatherers came early, and after getting the information they wanted they left us to finish our journey in a more commonplace manner, and seek a much-needed rest.

During the forty hours that we were in the air we lived in a basket two and a half by three feet. In these narrow quarters there was not much room for freedom of motion, yet neither of us felt greatly cramped for room, on account of the excitement and novelty of the voyage, and the fact that we were much engaged with the details of the management of the balloon and with the problem of keeping track of its course. This latter was accomplished by means of our instrument for determining latitude and longitude, and by means of maps which we carried, one for each state, plotted on a large scale. From these maps the names of the towns and rivers over which the balloon passed were determined by their appearance on the maps. We were also busied in trying to keep in-

formed of the direction and speed of the air currents above and below us.

One of the methods which I devised for doing this was to suspend a small plumb-bob by a slender cord far below the basket of the balloon, and by another cord to suspend a very light silk banner. This banner swung nearly the same length below the basket as did the plumb-bob, and the slightest difference in the speed or direction of any current below the balloon, as far down as we could let this device, was determined by the swinging of the banner away from the bob. For finding the motion of currents farther below us we threw out light objects, such as pieces of paper, from the car, and watched their motion while descending. In this way we kept fairly well informed of the movements of the currents below us without having to waste our gas and ballast in ascending or descending. The determination of the motions of the currents above us was more difficult. But we were aided to some extent in doing this by the few clouds which we saw. On account of our own motion it was difficult to tell exactly in which directions the clouds were going; we could tell only whether they were moving to the right or left of the balloon. Plenty of exercise was obtained in drawing up the fifty-pound bags of ballast over the sides of the basket, where they were suspended from small rings, and afterward in throwing out the sand as it was needed in order to maintain our position in the air. There was no provision for sleep, but we ate our three regular meals in the air just as if we had been on the ground. There was no dressing for breakfast, or dinner, except to exchange our shoes for slippers, and to add or remove wraps, as the temperature demanded. For food we carried such provisions as rolls, mutton chops, mutton stew, fried chicken, eggs, crackers, and sausage. The last we did not taste. It was a concentrated food reserved in case the balloon might drop in some out-of-the way place, as in the fastnesses of the mountains or in the wilds of

Canada, where we would be several days in finding our way out to civilization. For drinks we carried some dozen or so bottles of Apollinaris water, a bottle of coffee, a bottle of tea, and two or three bottles of wine.

In order to supply the blood with the necessary oxygen, the heart beats automatically much more rapidly at great altitudes, where the air is rare, than it does at the earth's surface, and for this reason it is not best to use stimulants. Already the brain is surcharged with blood and there is a feeling of exhilaration.

For bathing one of us would pour slowly on the hands of the other a bottle of Apollinaris water. This was an expensive bath, perhaps, but it answered the purpose admirably, serving for both water and soap, because the free carbon dioxide in the water acted as a cleansing agent.

After having been in the air so many hours, with the earth apparently swimming along beneath the balloon, that condition had come to seem the normal one, and, when we had landed, I felt for an hour as if something wrong had happened to the earth which lay so quiet and still beneath the feet.

In making the air a domain for human travel, the conquest of which seems almost in sight, a competitive race like this is a trial of methods, materials, and men to the utmost possibilities; and although the results of one race cannot settle the matter, the results of many races determine the best of these appliances and also open the door to new inventions and new methods. Another advantage of such a contest is that it adds much to our knowledge of the movements of the atmosphere. The various tracks followed by the balloons map out the motions of the air and enable the meteorologist to follow its spiral motion toward the storm centre and to note the daily waves of oscillation from side to side of the general course followed by the air.

In the distances traveled this balloon

race from St. Louis proved to be one of the greatest ever undertaken. Seven of the nine contestants crossed the Alleghany Mountains and landed near the Atlantic coast, while one landed in the region of the Great Lakes about six hundred miles from the starting point.

This result is so impressive that it has aroused the imagination of the American people and set them wondering as to the possibilities of this novel method of navigation. Aero clubs have sprung into existence in almost every large city; the Signal Corps of our army is considering the building of several airships, and Congress will be asked for a large appropriation for further experiments; the officers of our navy are discussing the possibilities of launching flying machines from naval vessels, or of sending up men in captive balloons from the ships for the purpose of reconnoitring, and a horde of inventors are at work on improvements of present appliances and on new machines for navigating the air. It seems safe to predict that the next year or two will witness an enormous activity in this matter in America.

In Europe the question of navigating the air has been longer a matter of public interest, and there the balloon has been brought to its present state of development. There exist well-organized clubs for using the balloon in sport and in recreation, and ascents for this purpose are very frequent in summer. Elongated or cigar-shaped balloons have been devised and driven through the air with a speed increasing as light motors of greater power have been invented, until now these elongated balloons navigate the air by their own power at velocities of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, making long excursions and returning to their starting points. Monster airships of this kind some three hundred feet in length are already in commission in the war departments of every great nation in Europe, and hundreds of thousands of dollars are being expended in their further improvement.

The flying machine, or the machine which without gas will navigate the air, as does the bird, was first successfully used in America. After centuries of human effort, Wilbur and Orville Wright of Dayton, Ohio, were the first to fly with wings (or aeroplanes) in a motor-driven machine without gas. The machines of this class are those on which the greatest amount of thought is being spent by inventors at present, for it seems probable to thoughtful men that these will be the machines which in the future will swiftly carry men and messages through the air. But long after these machines have been perfected the balloon will still retain a place in sport and recreation,

just as does the sailing boat, since its rival the steam-driven craft has largely displaced it for business and for war.

The world seems on the point of realizing that vision of Tennyson, who wrote more than half a century ago, —

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye
could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be ;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down
with costly bales ;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the
central blue.

A JOY FROM LITTLE THINGS

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

To press a joy from little things: —
From feet that fall in time,
From daylong silent fashionings
Of some heart-hidden rhyme;

From shapes of leaves and clouds and snow,
From other's brighter eyes,
From thinking "I am dull, I know,
But some are glad and wise," —

From love remembered, though too dim
For laughter or for tears,
One fragile flame, so pale and slim,
To gleam on grayer years; —

That is one way of Joy, I know,
Yet I desire, desire,
To go the way a god might go
Through Love and Life and Fire!

PROPHETIC VOICES ABOUT AMERICA

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

THE tone and spirit of American writing about America is much better than it used to be. As our foreign critics have ceased to be supercilious, we ourselves, it would seem, have ceased to be vainglorious. Here beside me are some half-dozen volumes of essays, lectures, and studies, all by Americans, all about the Republic, all fresh from the press.¹ In not one of them does the Eagle scream. Not one of the writers even claims that our great experiment of democracy is yet proved successful. None of them, it is true, are really pessimistic. A note of discouragement here and there is the worst one finds. But all acknowledge frankly the disappointments in our past, all face

candidly the perplexities of our present; only one claims with confidence to have penetrated the clouds that shut out the future.

The writers are for the most part men entitled to a respectful attention. One is of the small group from which, in all human probability, we shall choose the next President. Another, his colleague in the cabinet, many of us would pronounce the best mind in the government, if not in our entire public life. Of the two, Secretary Root shows, I think, much the better literary instinct. Considered merely as serious prose about great topics, his addresses invite comparison with the writings of English rather than American public men, of whom so very few make a good appearance in print. Now and then, there is a kind of quiet depth of meaning in his sentences that actually reminds one a little of Lincoln. Secretary Taft has not such a gift; but he achieves a detachment, an air of thoughtful, disinterested concern about public affairs, as of an honest, well-bred gentleman, which one too often misses in the utterances of even our highest public officials.

Two presidents and two professors of universities maintain the usual large proportion of academic contribution to this as to all other topics about which books can be written. As it happens, both Secretary Taft and Secretary Root have taken occasion to point out the limitations of the academic point of view concerning affairs. According to the former, it has too great "certainty and severity;" and Secretary Root, while setting the highest value on the public schools as opening the door to opportunity and service, admits a doubt "whether the higher academic education contributes much to capacity for political usefulness." But the presi-

¹ Yale Lectures on the "Responsibilities of Citizenship:" —

(1.) *The Citizen's Part in Government.* By ELIHU ROOT, Secretary of State. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

(2.) *Four Aspects of Civic Duty.* By WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, Secretary of War; First Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

(3.) *True and False Democracy.* By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, President of Columbia University. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

(4.) *Standards of Public Morality.* By ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, President of Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

(5.) *American Legislatures and Legislative Methods.* By PAUL S. REINSCH, Professor of Political Science at the University of Wisconsin. New York: The Century Company. 1907.

(6.) *The Spirit of the American Government.* A Study of the Constitution; its Origin, Influence, and Relation to Democracy. By J. ALLEN SMITH, Professor of Political Science, University of Washington. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

(7.) *The Industrial Republic: a Study of the America of Ten Years Hence.* By UPTON SINCLAIR. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1907.

dents of our greater universities become perforce men of affairs, however academic their ideals and training may be. President Butler seems in far greater danger of error from oratorical fervor and rhetorical facility than from any timid preciseness of scholarship. President Hadley has more of the academic quality in his style, and what may be a bit of New England acerbity as well; but his point of view is almost irreverently practical, common-sense, contemporaneous. And even to the mere professor, the mere scholar, however we may bow and smile him out of court when he begins to philosophize, we must concede a certain competency for investigations of facts, such as Professor Reinsch has made in his study of American legislatures, and such as constitutes the main part of Professor Smith's study of the Constitution.

The last writer of our group, Mr. Upton Sinclair, is a socialist; he is also, it must be confessed, a decidedly sensational novelist. But in the company of two statesmen and four academic dignitaries we may venture, perhaps, to let him also say his say.

It is but just, indeed, that he or some other socialist should have a word; for hardly one of the others is content to leave socialism entirely alone. So much, at least, the socialist propaganda has accomplished; conservative publicists, however they may reprobate it, do not treat it as negligible. Nor is their reprobation so strongly tinged as it once was with contempt. Secretary Taft is, it is true, contemptuous of the mere "parlor socialist," for whom, in fact, he reserves his most scornful word; but he will not deny sympathy to the socialistic impulse of men who have really suffered under our present economic arrangements. President Butler concedes to the propaganda both sincerity and ability, and is content with the refutation, effective perhaps, but rather worn, that socialism is an illogical attempt "to overcome man's individual imperfections by adding them together." Secretary Root ends a remark-

able sentence, descriptive of the dangers which beset on either side the true course of popular government, by contrasting "the dreams of Utopia, to be realized by changing everything," with "the reverence for the past that is horrified by changing anything;" and later on, summing up the grounds of hopefulness, he takes comfort in the diminishing proportion of avowed socialists in the American labor unions.

On the whole, what is most striking in nearly all these animadversions on the Republic is the entirely serious way in which the writers address themselves, not perhaps to socialism itself, but to that aspect of American life which is most provocative of socialistic remonstrance. Were a socialist to read them all together, as I have done, he might well be tempted to quote them Kipling:—

"Nor call too loud on Freedom,
To cloak your weariness."

For all have much to say of liberty. But it is a far cry from the kind of defense of liberty which they offer to the old defiances of kings and aristocracies with which we Americans began. Here is not a word, in fact, concerning tyranny of the old-fashioned sort. On the contrary, here is more than one vigorous assertion of the utter distinction, the contrast and incompatibility, indeed, between liberty and equality. Secretary Root's declaration has been celebrated journalistically as extraordinary and as courageous. "After many years of struggle for the right of equality," he remarks, "there is some reason to think that mankind is now entering upon a struggle for the right of inequality." The phrasing is uncommonly good, but the contention is far from extraordinary, the commitment would hardly seem bold if the speaker were not a public man and an office-holder. On the contrary, this is the main thesis of President Butler in more than one of his papers, and he keeps iterating it as if he were discontent because he cannot find words violent enough to arouse us all to its axiomatic

truth and its vital importance. Clearness on this point, he urges, is the essential distinction between a true and a false conception of democracy. "We must put behind us the fundamental fallacy that equality is demanded by justice. The contrary is the case. Justice demands inequality as a condition of liberty and as a means of rewarding each according to his merits and deserts." And again: "The corner-stone of democracy is natural inequality, its ideal the selection of the most fit."

The thought tempts to epigrammatic over-emphasis in the statement; and no doubt we Americans have often fallen into a slipshod neglect of such distinctions among ideals which, not long ago, we were disposed to consider peculiarly our own. To emphasize this particular distinction, even to over-emphasize it, may be a good way to get rid of whatever there may still be left in us of the old hazy bigotry. But are we not again befooling ourselves if we fancy the distinction a discovery, or if we try to make it broader and harder and faster than in truth it is? President Butler, for instance, takes too little pains to point out that the equality he is contemning is equality of economic condition, not of privilege. He does not pause long enough to consider fully the claim that the denial of equality of industrial opportunity may utterly defeat that very ideal of liberty which he holds up to us as the essential and the *summum bonum* of democracy. On this point, his oratorical approach to the problem leaves him — and even Secretary Root may be a little open to the same criticism — decidedly at a disadvantage as compared with the least distinguished of our group.

Professor Smith's deliberate account of the founding of our government — mainly a searching out of the old intrincements of privilege in the Constitution — has led him on to a more careful qualification of his statements. The American doctrine of liberty, he points out, had its origin in economic conditions quite un-

like those of to-day. It was in fact based on the assumption of equality of economic opportunity; and under the old industrial system of apprenticeship and private initiative, before the days of machinery and corporations, a practical equality of opportunity did in fact exist. If, therefore, as socialists claim, and as we all know to be in great measure true, the coming in of machinery and the concentration of capital in a few hands have destroyed equality of industrial opportunity, the principle of liberty would seem to be in need of a new application.

And Professor Smith thus works his way to what seems the most valuable generalization I have found in any of these writers. When the masses were economically independent and substantially equal, he argues, the aristocracy, the powerful few, — dominant politically in America as everywhere else at the time of our beginnings, — could maintain their place and power only by keeping hold of political privilege and making the state all-powerful. The doctrine of *laissez-faire* was, accordingly, the right creed of the masses at that time, — the time, that is to say, of Rousseau and Adam Smith and Thomas Jefferson. They did not need the help of the state to protect themselves economically; on the contrary, they had good reason to fear that the state, considered as a merely political machine, over which they had little control, might be used by the aristocracy to deprive them of their economic independence. To-day, the situation is reversed. With the gradual attainment of universal suffrage the people have got control of the state; but meanwhile they have been losing control of the means and appliances of industry, they have been losing their economic independence. The parties to the old controversy have accordingly changed sides. It is the wealthy and privileged few who now cry, "*Laissez faire!*" It is the unprivileged many who desire more and more governmental interference with industry. What was once the radical platform is become

the conservative, and what was once the conservative is become the radical.

It is a generalization which I think many sincerely liberal minds, opposed to privilege, but confirmed in the habit of associating privilege with the entire theory of a strong and paternal government, may come to welcome. It is firmer ground; one feels, than the footing of Secretary Taft when, before an audience of Yale undergraduates, he tries to explain how experience has modified the rigidity of the *laissez-faire* notions which he imbibed when he himself was a Yale undergraduate and his father a member of the cabinet. "I think these principles," the secretary explains, "are still orthodox and still sound, if only the application of them is not carried to such an extreme as really to interfere with the public welfare." The longer one looks at the explanation, the more clearly one perceives that *laissez-faire* doctrines are true precisely so far as they are true, — and the more strongly one is reminded of the classical advice of the Hon. Preserved Doe, in "The Biglow Papers," —

"A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em
tu hard."

One can't help wondering if Professor William Graham Sumner was in that audience; for it seems probable that Secretary Taft had in mind not so much the newer questions of government control of the great corporations as a very old question, over which the battle of *laissez-faire* has been fought many times before. When the issue is on the tariff, it is still the unfavored many who possess that war-cry, still the favored few who importune government for help. Two years ago, Secretary Taft spoke in a way to indicate that he held clear views about protectionism, and did not fear to express them. That he should now, both in this little book and in more recent utterances, give forth an uncertain sound on that issue, must prove a grave disappointment to many who have accounted themselves his well-wishers, to all who have been led to re-

gard him as of the school of courage and candor in public life.

And here, too, if I mistake not, lies the plainest falling-short of the present administration in the eyes of its more disinterested supporters. Six years ago, President McKinley, "regular" Republican though he was, and while parties could demand regularity far more imperiously than they can to-day, said at Buffalo, in his last public speech, —

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and kindly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the times, measures of retaliation are not."

Theodore Roosevelt, who entered public life a tariff reformer, and who so long remained, and measurably still remains, the hope of independent and manly men inside and outside his party, solemnly promised, while McKinley lay unburied, to endeavor to carry out his policies. For six years we have waited in vain for President Roosevelt to affirm or to controvert the last and on the whole the most important announcement of policy President McKinley ever made. He has never moved in that matter, nor has he ever explained why he does not move. And now, as his administration approaches its end, the man whom he would have us take for his successor will go no farther than to declare for tariff revision — after the election! That of course means, after the election of a Republican President and Congress. It means, therefore, revision by a House of Representatives under the control of Speaker Cannon, and a Senate under the guidance of Senator Aldrich. Will the American people be content to vote upon the issue in that form?

Mid-ocean should be a good place for broad and placid views of human affairs, and I happen to be writing at sea. But it happens also that I find on board ship an illustration of the actual working of

our present tariff laws which well-nigh counteracts the sea's great soothing. Down in the hold are several thousand tons of American steel billets. They will be sold in England cheaper than they can be bought in America. Nor is this an exceptional incident; such cargoes are the rule. The last time we discussed the tariff, protectionists did not predict and did not defend this process of "dumping." Since then, writers like Mr. Edward Stanwood have, I believe, accepted it as an outcome of extreme protectionism, and defended it as a relief to an occasionally glutted home market. But has any one ever defended such juggling with the laws of trade as a regular practice? Certain it is that the American electorate has never approved it. Probably the mass of voters do not yet understand that our protected manufacturers are actually making a profit on goods sold in England cheaper than at home, and in competition for the home market of those very foreigners against whom we are taxed to protect them. The voters have not, in fact, had a chance to consider at all this new phase of our tariff policy.

For that, however, we cannot blame the party in power. The opposition has had all along, of course, the right to bring the question before the people, and every general election for the past ten years or more has presented an opportunity. But this weapon of attack has lain unused in the Democratic arsenal. Meanwhile Mr. Bryan (not to be outdone, are we to suppose, in astuteness by the other side?) proposes to make government ownership of the railways the issue — but also, after the election! The tariff is again, as it would have been in 1900 or in 1904, but even more plainly, the best fighting ground of the opposition. It is to be remembered that, as a matter of simple fact, they have never lost when they have forced and kept that issue before the people. But the opposition, apparently, has no memory. Failing a new leadership, which must mean a new leader, Democratic stupidity bids

fair, once again, to equal or surpass the measure of Republican culpability.

Does this heat seem political — even partisan? But so much is pertinent, I think, to the line of discussion which all these writers follow. For all turn, in some fashion, to the endless theme of privilege, to the still unsolved problem of economic justice as an ideal of the state. With nearly all, this is the main theme — and in what sincere and disinterested writing about affairs is it not the main theme? I think, as I have said, that it is superficial, almost archaic, to write as if the last word were said about democracy when one has set liberty over against equality. But neither is that eagerness wisdom which, rushing to attack the newer positions of privilege, such as are challenged in our more recent legislation for the hampering of trusts by fuller control of railroads and other means of transportation, raises the siege of an older stronghold. Essentially the same power and process which manipulates railroads to the ends of monopoly — a concentration of the selfishness of wealth — piled up, and to the same end, that extraordinary tariff wall which now, while it shuts out the foreign producer, lest he lower prices among us, leaves our own manufacturers free to serve free-trade England far more cheaply than they will serve their countrymen at home.

But it is well, of course, to take account broadly of all the aspects of privilege in the Republic, to consider candidly all the advantages which wealth, by an utterly unexampled facility in aggregation and combination, has contrived to win. Wealth is not, it is true, the only form of privilege in America. There is the privilege of race, to go no further; but none of our writers is dealing with the case of the negro, the red man, the Asiatic. Moreover, the problems of that class, although vastly momentous and unspeakably difficult, are yet of a range something less than universal; they are also, I am persuaded, of an at least relatively diminished and diminishing im-

portance. The struggle for ideals, for justice, is in the main and usually either a fight with overweening wealth or a leashing and beating back from anarchy of the discontents and envies that spring from real or comparative poverty. Of course, therefore, the struggle in America is but part of a universal contention, and is distinct and peculiar only by reason of our democratic and federal form, and whatever else there is in our life to set us apart from other modern peoples.

Perhaps it should be accounted one of the peculiarities of our case that wealth cannot here, as in older countries, grace and ingratiate itself with claims of blood, with high traditions of conduct, with the records and memorials of historic sacrifices and heroisms. If we must admit that there is nowhere else so great a mass of wealth, so easily combined, to be reckoned with, at any rate it must also be said that nowhere else does wealth thrust itself so crudely before the vision. Nowhere else does so little of sentiment or reverence help to fight its battles. Nowhere else is its predaceousness so plainly greed.

The consideration is not negligible. England is to-day, as we all know, in many respects quite as democratic as America; but whereas, even before our independence was achieved, and even in aristocratic Virginia, Jefferson could strike down the entire system of entails, it survives to this day in the mother country. Because the English people hold in real honor the great families whose names are forever associated with noble passages in their history, the greater part of the land of England cannot be bought, but passes on, generation after generation, from eldest son to eldest son, no matter how improvident its possessors. That the system works a continuing hardship to farmers whom it prevents from becoming landowners is patent. That we have been so long exempt from it is a true instance of our exceptional free-handedness in the struggle for that reasonable equality of opportunity which I

think we must account essential to the attainment of the substance of liberty.

Why, then, has wealth so great weight and power in our system? Taking it for granted, of course, that greed will in America forever play upon whatever weaknesses of universal human nature it elsewhere suborns, what, if any, are the more peculiar means which it may here make use of? In what concrete ways does it successfully combat our American ideals of liberty and independence, fair play, justice? To be more specific, what is the fault or weakness in this our American plan of government? Is it possible to strike one's finger on the spot? Or is the sickness general, spreading throughout all our veins and members?

This, it would seem, must be, of necessity, the main present inquiry about the Republic. It is true, as one of our writers is at much pains to show, that we began by deliberately granting to privilege what was thought a firm footing in our fundamental law, national and state; that our founders, for the most part, held this to be wisdom, and the only way to ensure us stability. But their theory is long since abandoned, and the particular fortifications of privilege which they erected — such as property qualifications for the suffrage and for office — are nearly all long since swept away. Such dominance as wealth has now in our system may be regarded as a new kind of dominance, and exercised by a new kind — or degree — of wealth.

Where, then, is the breach? Nothing is more interesting, in the comparison of our several writers' views, than the almost unanimity of their answers to this question, so far as they definitely consider it. The executive in our system has, they seem to agree, justified all the reasonable hopes of the founders. In state and nation alike, the chief executive is, as a rule, a fairly true representative of the people's interests, at any rate of the people's will. The old fears that he would turn usurper, and suborn courts and legislatures to his ambition, have proved

quite mistaken. Now and then a governor, less often a president (Andrew Jackson is almost the sole instance), has been, for a little while, successfully imperious. But the executive department has not in the long run gained in power at the expense of the others. On the contrary, it has had much ado to hold its own. Quite as rare are the instances of proved corruption or faithlessness. Nor have the courts either unduly enlarged their function or betrayed their trust. It is with the legislatures that fault is found.

It is the legislatures, and particularly the national Congress, which have proved most rapacious of power and shown the strongest disposition to encroach upon the powers of other departments. "Ever since the Civil War," President Butler declares, "Congress has steadily invaded the province of the President." It has likewise, as he and President Hadley point out, thrust itself into the province of the courts; but in the nature of things this invasion could not go so far as in the case of the executive.

Secretary Taft puts it with his habitual mildness. So far from the Executive's usurping legislative functions, "the tendency," he remarks, "is exactly the other way. The danger that the Executive will ever exceed his authority is much less than the danger that the legislature will exceed its jurisdiction." And he points out that, since the legislature holds the purse strings, the President is always "a petitioner at the door of Congress for the means to carry on the government."

President Hadley is not given to mildness, particularly with legislatures. "The legislature," he says, "not only fails of its primary purpose in making the right kind of laws, but perverts its secondary purpose by exercising the wrong kind of checks upon the administration. A representative can exact a price for his support of the administration in a matter of public interest, and the more the public interest is concerned in the passage of the measure, the higher the price he can charge." And both he and Professor

Reinsch dwell upon the tendency of all our legislatures to multiply laws on every subject that can be thought within their jurisdiction; a tendency which has forced the courts, although at first inclined to be timid, to a freer and freer exercise of their right to pronounce statutes unconstitutional, and which has led the states to impose, by constitutional conventions, countless new limitations upon the activity of their law-makers.

President Butler goes back to Madison for a rather cautious prediction of what has happened. He would have done better to take this striking prophecy of Gouverneur Morris, in a letter to a correspondent who asked a question about the Constitution:—

"That instrument was written by the fingers which write this letter. Having rejected redundant and equivocal terms, I believed it to be as clear as our language would permit; excepting, nevertheless, a part of what relates to the judiciary. But, after all, what does it signify that men should have a written Constitution, containing unequivocal provisions and limitations? The legislative lion will not be entangled in the meshes of a logical net. The legislature will always make the power which it wishes to exercise, unless it be so organized as to contain within itself the sufficient check. Attempts to restrain it from outrage, by other means, will only render it more outrageous. Having sworn to exercise the powers granted, according to their true intent and meaning, they will, when they feel a desire to go farther, avoid the shame if not the guilt of perjury, by swearing the true intent and meaning to be, according to their comprehension, that which suits their purpose."¹

And it is the legislatures which have proved most pliable to the demands of privilege, of wealth. On this point there

¹ Gouverneur Morris to Timothy Pickering. Sparks's *Life of Gouverneur Morris*, vol. iii, page 323. I am indebted to two friends, Mr. T. H. Clark and Mr. W. C. Ford, of the Library of Congress, for this quotation.

is no dissent. "It is to the committee rooms and the floors of the legislatures," President Butler declares, "that private interests go for help or protection. There responsibility is so divided, there secrecy is so easy, that measures demanded by the people are done to death, despite the urging of national and state executives. As matters stand to-day, states and syndicates have senators, districts and local interests have representatives, but the whole people of the United States have only the President to speak for them, and to do their will." Secretary Taft is again the mildest. All he will say is, "I do not mean to deny that at times private and special interests do, in fact, exercise an influence to the extent of defeating needed legislation." But he agrees with the others that the chief reason for this, as for the general failure of the legislatures to be rightly representative, lies in the control which particular states and other electoral districts exercise over members. "Particularism" is, I suppose, our only word for this phenomenon. Professor Reinsch lays much stress upon it, but President Hadley has given it the most attention and goes at the greatest length into the analysis of it and the setting forth of its consequences.

The upshot of his analysis is that, with comparatively rare exceptions, the old theory that every legislator represents the whole country or the whole state, as the case may be, is practically abandoned. The theory now would seem to be that it is enough if each merely looks after the interests of his own district. Nowhere in the legislatures is there clearly placed any responsibility for the welfare of the entire body politic, and nowhere (since we have not the English device of a responsible cabinet) is the responsibility clearly placed for the entire body of legislation enacted by a particular congress or general assembly of a state.

By two steps, President Hadley reaches the practical outcome. "If a man is chosen president to govern the country

as a whole, and if a number of men are sent to Congress to see that the country is not governed as a whole, but with a view to the interests of the separate parts, there is a perpetual threat of a deadlock." That means, according to the writer's conviction, — which is not, however, fully announced in this book, — the failure of representative government. The second step is logical, if surprising. "But the country must be governed, and somebody must be found to do it. The President may not do it. That stands in the Constitution. Congress may not. That also stands in the Constitution. The only man left to do it under present conditions is the party boss. If a man gets the power to control nominations both for the executive and the legislature, he can furnish government of the kind he wants, either good or bad."

Here, no doubt, is an instance of the academical too great "certainty and severity" of reasoning about affairs. An overstrained major premise is made to yield an inference at once too broad and too precise. In practice, the instinct of compromise is far too strong, and compromise too potent a resource, to permit of anything like a constant and complete deadlock between legislature and executive. Both yield much, and together they so often contrive, without other help, to carry on the government, that the boss is neither omnipresent nor, when he exists, omnipotent. Nevertheless, one does recognize the physiognomy thus so candidly traced as a kind of composite portrait of representative government in America.

We shall not easily agree upon any statement of the extent of the evil. Sincere men will vary all the way from Secretary Taft's mere acknowledgment that there is something the matter to the journal of Mr. Lincoln Steffens, — "government of the people, by the rascals, for the rich." But the evil stands confessed, proved, explained, — and few of us would deny that it is of great enough proportions to make us all ashamed.

Naturally, it is the socialist of our group who is disposed to make the most of it. It is difficult, in fact, to imagine how he could make any more of it than he does. "The process culminated," he tells us, "at the beginning of the present decade, when 'big business' was in practically undisputed possession of both the major parties, of Congress and the Presidency, and of the governments in every town, city, and state in America."

I think that we should not take Mr. Sinclair as a fair representative of the socialist thought of our time. Certainly, he does not appear to good advantage in comparison with the writers with whom I am here associating him. When we turn from almost any one of them to him, his rhetoric seems cheap, and much of his reasoning irritatingly *ad captandum*. Irritating also is his loose, irresponsible handling of matters of fact, his positive assertion of things quite incapable of proof, — as when he states that Roosevelt got a second term in 1904 only by the death of Senator Hanna, — and such outbursts of undisciplined feeling as his heaping of rather vulgar epithets upon the German Emperor. But his book may perhaps serve at least to indicate the socialistic view of the most recent phases of our political and economic life.

His main contention is that practically all the ills which we now endure as a community — not the political ills only but the economic and the social as well — are the outcome, and the perfectly logical outcome, of the *régime* of competition, under which a few private individuals have at last gained possession of all the means of production. The subversion of government is but one phase of the racking and squeezing which society must continue to endure so long as capital, omnipotent, shall continue to demand profits.

This, of course, is not new. Nor is there anything new in his remedy — the extinction of private ownership of capital and the taking over by the community of all the machinery and other appliances

of industry. Nor yet does it seem a new thing to be told that we are come to a crisis, and that the "revolution" is at hand. It provokes a kind of smile, indeed, to remember how many times society has been told that it was passing through a "transitional stage," how constantly "the present crisis" has been discovered. And not by socialists only; it would almost seem that men cannot write earnestly, with feeling, about society, without discovering a crisis. But Mr. Sinclair contrives to give some novelty to his contention. One of his chief devices is a curious parallel between the present "present crisis" and that other crisis of the fifties out of which came the revolution that overthrew slavery; and his journalistic instinct is keen enough to furnish forth the parallel with incidents which make it readable. The revolution is to come within a year after the presidential election of 1912. (The author admitted that it might come this past summer — the book was written in the spring — but he is entitled to the credit of having clearly preferred the later date.) To Secretary Taft, as president from 1908 to 1912, President Buchanan's rôle of "the last figurehead" is assigned, while the parts of other leading actors in the earlier crisis — Webster, Clay, Sumner, John Brown, and the rest — go to various living celebrities ranging in quality from former President Cleveland to Mr. Jack London. Lincoln, we may be sure, is not neglected. He will find his counterpart as an emancipator in Mr. W. R. Hearst, of the *New York Journal* and various other newspapers.¹ Even the

¹ Whose modesty, let us trust, has not led him to forbid the editors of those papers to make mention of this tribute to their owner. It is to be hoped also that, while not failing to mention with approval the volume which contains this illuminating comparison, Mr. Hearst's papers have pointed out that it is Mr. Sinclair's novel, *The Jungle*, — not *The Industrial Republic*, — which, as Mr. Sinclair himself informs us, has been compared to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. These are points on which, after the revolution, school children ought not to be misled.

method and process of the revolution are quite frankly revealed; Mr. Sinclair is not a secret conspirator, but, as he announces in his preface, "a scientist and a prophet."

If one were compelled, with no prompting of personal grievance, to choose between this and even the most conservative, the most placid view of the Republic to be found in any of these writers, it is hard to see how one could hesitate. Such hurried reasoning, so suffused with feeling, can only prevail, one would think, with minds already filled with such a wish for change as will readily father the thought of revolution. But there are quieter socialists than Mr. Sinclair, who make their way by more careful steps to revolutionary views of society; and there are men with no bent whatever towards socialism who feel much as he does about the competitive system in its present phase and its effects in our American life.

All the writers of our group, indeed, go so far as to admit that we must deal henceforth with conditions and with forces which our founders did not and could not contemplate; that our system must therefore, if it is to endure, withstand a new kind of strain, perhaps discharge new functions. "Our political system has proved successful under simple conditions," says Secretary Root. "It still remains to be seen how it will stand the strain of the vast complication of life upon which we are now entering."

Does the admission mean that we must introduce into it any new principle or principles? That Lowell was wrong, and really begged the question, when he said that the Republic will survive so long as it shall adhere to the principles of the founders? That is the drift of much writing and speaking nowadays. It is one form, apparently, of the reaction which takes place in many minds when they find they must give over the comfortable assumption that all the great constitutional questions are settled, that no problem of free government can prove really troublesome to people who have

already attained civil and religious liberty, the ballot, the public school.

It is not, however, the view of Secretary Root, who of all the conservatives of our group makes the most systematic attempt at a forecast of the future. On the contrary, he is clear that we shall need no new principles whatever, but only "the adaptation of the same old principles of law with which our fathers were familiar." True, the Secretary confesses that he regards optimism as the plain duty of every citizen and pessimism as "criminal weakness;" but his quiet recital of what he considers favorable signs for the future of free government in America is quite without the objectionable quality one finds in Mr. Sinclair's prophesying.

Secretary Root looks to tendency, rather than achievement; and he is hopeful, not because he finds our public life as it should be, but because he does find it — undeniably lamentable as are some of its aspects — measurably better than it has been. He enumerates our gains. We have vastly improved our civil service; the several extensions of the merit system have deprived the spoilsmen, the office-brokers, of the greater part of their stock-in-trade. We have won for both life and property far greater security than they had at the time of our beginnings. We manage our benevolent institutions better and better. We have raised the standard for nearly all elective officials; an Aaron Burr, for instance, could hardly be chosen nowadays to the vice-presidency. We have been so far successful in the long fight against corruption that the scandals of President Grant's time — the *Credit Mobilier* fraud, the speculations of Belknap, Secretary of War, the Whiskey Ring, the Tweed Ring, — have to-day no counterparts. We have gradually developed a public opinion which would utterly condemn practices that were quite common a century ago, such as the use of lotteries to secure money for seminaries of learning. We have begun to mulct railroads for granting rebates to favored shippers, and to prosecute great capital-

ists for manipulating railroad and other corporations to their own interests, — offenses which long went unpunished. We have similarly begun to take account of the thefts of our public lands. We have done much, by the Australian ballot and other measures of reform, to prevent corrupt practices at elections.

These gains are real and substantial; this there is no denying. But are they enough? Are they enough to offset the positive reasons for discontent enumerated by Mr. Sinclair and by abler writers? Are they enough, if we adhere to Secretary Root's own point of view, and consider only tendency, direction, to offset such a list as might be made of the respects in which we have lost rather than gained?

For we must observe that Mr. Root says nothing of that. He does not strike a balance, or show us the other side of the picture. Yet he would hardly deny that something discouraging may be said on this very point of tendency, of direction, which he emphasizes. Socialists may be wrong when they tell us the poor have been growing poorer, but they are not wrong when they tell us that the rich are growing richer. Neither are those writers wrong, on the other hand, who point out that the new organization of industry into prodigious trusts, real as may be its economies, tends to stifle the enterprise of individuals and to deprive us altogether of a certain noble and loving quality in work, as precious to the workman as it is invaluable and inimitable in his product. Nor are they entirely wrong who find in the labor unions a well-nigh equal tendency to destroy the premium which an elder *régime* put upon the industry and the competence of the individual laborer. Nor yet are they wrong who hold that these tendencies away from excellence in industry work their way also into the life of the state.

It is a question of gains and losses, therefore, not of gains alone. We cannot reckon upon any saving *inertia* in the Republic which will always incline it

towards justice and righteousness, save as the wicked and selfish among us may divert it to their evil ends. On the contrary, the labor of reform keeps still its Sisyphean character; the stone that patriots toil so hard to roll upward will always, once they remove their shoulders, slip back down hill again.

Perhaps we have not yet, we Americans, fully considered how long humanity has been at this endless task; how many shoulders have been at the stone; how many times it has gone painfully upward; how many times, how suddenly, over what anguish and despair and shame, it has rolled downward. Were we always to keep in mind the entire past of representative government and of democracy, we should often, I doubt not, tremble at the thought of the vastness of our audacity. We should wish, perhaps, that we had willed to try our experiment on a smaller scale; that we had waved back the millions of Europe's baffled and beaten who have thronged across the Atlantic to our shores; that the other millions left behind would not still look to us so wistfully, as though we were condemned to bear the burden of the whole world's hope in democracy.

This might well be one's mood as one considered it all, — but not if one considered it at sea.

How inevitably, if one thinks long of the state, the old figure of the ship recurs! And how surely, if in thought or in fact one looks out upon the ocean, and forward to the prow, rising and falling, and backward to the vessel's foaming wake, and upward to the bridge, one's mood grows firmer, more heroic! How surely, also, when one is at sea, do human affairs, with all their bewildering intricacy, sink away into that right perspective which permits the mind to dwell resolutely upon the elementary, the elemental things! There, no willful optimism can blot out the dreary vision of human selfishness, as tireless and hungry as the waves; of human folly, as restless and as inconsequent; of human misery, as widespread and as ceaseless. But

neither can any coward awe obscure the shining truth that over all the ocean's moods — its mists and storms, no less than its tranquillities — the ship is victor. And the mind, guided by that thought, rests upon the primal, saving facts of

human courage, wisdom, hope unconquerable, — even as he who walks the bridge and finds the ship her course is fearless, knowing that he has always the compass and the sextant, the sun, the stars.

MUSIC-EDUCATION AND "AUTOMATICS"

BY LEO RICH LEWIS

LET us undertake at once to define the musical scope of self-playing instruments, since that will be helpful in defining the realm of their educational usefulness. Whatever rosy presentation of their powers may be made by the enthusiastic salesman, we should not permit ourselves to believe that they are a substitute for a gifted interpreter, nor that they can, in matters of expression, duplicate the renderings which a soulful amateur can attain. There may be an exception to this statement in the case of one modern and very expensive foreign product. But this instrument, — the Welte-Mignon, — depending for its records upon the individual performer, can be shown to be less valuable for educational purposes than its more mechanical rivals. As to other automatic instruments, even the most perfect hitherto devised cannot, at will, select from any point in the gamut tones to be emphasized. It cannot, in a word, produce variations in tone-quality for the several tones sounding at the same instant. This single fact is sufficient to establish the inadequacy of the instrument to reproduce completely the efforts of ten or twenty fingers governed by one or two brains.

One might suppose that a recognition of this fact would immediately relegate automatic instruments to the limbo of the artistically unimportant. Such is, however, far from being the case. If we would shape our views correctly on this point,

we ought to try to trace the evolution of the average musical intelligence, — or, indeed, the evolution of that musical intelligence which comes finally to embrace, after years of careful observation and training, the whole realm of musical art. And, lest we find ourselves forced to deal in musical technicalities, we may turn to literary art and consider similar developments in that field. In following this analogy we ask merely that music be regarded as a language of some sort. What music treats of, we need not attempt to define; that is one of the problems which interest metaphysicians and æstheticians, and we may allow them still to find it a baffling problem. But we must accept the statement that music is a language. We ought further to be willing to accept the statement that it is a definite language, — not as giving definite information on any subject, but as conveying a definite message from the mind or soul of the composer, through the interpreter, to the hearer. This must be true, since, after listening to a great musical work, the hearer is satisfied. He has been attentive for a time to an utterance in tone, and, at the conclusion of that utterance, he has received an impression which he knows to be the result of a clearly defined plan combined with a mastery of the means of communication sufficient to carry out that plan with complete success. He is satisfied with the result. He will not be able to render in words any portion of the

discourse; but he is fully aware of the significance of the composer's message, of its completeness, as well as of the precision which characterizes the processes of conception and communication of that message. Music is, then, a language, because it embodies itself in an orderly discourse. Its definiteness is proved by the concurrent evidence of millions of satisfied — and a smaller army of satiated — auditors.

The task of the mind in the presence of any verbal or written discourse has at least two phases: to discover the literal meaning of the message, and to discover the spirit of the message. In the word "spirit" — which, as we are using it, is suggestive rather than specific or even quasi-scientific — we are including such phases of the utterance as appeal to the emotions. We are stirred by this or that feature of the discourse in question, apart from the verbal meaning of the thing. What might be called the "clothing of the thought" comes to our observation along with the message which the words themselves bring to our purely intellectual perception. We set up in our consciousness, in connection with the ideas expressed, many activities which interest us in proportion as the author shows his view of life to be large or meagre, graceful or uncouth, sumptuous or squalid. Or, in some cases, we may perceive that his soul-outfit is rich, but that his technique of expression is undeveloped. In certain literary products, we recognize that the "spiritual" element has a dominant value; in certain others, we note that it plays but a small part; but, in any case, we are likely to find, in the process of recognition of the element of the spirit, a considerable portion of the artistic enjoyment which we experience.

Now, the spirit can give its full light only when we have fully comprehended the letter. We are likely to be contented with a partial perception of the spirit, because any and every nook of a great artist's soul is so delightful to look into. What delight, then, to explore fully and

freely a considerable section of such a soul, as it has expressed itself in a significant work of art! And how readily we get the maximum effect of the spirit, as soon as we have understood the verbal substance of the utterance! Any receptive soul finds, for its respective stage of development, full communion with the soul of the great artist, when once the purely intellectual elements of the artist's utterance are comprehended.

The lover of literature, if he seeks acquaintance with a play of Shakespeare, must first decipher the meaning of many a richly significant or ornate period. He must interpret for himself many an archaic phrase. He must see, in their proper perspective, many utterances of chief and secondary personages. To attain these ends, the lover of literature does not necessarily seek every opportunity to see a play performed; or, if he is studying a poet, he does not frequent public recitals of the poet's works. In fact, if his knowledge or appreciation of dramatist or poet depended solely upon facilities for the public hearing of works, his growth in literary grace would be lamentably slow. He buys the work or works in question, or finds them in a library, and studies them at his leisure. He takes a scene from a Shakespearean play, reads it slowly, frequently halts and re-reads, looks up unknown words, traces allusions to their sources, compares one passage or section with another; and thus, by a process which is frequently laborious, builds for himself a conception of the work. That conception may be imperfect in many respects. It is subject to extensive revision under the suggestion of a great commentator or of a great interpreter. The student's own life-experience may modify his appreciation very greatly. In other words, his personal maximum of appreciation is subject to the ordinary laws of the evolution of personality. But the fundamental basis of any genuine appreciation whatsoever must necessarily be the power to think the author's thoughts. The power to be swayed by his

emotions is a normal man's birthright. We respond with our complete personal maximum of emotional appreciation, as soon as we have caught the complete statement of the artist's thought. We may be sure, then, that the phrase "cultivation of the emotions" needs new definition for some of us. What we really mean by it is "cultivation of ability to appreciate the lofty expressions of emotion," as that expression embodies itself in great works. It is easy to feel the emotion; it is frequently difficult to grasp the expression of it. It is easy to thrill in sympathetic vibration with a great soul; it is often difficult to remain completely in the company of a great soul as it "thinks itself forth" into full expression of itself.

I will not undertake to draw comparisons, as to their respective artistic importance, between the classics of literature and the classics of music. Probably all will concede that the classics of music are works of art of considerable importance, and that acquaintance with them is distinctly worth cultivating. As we must think Shakespeare, if we would appreciate him, so must we think Beethoven, Bach, and all the rest, if we would be among their intelligent devotees, if we would attain our personal maximum of appreciation of them. We must therefore have facilities for reviewing or rehearsing their significant diction as fully and freely as those afforded by the printed pages which present to us the great works of literature. Without such facilities, we must ever be content with a partial appreciation.

Perhaps, for some, I need to define the process of "thinking music." Let him who seeks a definition permit a familiar tune like "America," "Old Hundred," or "Home, Sweet Home," to pass through the mind. Let it be divested of all verbal association. Or, let a piano-piece which has recently been scores of times repeated by some earnest student, be subjected to the same treatment. One is thus "thinking music." Now, if the individual in question happens to be at

all familiar with the first few measures of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, let him try the same process upon these. He may be able to review with completeness the first three or four measures, but will find himself at a loss as to the secondary instrumental parts before the twentieth measure is reached. If, with the score before him, he is able to aid his memory, he can make a better record. Probably the one who needs a definition of "thinking music" would not be able to think through the whole first movement in this way. Such ability is not at all necessary for complete appreciation of the work. If we expected or required that, we should be expecting and requiring the trained score-reader's ability to translate signs into tones. Such ability, obviously, can be acquired only by technical studies. The lay hearer has accomplished the feat of thinking a work when, as it is performed, he recognizes fully what is heard at a given instant and would be able immediately to detect any departure from correctness in the performance.

Any definition of "thinking music" which connotes extra-musical suggestion is, for our present purpose, out of place. We are not considering music with a "programme," or any form of vocal music. The hearer who values music as an aid to thinking about something else is probably not making the most profitable use of his hearing, no matter how attractive the evoked visions and experiences may be. Perhaps the most difficult point to make clear to the "half-experienced" music-lover is precisely that upon which we are now touching. Such a listener, frequently earnest in his desire to understand music, is likely to suppose that a musical thought is a phrase the meaning of which can be expressed perhaps in words, perhaps in gesture, perhaps in a mood or in some outward evidence of an emotional state. Let it be clearly understood that, for us, thinking music means thinking nothing but music; and let it also be understood that the genuine music-hearer, if we may

so term him, finds music beautiful or ugly, significant or stupid, in itself, and not because of its extra-musical suggestiveness.

If our analogies have had any force, it must be clear that great efficiency in thinking music is not merely desirable but essential to appreciation. One may have keen delight in observing changes of color, contrasts of harmony, conquests of technical difficulties, and all the other outward characteristics of a musical performance. But, unless one is fully able to think the work, he lacks the most important element in the appreciation of it. The concert-room experience of many music-lovers would cause them to hesitate to take literally the foregoing statement. Such doubters may find helpful suggestion in another analogy. Many will remember the elder Salvini and will recall the enthusiasm of his American audiences. More recently Bernhardt, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, and Réjane have been admired here. One frequently hears an expression of enthusiastic appreciation of these actors from those who do not understand the language spoken. A common remark is: "I knew from the action exactly what was being said." It is not to be denied that the hearers in question got enjoyment from the performances of these gifted actors. But no one would dare to maintain that appreciation of dramatic virtuosity is full, or in any important sense reliable, unless the hearer not only understands the language, but is able to catch, with what might be called syllabic detail, the thoughts expressed. Even one who practically knows the play by heart in another language cannot attain his own maximum appreciation; one absolutely must know the language used. To maintain the contrary would be tantamount to saying that the histrion's care as to detailed interpretation of the text is an unimportant element in his performance. Like the alien listener's appreciation of great histrionic art, so the average music-lover's appreciation of a great interpre-

ter's art is sadly incomplete. It is probably quite safe to say that such a concert-goer counts his time well spent if he really understands one-tenth of what he hears at a concert of high grade. He gets entertainment from several other sources while the concert is in progress: there is the social charm of the audience, interest in the personality of the performers, delight in observing the conquest of technical difficulties. All these and other things make part of his enjoyment. As for the music, one tenth of the understanding which he would expect to have of a lecture or reading is probably as much as he attains.

Those of us who have "been through the mill" know a different sort of appreciation. We are perhaps inclined to lay the flattering unction to our souls that this appreciation of ours is a special recognition by Providence of the special gifts with which we have been endowed. We cannot believe that one who knows little or nothing of theory, little or nothing of technicality, little or nothing of musical history, can attain this same completeness of appreciation. We are wrong. We forget that music is a language, and that, like all languages, it is susceptible of being fully learned by any one born to it, who can find opportunity to hear it continuously and significantly — and, of course, correctly — used. Indeed, does not each of us know some one who, wholly lacking technical knowledge but having had cultivated musical surroundings, has developed the highest and keenest musical appreciation? As for myself, I have been able to gather evidence enough to justify the statement that the only essentials to full appreciation of music are: first, an innate love for music (being born to the language); second, an opportunity to hear much music. Everything else follows in the wake of this original outfit and this opportunity. The former has been and is possessed by many; the latter could be secured by only a few until the modern mechanical player was invented, the player which is

capable of rendering symphonic works.

Until such players came upon the market, the lover of music could not readily get into tonal form that which the composer has committed to paper. Many years of study were necessary to the acquisition of technical ability to render a two-hand or four-hand arrangement of an overture or symphony. Still longer technical preparation was necessary to the performance of great compositions for a solo instrument. Obviously, such playing ability could be acquired only by those with rare opportunities and special gifts. Furthermore, opportunities to hear performances of great compositions were very few. The zealous concert-goer, living at a metropolitan centre, would hear in a decade perhaps ten performances of Beethoven's Third and Fifth Symphonies, four performances of one of Mozart's last three symphonies, as well as of Schubert's Unfinished and Schumann's First and Second. The foregoing estimate is too large rather than too small. During that decade ten performances of any single fugue of Bach would certainly not have been heard in public. The concert-goer might perhaps have opportunities to hear the above-named and other symphonies in four-hand arrangement; but this could happen only if accomplished performers were in the circle of his friends.

The automatic instrument has removed this disability. The average man can now pass the thought-substance of musical masterpieces in review at will. Thus is established the possibility of consistently developing power to think music. Since this power is fundamental to all musical cultivation, and since its development in high degree is possible to every one born to the language of music, the automatic instrument is the most

serviceable agent of musical education which has come into being since instrumental composition became independent of vocal. And this would be true, even if automatic instruments permitted the giving of no color or expression to renderings, — which is, of course, very far from being the actual case.

Some have thought that it was an offense against art to permit an individual to play upon an automatic instrument a great work in wrong tempo and with errors of emphasis. It is true that, if there were no possibility of correcting earliest impressions, there might be a basis for this view. But, just as we still are glad to have children memorize masterpieces of literature, even though they may be incapable of applying correct emphasis or of grasping fully the significance of what they are learning, so should we be glad to allow the musically inexperienced to come in contact with a great work, even though there may be a certain distortion of the original during the period of early acquaintance. Certainly one may safely opine that the possibility of repeating this experience indefinitely, and of varying it by the use of a great number of masterpieces, means the attainment of a "good" before which the so-called offense against art dwindles into insignificance. For one who is note-perfect in his acquaintance with a great work, the composer has become a definite artistic personality; and the interpretation of that work under a great conductor, or at the hands of a great performer, can begin to have its due effect. To increase one's equipment and susceptibility in these matters is obviously the chief goal of all musical education. Hence, as we have said, among the agencies of musical education, the automatic instrument is the most efficient yet discovered.

ON BEING ORIGINAL

BY IRVING BABBITT

THERE has been a radical change during the last hundred years in the world's attitude toward originality. An age of conformity has given way to an age of self-assertion; so that nowadays a man makes a bid for fame by launching a paradox much as he might have done in the time of Pope by polishing a commonplace. Then, even a person of genuine originality was in danger of being accounted freakish. Now, many a man passes for original who is in reality only freakish. Boileau, speaking for the old criticism, says that Perrault was "bizarre;" Sainte-Beuve, speaking for the new, says that Perrault had genius. From the outset the neo-classic critics stifled free initiative in the name of the "rules," and opposed to every attempt at innovation the authority of Aristotle and the ancients. The relation of the literary aspirant to the "models" during this period is not unfairly summed up in the words of the comic opera, —

Of course you can never be like us,
But be as like us as you're able to be.

Later, under French influence, the tyranny of etiquette was added to the tyranny of classical imitation. Aristotle was reinforced by the dancing master. Social convention so entwined itself about the whole nature of a Frenchman of the Old Régime that it finally became almost as hard for him as we may suppose it is for a Chinaman to disengage his originality from the coils of custom. The very word original was often used as a term of ridicule and disparagement. Brossette writes of the Oriental traveler Tavernier that he is "brutal and even a bit original." "When it is desired to turn any one to ridicule," writes Boursault about the same time, "he is said to be an *original sans copie*." Anything in literature or art that

departed from the conventional type was pronounced "monstrous." La Harpe applies this epithet to the *Divine Comedy* and points out how inferior the occasional felicities of this "absurd and shapeless rhapsody" are to the correct beauties of a true epic like Voltaire's *Henriade*.

And so we might go on, as Mr. Saintsbury, for example, does for scores of pages in his *History of Criticism*, exposing the neo-classic narrowness and setting forth in contrast the glories of our modern emancipation. But this is to give one's self the pleasure, as the French would say, of smashing in open doors. Instead of engaging in this exhilarating pastime, we might, perhaps, find more profit in inquiring, first, into the definite historical reasons that led to the triumph of the so-called school of good sense over the school of genius and originality; and second, in seeking for the element of truth that lurked beneath even the most arid and unpromising of the neo-classic conventions. For if, like Mr. Saintsbury and many other romanticists, we reject the truth along with the conventions, we shall simply fall from one extreme into another.

The whole subject of originality is closely bound up with what is rather vaguely known as individualism. We must recollect that before the disciplinary classicism of the later Renaissance there was an earlier Renaissance that was in a high degree favorable to originality. At the very beginning of this earlier period, Petrarch made his famous plea for originality in a letter to Boccaccio, and established his claim in this as in other respects to be considered the first modern man. "Every one," says Petrarch, "has not only in his countenance and gestures, but also in his voice

and language, something peculiarly his own (*quiddam suum ac proprium*) which it is both easier and wiser to cultivate and correct than to alter." And so many of the Italians who followed Petrarch set out to cultivate the *quiddam suum ac proprium*, often showing real ardor for self-expression, and still oftener perhaps using the new liberty merely as a cloak for license.

Society finally took alarm, not only at the license, but at the clash of rival originalities, each man indulging his own individual sense without much reference to the general or common sense of mankind. There was a reaction against individualism, and an era of expansion was followed by an era of concentration. This reaction, especially in France and Italy, soon ran into excesses of its own. Yet we must not forget that at the moment when the neo-classic disciplinarian appeared on the scene, the great creative impulse of the early Renaissance was already dying out, or degenerating into affectation. The various forms of bad taste that spread like an epidemic over Europe at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century (cultism, Marinism, euphuism, préciosité, etc.) have their common source in a straining to be original in defiance of sound reason. We may say of the writers of these different schools as a class that in spite of occasional lyrical felicities they have "all the nodosities of the oak without its strength, and all the contortions of the Sibyl without the inspiration."

The school of good sense was the natural and legitimate protest against this pseudo-originality. But this school can be justified on higher grounds than simply as a reaction from a previous excess. It tried to apply, however imperfectly, the profound doctrine of Aristotle that the final test of art is not its originality, but its truth to the universal. The question is one of special interest because we are living in an age that comes at the end of a great era of expansion, comparable in some ways to the Renaissance. Now, as

then, there is a riot of so-called originality. In the name of this originality art is becoming more and more centrifugal and eccentric. As the result of our loss of standards, the classicist would complain, we are inbreeding personal and national peculiarities and getting farther and farther away from what is universally human.

In other words, the chief ambition of our modern art, which resembles in this respect some of the art of the later Renaissance, is to be original. The first aim of both classic and neo-classic art on the other hand was to be representative. Aristotle had said that it is not enough to render a thing as it is in this or that particular case, but as it is in general; and he goes on to say that the superiority of poetry over history lies in the fact that it has more of this universality, that it is more concerned with the essentials and less with the accidents of life. The weakness of neo-classic art was that it substituted the rule of thumb and servile imitation for direct observation in deciding what were accidents and what were essentials. It was ready to proscribe a thing as "monstrous," that is, as outside of nature, when in reality it was simply outside the bounds set by certain commentators on Aristotle. The artist had to conform to the conventional types established in this way, even if he sacrificed to them poignancy and directness of emotion. He was limited by the type, not only in dealing with any particular literary form, — tragedy, epic, etc., — but even in his creating of individual characters. For example, he must be careful not to paint a particular soldier, but the typical soldier, and, of course, he was not to depart too far from the classical models in deciding what the traits of the typical soldier are. Thus Rymer condemns Iago because he is not true to the character that soldiers have borne in the world for "some thousand of years." According to Rymer again, the Queen in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays

oversteps the bounds of decorum. Some particular queen, Rymer admits, may have acted in this way; but she must be rid of all her "accidental historical impudence" before she can become an orthodox, typical queen entitled to "stalk in tragedy on her high shoes."

The attempt of the neo-classicists to tyrannize over originality and restrict the creative impulse in the name of the type was bound in the long run to provoke a reaction. There was needed, to carry through the difficult and delicate task of breaking with convention, some man of more than Socratic wisdom; instead, this task was undertaken by the "self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau." In almost the opening sentence of his *Confessions*, Rousseau strikes the note that is heard throughout the nineteenth century, from the early romanticists to Ibsen and Sudermann: "If I am not better than other men, at least I am different." By this gloating sense of his own departure from the type, Rousseau became the father of eccentric individualists. By his insistence on the rights and legitimacy of unrestrained emotion he inaugurated the age of storm and stress not only in Germany but throughout Europe. Our modern impressionists, who would make of their own sensibility the measure of all things, are only his late-born disciples.

Emotion, insists the classicist, must be disciplined and subdued to what is typical; else it will be eccentric and not true to the human heart. "The human heart of whom?" cries Alfred de Musset, like a true disciple of Jean-Jacques. "The human heart of what? Even though the devil be in it, I have my human heart of my own — *j'ai mon cœur humain, moi.*" The whole of French romanticism is in that *moi*. Away with stale authority, usage, and tradition that would come between a man and his own spontaneity and keep him from immediate contact with "nature." Let him strive once more to see the world bathed in the fresh wonder of the dawn. To this end

let him discard books ("a dull and endless strife") and live as if "none had lived before him."

Every man, in short, is to be an original genius. It was the assumption of this attitude by Rousseau's followers in Germany that gave its name to a whole literary period — *Geniezeit*. Germany sought its emancipation from convention, not as Lessing would have wished, through the discipline of reason, but through "genius" and "originality," which meant in practice the opening of the floodgates of sentiment. We can imagine the disgust with which Lessing looked on the Rousseauism of the youthful Goethe. In *Werther* critics are accused of being in a conspiracy against originality. Their rules are compared to a system of dams and trenches with which the critics protect their own little cabbage-patches against genius whose impetuous waves would otherwise burst forth and overwhelm them and at the same time astound the world. One thinks of Lessing's admirable defense of criticism, of the passage in which he confesses that he owes all he has, not to genius and originality, but to a patient assimilation of the wisdom of the past. "Without criticism I should be poor, cold, short-sighted. I am, therefore, always ashamed or annoyed when I hear or read anything in disparagement of criticism. It is said to suppress genius and I flattered myself that I had gained from it something very nearly approaching genius. I am a lame man who cannot possibly be edified by abuse of his crutch."

We are still inclined to side with original genius against what Lessing calls criticism. Criticism itself has come to mean nowadays mere appreciativeness, instead of meaning as it did for Lessing the application of standards of judgment. It may however appear some day how much the great romantic leaders, Shelley, for example, suffered from the absence of just what Lessing called criticism. Men may then grow weary of a genius and originality that are at bottom

only an outpouring of undisciplined emotion. One whole side of our American transcendental school is only a belated echo of German romanticism, which itself continues the age of original genius. There is special danger even in Emerson's conception of originality and in the unbounded deference with which it fills him for the untrained individual. Every man, to become great, merely needs, it would appear, to plant himself "indomitably on his instincts;" but it is not safe for the average person to trust so blindly to what Rymer would have called his own "maggot." Hawthorne, the best observer of the group, has left an account of some of the nightmare originalities that were developed under the Concord influence.

We read of a certain character in one of Marivaux's plays: "He is a man whose first impulse is to ask, not, 'Do you esteem me?' but, 'Are you surprised at me?' His purpose is not to convince us that he is better than other people, but that he resembles himself alone." The comedy in which this eighteenth-century Bernard Shaw figures was written a number of years before Rousseau assumed the Armenian costume and began to agitate Europe with his paradoxes. Since Rousseau the world has become increasingly familiar with the man who poses and attitudinizes before it, and is not satisfied until he can draw its attention to the traits that establish his own uniqueness. He not only rejoices in his own singularity, but is usually eager to thrust it on other people. His aim is to startle, or, as the French would say, to *épater le bourgeois*, to make the plain citizen "stare and gasp." Dr. Johnson said of Lord Monboddo that if he had had a tail he would have been as proud of it as a squirrel. Perhaps Rousseau was never more deeply hurt than by the lady who said on breaking with him, "You're just like other men." This, as a French critic remarks, was a home thrust that one of Molière's soubrettes could not have improved upon. The claim of Rousseau and his earlier

followers was not simply to be unique, but unique in feeling. This sentiment of uniqueness in feeling speedily became that of uniqueness in suffering — on the familiar principle, no doubt, that life, which is a comedy for those who think, is a tragedy for those who feel. Hence arose in the romantic school a somewhat theatrical affectation of grief. Byron was far from being the first who paraded before the public "the pageant of his bleeding heart." Chateaubriand especially nourished in himself the sense of fated and preëminent sorrow, and was ready to exclaim at the most ordinary mischance, "Such things happen only to me!" Sainte-Beuve makes an interesting comparison between Chateaubriand and another native of Brittany, the author of *Gil Blas*. "A book like *René*" says Sainte-Beuve, "encourages a subtle spiritual pride. A man seeks in his imagination some unique misfortune to which he may abandon himself and which he may fold about him in solitude. He says to himself that a great soul must contain more sorrow than a little one; and adds in a whisper that he himself may be this great soul. *Gil Blas*, on the other hand, is a book that brings you into full contact with life and the throng of your fellow creatures. When you are very gloomy and believe in fatality and imagine that certain extraordinary things happen to you alone, read *Gil Blas* and you will find that he had that very misfortune or one just like it, and that he took it as a simple mishap and got over it."

The same contrast might be brought out by comparing Montaigne and Rousseau, the two writers who in a broad sense are the masters, respectively, of Lesage and Chateaubriand. This contrast is easily missed because at first glance Montaigne seems an arch-egotist like Rousseau, and is almost equally ready to bestow his own idiosyncrasies on the reader. Yet in the final analysis Montaigne is interested in Montaigne because he is a human being, Rousseau is interested in Rousseau because he is Jean-Jacques.

Montaigne observes himself impartially as a normal specimen of the genus homo. Rousseau, as we have seen, positively gloats over his own otherwiseness. Montaigne aims to be the average, or it would be less misleading to say, the representative man. Rousseau's aim is to be the extraordinary man, or original genius. Rousseau is an eccentric, Montaigne a concentric individualist. The sentence of Montaigne that sums him up is, "Every man bears within him the entire image of the human lot." Rousseau is rather summed up in his phrase, "There are souls that are too privileged to follow the common path," with its corollary that he is himself one of these privileged souls.

The nineteenth century saw the rise of a race of eccentric individualists especially in art and literature who, like Rousseau, scorned the common path and strove to distinguish themselves from the bourgeois and philistine in everything, from the details of their dress to the refinements of their sensations. In this quest of the rare and the original they attained to a departure from the norm that was not only eccentric but pathological. Every man was to have the right to express not only his own particular vision of life, but his own particular nightmare. We finally come to a writer like Baudelaire, who builds himself a "little strangely scented and strangely colored kiosk on the extreme tip of the romantic Kamchatka" and "cultivates his hysteria with delight and terror;" who instead of being true to the human heart, as the old-fashioned classicist would say, makes it his ambition to create a "new shudder." All the modern writer cares for, says M. Anatole France, is to be thought original. In his fear of becoming commonplace he prides himself, like Victor Hugo, on reading only those books that other men do not read, or else he does not read at all and so comes to resemble that eighteenth-century Frenchwoman who was said to have "respected in her ignorance the active principle of her originality." The danger of the man who

is too assimilative, who possesses too perfectly the riches of tradition, is to feel that originality is henceforth impossible. It is related of a French critic that he used to turn away wearily from every new volume of poetry that was submitted to him with the remark, "All the verses are written."

Genuine originality, however, is a hardy growth and usually gains more than it loses by striking deep root into the literature of the past. La Bruyère begins his *Characters* by observing that "Everything has been said," and then goes on to write one of the most original books in French. Montaigne wrote a still more original book which often impresses the reader as a mere cento of quotations. An excessive respect for the past is less harmful than the excess from which we are now suffering. For example, one of our younger writers is praised in a review for his "stark freedom from tradition . . . as though he came into the world of letters without ever a predecessor. He is the expression in literary art of certain enormous repudiations." It is precisely this notion of originality that explains the immense insignificance of so much of our contemporary writing. The man who breaks with the past in this way will think that he is original when he is in reality merely ignorant and presumptuous. He is apt to imagine himself about a century ahead of his age when he is at least four or five centuries behind it. "He comes to you," as Bagehot puts it, "with a notion that Noah discarded in the ark, and attracts attention to it as if it were a stupendous novelty of his own."

We may be sure that the more enlightened of the Cave-Dwellers had already made deeper discoveries in human nature than many of our modern radicals. Goethe said that if as a young man he had known of the masterpieces that already existed in Greek he would never have written a line. Goethe carries his modesty too far, but how grateful just a touch of it would be in the

average author of to-day. With even a small part of Goethe's knowledge and insight he would no longer go on serving up to us the dregs and last muddy lees of the romantic and naturalistic movements as originality and genius. He would see that his very paradoxes are stale. Instead of being a half-baked author he would become a modest and at the same time judicious reader; or if he continued to write he would be less anxious to create and more anxious to humanize his creations. Sooner or later every author as well as the characters he conceives will have to answer the question that was the first addressed to any one who designed to enter the Buddhist church: "Are you a human being?" The world's suffrage will go in the long run to the writer or artist who dwells habitually in the centre and not on the remote periphery of human nature. Gautier paid a doubtful compliment to Victor Hugo when he said that Hugo's works seemed to proceed not from a man, but from an element, that they were Cyclopean, "as it were, the works of Polyphemus." Hugo remained the original genius to the end, in contrast to Goethe, who attained humane restraint after having begun as a Rousseauist.

Romanticism from the very beginning tended to become eccentric through over-anxiety to be original; and romanticism is now running to seed. Many of our contemporary writers are as plainly in an extreme as the most extreme of the neo-classicists. They think that to be original they need merely to arrive at self-expression without any effort to be representative. The neo-classicist on the other hand strove so hard to be representative that he often lost the personal flavor entirely and fell into colorless abstraction. Both extremes fail equally of being humane. For to become humane a man needs, as Pascal puts it, to combine in himself opposite extremes and occupy all the space between them. Genuine originality is so immensely difficult because it imposes the task of achieving

work that is of general human truth and at the same time intensely individual. Perhaps the best examples of this union of qualities are found in the Greek. The original man for the Greek was the one who could create in the very act of imitating the past. Greek literature at its best is to a remarkable degree a creative imitation of Homer.

The modern does not, like the Greek, hope to become original by assimilating tradition, but rather by ignoring it, or if he is a scholar, by trying to prove that it is mistaken. We have been discussing thus far almost entirely the originality of the Rousseauist or sentimental naturalist: but we should not fail to note curious points of contact between sentimental and scientific naturalism. The scientific naturalist, or, as we might call him, the Baconian, aims less at the assimilation of past wisdom than at the advancement of learning. With him too the prime stress is on the new and the original. Formerly there was a pedantry of authority and prescription. As a result of the working together of Rousseauist and Baconian there has arisen a veritable pedantry of originality. The scientific pedant who is entirely absorbed in his own bit of research is first cousin to the artistic and literary pedant who is entirely absorbed in his own sensation. The hero of modern scholarship is not the humanist but the investigator. The pathway to fame is not to know the standard writers, but to disinter writings and reputations to which the past had given decent burials. The man who can dig up an unpublished document from some musty archive outranks the man who can deal judiciously with the documents already in print. The love of truth shades imperceptibly into the love of paradox, and Rousseauist and Baconian often co-exist in the same person. A royal road to a reputation for originality is to impugn the verdicts of the past — to whitewash what is traditionally black or to blackwash what is traditionally white. Only the other day one of the English

reviews published the "Blackwashing of Dante." A still better example is Renan's blackwashing of King David which concludes as follows: "Pious souls when they take delight in the sentiments filled with resignation and tender melancholy contained in the most beautiful of the liturgical books will imagine that they are in communion with this bandit. Humanity will believe in final justice on the testimony of David, who never gave it a thought and of the Sybil who never existed," etc. The whitewashings have been still more numerous. Rehabilitations have appeared of Tiberius, the Borgias, and Robespierre. A book has also been written to prove that the first Napoleon was a man of an eminently peace-loving disposition. Mr. Stephen Phillips undertakes to throw a poetical glamour over the character of Nero, that amiable youth, who, as the versifier in *Punch* observes, —

would have doubtless made his mark
Had he not, in a mad, mad, boyish lark,
Murdered his mother!

If this whitewashing and blackwashing goes on, the time will soon come when the only way left to be original will be to make a modest plea for the traditional good sense of the world. This traditional good sense was never treated with an easier contempt than at present. A writer named Bax, who recently published a volume rehabilitating the revolutionary monster Marat, says in his preface, "It is in fact a fairly safe rule to ascertain for oneself what most people think on such questions [that is, as the character of Marat] and then assume the exact opposite to be true." Of books of this kind we may usually say what FitzGerald said of Henry Irving when he made himself up in the rôle of Shylock to look like the Saviour: "It is an attempt to strike out an original idea in the teeth of common sense and tradition." Of course there are in every age and individual elements, often important elements, that run counter to the main tendency. One of the regular recipes for writing

German doctors' theses is to seize on one of these elements, exaggerate it, and take it as a point of departure for refuting the traditional view. Thus Rousseau says in one place that he has always detested political agitators. We may be sure in advance that some German will start from this to prove that Rousseau has been cruelly maligned in being looked on as a revolutionist.

Even our more serious scholars are finding it hard to resist that something in the spirit of the age which demands that their results be not only just but novel. Even our older universities are becoming familiar with the professor who combines in about equal measure his love of research and his love of the limelight. Most good observers would probably agree that contemporary scholarship and literature are becoming too eccentric and centrifugal; they would agree that some unifying principle is needed to counteract this excessive striving after originality. For example, Professor Gummere, who is one of the most distinguished representatives of the scholarly tradition that ultimately goes back to Herder and the Grimm brothers, diagnoses our present malady with great clearness in a recent article on "Originality and Convention in Literature." The higher forms of poetry and creative art, he says, are being made impossible by the disintegrating influences at work in modern life and by an excess of analysis. He suggests as remedy that we jettison this intellectual and analytical element and seek to restore once more the bond of communal sympathy. This remedy betrays at once its romantic origin. It is only one form of Rousseau's assumption that an unaided sympathy will do more to draw men together than the naked forces of egoism and self-assertion will do to drive them asunder. Even in his studies of the beginnings of poetry Professor Gummere should perhaps have insisted more on communal discipline as a needful preliminary to communal sympathy. However that may be, our present hope does

not seem to lie in the romanticist's attempt to revert to the unity of instinct and feeling that he supposes to have existed in primitive life. We need to commune and unite in what is above rather than in what is below our ordinary selves, and the pathway to this higher unity is not through sympathy, communal or otherwise, but through restraint. If we have got so far apart, it is not because of lack of sympathy, but of humane standards.

Without entering fully into so large a topic as the impressionism of our modern society, its loss of traditional standards, and its failure as yet to find new, we may at least point out that education should be less infected than it is with a pedantic straining after originality. In general, education should represent the conservative and unifying principle in our national life. The college especially must maintain humane standards if it is to have any reason at all for existing as something distinct from university and preparatory school. Its function is not, as is so often assumed, merely to help its students to self-expression, but also to help them to become humane. In the words of Cardinal Newman the college is a "great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end;" this end is to supply principles of taste and judgment, and train in sanity and centrality of view; to give background and perspective, and inspire, if not the spirit of conformity, at least a proper respect for the past experience of the world. Most of us have heard of Mrs. Shelley's reply when advised to send her boy to a school where he would be taught to think for himself: "My God! teach him rather to think like other people." Mrs. Shelley had lived with a man who was not only a real genius but an original genius in the German sense, and knew whereof she spoke. Now the college should not necessarily teach its students to think like other people, but it should teach them to distinguish between what is original and what is merely odd and eccentric both in themselves and others.

According to Lowell this is a distinction that Wordsworth could never make, and Wordsworth is not alone in this respect among the romantic leaders. We must insist at the risk of causing scandal that the college is not primarily intended to encourage originality and independence of thought as these terms are often understood.

The college should guard against an undue stress on self-expression and an insufficient stress on humane assimilation. This danger is especially plain in the teaching of English composition. A father once said to me of a "daily theme" course that it had at least set his son's wits to working. But what if it set them to working in the void? The most that can be expected of youths who are put to writing with little or no background of humane assimilation is a clever impressionism. They will be fitted not to render serious service to literature but at most to shine in the more superficial kinds of journalism. Ultimately a great deal of what goes on in the more elementary college courses in English may well be relegated to the lower schools — and the home — and what is done in the advanced courses in composition will probably either be omitted altogether or else done as it is in France in connection with the reading and detailed study of great writers. Assimilation will then keep pace as it should with expression.

Spinoza says that a man should constantly keep before his eyes a sort of exemplar of human nature (*idea hominis, tamquam naturæ humanæ exemplar*). He should, in other words, have a humane standard to which he may defer and which will not proscribe originality, but will help him to discriminate between what is original and what is merely freakish and abnormal in himself and others. Now this humane standard may be gained by a few through philosophic insight, but in most cases it will be attained if at all by a knowledge of good literature — by a familiarity with that

golden chain of masterpieces which links together into a single tradition the more permanent experience of the race; books which so agree in essentials that they seem, as Emerson puts it, to be the work of one all-seeing, all-hearing gentleman. In short, the most practical way of promoting humanism (if we may be permitted that much-abused word) is to work for a revival of the almost lost art of reading.

As a general rule the humane man will be the one who has a memory richly stored with what is best in literature, with the sound sense perfectly expressed that is found only in the masters. Con-

versely, the decline of humanism and the growth of Rousseauism has been marked by a steady decay in the higher uses of the memory. For the Greeks the Muses were not the daughters of Inspiration or of Genius, as they would be for a modern, but the daughters of Memory. Sainte-Beuve says that "from time to time we should raise our eyes to the hill-tops, to the group of revered mortals, and ask ourselves, What would they say of us?" No one whose memory is not enriched in the way we have described can profit by this advice. Sainte-Beuve himself in giving it was probably only remembering Longinus.

THE GLORY THAT WAS SPAIN

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

I stood above Granada, on a height
 Between Alhambra, goldenly aglow,
 And the sad hill Albaicin, where woe
 And squalor cower in noisome caves by night.
 Far down, the Darro, in its path of light,
 Glimmered toward day now swiftly dipping low,
 Yet kissing with last, lingering rays the snow
 On tall Sierras, till all the East was bright.
 Brighter wast thou, O Spain, at thy white dawn,
 When thou stoodst firm, strong bulwark of Christ's folk;
 Ere from thy face the Christ-light was withdrawn,
 And on thy neck was laid the bigot's yoke.
 Now between gilded show and knaves that fawn,
 Thou sitt'st at dusk, proud in thy beggar's cloak.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY

BY EDWIN D. MEAD

THE German Emperor, at the reception given him at the Guildhall in London, in November, referring to his address at his previous reception at the Guildhall in 1891, emphasized anew his desire to promote the peace of the world.

"I said then, on this spot, that my aim was above all the maintenance of peace. History, I venture to hope, will do me justice, in that I have pursued this aim unswervingly ever since. The main prop and base for the peace of the world is the maintenance of the good relations between our two countries, and I will further strengthen them so far as lies in my power. The German nation's wishes coincide with mine."

It was not pleasant to read, in connection with the report of the Emperor's warm words and of the festivities at London and at Windsor, the dispatches of that week to our American newspapers, stating that, while the reception accorded the Emperor by the people of London was respectful, the atmosphere which prevailed during his appearances in public was cool, and that the English officials were even relieved that his passages through the streets passed off without any disagreeable incidents. The principal dispatch added this comment:—

"The anti-German feeling among a large section of the English people derived fresh impetus from the antagonism which cropped out between the two nations on various lines during the recent conference at The Hague. However cordial the relations between the ruling houses of Great Britain and Germany may be, the British public does not share these sentiments. A large section, if not a majority, of English people persists in believing Germany to be Great Britain's one enemy among the nations,

and this enmity has been fanned recently by continuous warnings from some of the leading newspapers and reviews, as well as from military experts, that Germany's chief naval and military activity is directed toward schemes for the invasion of England, that Germany plans to surprise England some day when she is fully prepared to strike suddenly, just as Japan surprised Russia."

This word, printed in a thousand newspapers, is the blunt expression of a feeling which has been widespread in England for the last half-dozen years, and which during the last autumn I found harbored and confessed by serious men of high standing in London to an amazing extent. The amenities attending the Emperor's recent visit have done something to improve the situation, but not much. When a feeling pregnant with so great mischief exists, in so great degree, it is probably a good thing to have it find open expression; and the outspoken declaration ought to receive sharp discussion. The feeling is probably no worse than it was two years ago. The German Chancellor, in his address to the Reichstag in November, spoke frankly of the present relations between the two countries as "strained." Two years ago the relations were more manifestly strained. I remember hearing a well-known English publicist, a man of large experience in both political and commercial circles, say at that time that he had more than once in such circles heard frank avowal of the opinion that, if England were ever going to check the rapidly-growing German navy, the sooner she did it the better, before it got any larger; the smashing would be easier now than later. It was a common English belief that Germany was planning war with France, and that

England must become involved; and there was much growling in the newspapers of all the countries. A conference of the English and German delegates at the International Peace Congress at Lucerne in the autumn of 1905 resulted in efforts which undoubtedly did much to allay the irritation and promote better understanding. The best of these achievements was the interchange of visits between large bodies of the journalists of the two countries. The Germans had a magnificent reception in London, and the Englishmen had an equally fine reception in the German cities; and the tone of the newspapers has certainly improved. The *Times* among London newspapers had almost a monopoly of bad manners and insolence in discussing in October the expected visit of the German Emperor and his chancellor, and was rebuked with energy by its contemporaries. There was no incident in the Emperor's visit to London more interesting than his cordial reception of the large delegation of London journalists, with his warm word to them upon the power and duty of the press to promote fraternity and good understanding among nations.

The suspicion and jealousy, with whatever ameliorations, have persisted. My love for England has such frequent occasion for expression that I shall not incur any charge of partiality for Germany when I say that the ill feeling seems to me much commoner and more menacing in England than in Germany. I should have said this with yet stronger emphasis before the extravagances of the German Navy League in December. There was not the slightest admixture of coolness in the reception of King Edward in Germany last summer; there was the utmost cordiality and warmth among all classes of the German people and in all agencies of public opinion.

But why should there not be, is the ruffled Briton's rejoinder. King Edward is "the peacemaker," and the Kaiser is "the war lord," always threatening to disturb the peace; and he talks of the Kai-

ser's message of sympathy for Kruger and his "butting in" in Morocco. The disinterested outsider finds no difficulty in explaining both of these incidents upon grounds involving no enmity to the true England. English history itself in fifty years will deal with the promoters of the Boer War quite as sharply as it now deals with Lord North, much more sharply than Lord Salisbury, considerably less than fifty years after the Crimean War, passed judgment upon the policy of that war, — a judgment so akin to that for which the English populace at the time was willing to mob Cobden and Bright, — and will praise an "impulsive" Kaiser as it praises the rest of the critics. The general historian will say that the Algeiras Conference marked an epoch in international procedure, forcing the nations henceforth to concerted action in situations like that in Morocco, instead of leaving greedy nations each to its individual pleasure; that this was the thing of real significance in the episode — and that this was due to the German Emperor, even conceding that he, like the rest, was actuated also by thoughts of future trade. The American will rejoice that the situation which was created gave his government its first impressive occasion to appear at the European council board, and did more than anything before to shatter the superstition so long sustained by our expanded Monroe Doctrine that this is still politically, as in 1823, a world of two hemispheres and not one round world. The historian will also say that this same "war lord" throughout his reign — his challenge to history at the Guildhall was a safe one — has faithfully kept the peace; that while during the last generation England and almost every nation in Europe, as well as the United States, have been engaged in wars, England and the United States in what many of us count peculiarly wicked wars, Germany, barring the wretched chapter in West Africa, has for the whole long period of almost forty years kept out of war.

In truth, the Morocco speech and the Kruger message have little to do with it; they are mere pegs on which to hang pique. The real thing is the immense industrial and commercial development of Germany since 1870, to most observers the most pregnant and impressive phenomenon in Europe to-day. Germany has increased in population as notably as in prosperity, — almost twenty millions in the period since the Franco-Prussian War. Her great cities have doubled and trebled in population. We think Chicago a miracle; but since 1870 Berlin has grown relatively and absolutely faster than Chicago, the Greater Berlin having to-day a population of over three millions. Thirty years ago, when I was a Leipzig student, the population of Leipzig was less than 150,000; to-day it is more than half a million. Dresden is larger than Leipzig, Munich much larger, Breslau and Cologne only a little smaller. Hamburg then had almost precisely the same population as Boston; to-day, although Boston's growth has been so great, Hamburg, with more than 800,000 people, is larger than Boston; the growth of her commerce has been vastly greater, and her docks and port facilities are incomparably finer, models commended to Boston for imitation at this very moment by an expert commission. The Hamburg-American line and the North German Lloyd are the largest steamship companies in the world, larger than any English companies, the former having more than 150 ocean steamers in its service. It has been largely the beauty, speed, and comfort of the German steamers which have forced the immense general improvement in the Atlantic service in the last dozen years. The development of the German railway system has been as remarkable as the development of ocean commerce. The great railway stations especially are the finest in Europe, — by all odds superior to those in the great English cities; the finest of them all as yet, the new union station now building at Leipzig, will cost \$25,000,000. No-

where else is city-making such an art; at this time the University of Berlin is planning a special department devoted to the wise and beautiful laying-out of cities, with provision for making the lectures available to the directing municipal officials of Germany. In industrial and technical education, from top to bottom, Germany's achievements in this line have been amazing. She is far ahead of England, as she is in so much ahead of us. It is by science that she has pushed her way to industrial supremacy in so many fields, that she has captured the chemical industries of Europe and in so large degree the electrical industries, and that she is distancing or crowding England and ourselves in the markets of the world.

Our selfish competitive instincts, stirred by this, made Germany the favorite target of our own jingo talk two or three years ago. We were quite sure, until the German ambassador or somebody took the trouble to give the petty census of Germans in Brazil, — it were heartily to be wished that fifty million Germans might find their way into that great continent, — that she was threatening terrible things down there, and that our old Monroe gong must be got out and beaten with power. Here, perhaps, was to come the splendid chance, sure to come sometime for those who wait for it, to show the stuff in our new navy; and shrewd shakings of the head about those menacing Germans helped to get an extra cruiser or two — as similar flurry about the Japanese helped last spring to get one or two more, and is being industriously worked at this moment to get more still. Our hysteria about Germany was a mild attack, and now seems to have disappeared. England's case is severer, and persists. She feels in her bones that Germany, with her crowding population, her prosperity and her demand for markets, must feel the need for colonies and dependencies, and that inasmuch as she herself, in the days when German industry was an infant, had ap-

propriated almost the whole available earth, Germany must somehow covet some of her domain, or somehow wish to cripple and supplant her maritime power or do something to reduce her and get ahead of her. The new German navy can only be intended for use against England, at the right time; and the time will be within half a dozen years. Why the same suspicion has not yet been born in England about our own new navy, stronger than Germany's, while having a much less precious merchant marine to safeguard, does not appear. A popular book, of *The Battle of Dorking* species, detailing this coming German invasion, a book now having wide circulation in England, places the date at 1910; but the more conservative folk, including military experts, incline to 1912. The sober judgment thus of a general in the regular army, representing sundry other generals, was reliably reported to me. These expert folk claim authentic knowledge — of course the Berlin war office shares all such secrets with visiting Englishmen! — that German experts have mapped England in such detail for military purposes that the number of cavalry horses which can be stalled in the stables of every manor-house from Penzance to Berwick-on-Tweed is registered. Many German youths who were innocently supposed by most of us to have come to London to earn their living as waiters in restaurants were really, according to the truly wise, on this business. One of the ablest statesmen of England declared to me his belief, shared, he assured me, by many like himself, that if England had voted at The Hague for the inviolability of ocean commerce in war, Germany would have been at war with her in less than two years!

I think that the extent and seriousness of this feeling in England — a feeling sharply condemned and opposed by English right-mindedness and common sense — have not been generally known here in America; and the mischievous effects of it in international affairs first

fully evidenced themselves at The Hague last summer. Mr. Carnegie recognized the feeling and satirized it a year and a half ago, in a trenchant article entitled "The Cry of Wolf" (*Nineteenth Century*, August, 1906), which it would be salutary to have circulated in America, as well as in England itself, much more widely than has been done. The situation furnishes abundant material for a supplementary chapter to Cobden's famous pamphlet on "The Three Panics." One of the three panics described in that powerful work, it may be remembered, was the panic of 1853, when even more Englishmen than now fear a German invasion — including no less a person than Lord Palmerston, who, as Mr. Morley well says, "had a strong dash of honest stupidity in his composition" — took it into their heads that they might wake up some morning to find that 50,000 Frenchmen had landed on the English shores during the previous night, with 100,000 more close behind them. One thinks too of the crazy fear of Russia which haunted England so persistently, and at which Gladstone, long after Cobden's "Three Panics," so often directed the shafts of his irony.

"One moment," he once wrote, "we describe Russia with contempt as bankrupt; the next we enthrone her as omnipotent at Constantinople, and, having placed her there, we next gratuitously supply her, who cannot at sea even look Turkey in the face, with an unbounded store of fleets and armies, which she is at once to use, seemingly out of sheer depravity, in stopping the Suez Canal, while the fleets of England, France, Italy, and Austria are to look on in stupefied dismay."

The scare in England during the last three years over the German "wolf" has been quite as ridiculous and sometimes as great as the panic of 1853 over France, or the panics over Russia which Gladstone had to face. It has been just as groundless as the 1853 scare, and it has been far more mischievous. No rational motive has been assigned for the appre-

hended German invasion. There is to be no provocation for it on England's part; it is to be undertaken in the fullness of time, on general principles, in sheer wantonness, for the purpose of crippling England's prosperity, spoiling her commerce, and seizing, it may be, some of her colonies, — precisely that is the nightmare. With no rational motive assigned for the proceeding, its practical impossibility and the disastrous results to Germany from its inevitable failure seem quite to be lost sight of by these troubled dreamers. The first necessary step would be a German naval victory over a sea power three times as great as her own; the second necessity would probably be the dealing at home with a French army of half a million men; the third, if things came so far, — and, with the present quickened sense of international justice, that stage would be reached almost instantly, in the case of wanton warfare assumed, — would be the dealing in English waters with the navy of the United States. Can any sane man believe that Germany, granted that her Kaiser or her *junker* class be as depraved as the theory demands, is — with a social democracy at home keen for the first auspicious chance to start a revolution and proclaim a republic — insane enough for a venture involving these things? Yet nothing less than this is the notion which chiefly, certainly not solely, furnishes the soil, if not the nerve, for the present pitiful movement in England to augment the militia in immense degree, to fill the land with rifle clubs, to militarize the schools, and even turn parish houses and church basements into centres for target practice, — to do everything which alarmist brigadiers, fighting parsons, and titled ladies not a few can do to make all things pertaining to army and navy the fashion. "The Nation in Arms" — that is what these mischief-makers, "honestly stupid" and genuinely panic-struck as be it conceded many of them are, would make of England. Precisely that is the title which they give their monthly journal, VOL. 101 — NO. 3

a journal spread broadcast in England and showing in the party behind it an adroitness, a persistence, and a free use of money which the children of light might themselves well emulate. It is a melancholy phenomenon to any lover of the true England — a regular output almost incredible, in the nervous fears, the unworthy suspicions, the tawdry ambitions and bad philosophy which it reveals, to one who remembers that it is addressed to a people who but yesterday listened to Tennyson and Browning and Bright and Gladstone. It were almost to be wished that it might be read in certain circles in this country, where a similar bacillus has begun to gnaw, for the sake of showing betimes the depths in which it is possible to fetch up when the gnawing gets fierce and has a "scare" in the background. One cannot but wonder whether a flame like that about Japan which our yellow journals and political adventurers have been fanning might not under favorable conditions attain such dimensions as to stimulate efforts to make our own republic a "nation in arms"!

But the chief mischief of this strained relation between England and Germany is that hinted at in the London dispatches noticed above, — the antagonism between the two nations on various lines revealed at the recent Hague Conference. This rivalry and friction were there obvious throughout; they were the subject of universal discussion; and it is not too much to say that they were the occasion of the chief failures of the Hague Conference to do things which it ought to have done and which its great majority earnestly desired. Its actual achievements were certainly most important. The adoption of the Drago doctrine, to pass by the broader provisions, has relieved ourselves of half of our excuse for a large navy, this alone being worth a hundred times the whole cost and effort of the conference. For the failure of the two great proposals in behalf of the limitation of armaments and of the inviolability of ocean com-

merce in time of war, Germany and England are respectively responsible. It was Germany that prevented such serious consideration of the limitation of armaments as might point the way to hopeful action in the near future. It was England whose adherence to her traditional policy of seizing the private property at sea of peoples with whom she may be at war blocked the great advance in that field which else would have been so easily possible.

It is not of course implied that other nations do not practice this policy of preying upon commerce in time of war, as well as England. The practice is universal. But the other great powers are now in the main — we do not forget the puzzling position of France — united in readiness to give up the practice. If England would agree, this most barbarous of all usages, this still persisting in war, would come to an end. Without the agreement of this immensely preponderant naval power, reform is impossible. The scope of the reform is immeasurable. The chief respectable excuse and plea for the big navies to-day is that a nation's navy is an insurance for its merchant marine; and England is entitled to a vastly larger navy than any other power because her commerce and commercial fleet are vastly larger. But once settle it by international decree that all private property at sea in time of war shall have immunity from capture, and half the legitimate function of a nation's navy instantly disappears; the naval budget can at one stroke be cut down to that degree. This is precisely the argument of the present Lord Chancellor of England in his vigorous writings on the subject; for England is not without strong men who are laboring earnestly to make her respect this clear demand of our present civilization. The demand of civilization, these men say, and most men would suppose, is here in accord with England's own interest; for with the greatest commerce of any nation, her exposure to danger and loss in ocean warfare is greatest. But the "hon-

estly stupid" Briton, to say nothing of others, believes that this danger is not so great as the advantage of the preponderant terror which his vastly preponderant navy exercises over other commercial nations which might attack him; he is willing to run the risk of the greater damage for the sake of the defense of the greater terror. Believing this, and waiving other considerations, he refuses to coöperate with the other great nations in banishing this worst of barbarisms and inaugurating a policy which might in a decade work a revolutionary reduction in the world's naval burdens; and he will not see that so long as Britain champions the barbarism, so long Germany, inordinate and indefensible as her new programme is, will persist in building up a big navy, and that just in proportion to Germany's commercial growth and commercial ambitions will be her chafing and discontent at the ratio of naval superiority which Britain arrogates as her right and posits in all discussions of proportionate armaments. That Britain is fairly entitled to a very great superiority, in view of her commerce and her situation as concerns food supply, no sensible German and nobody else would be likely to question; as no sensible person would question Germany's present right to an exceptionally strong army. I am not saying that Germany or America in England's position would not act as England acts. But any nation actually holding the key to the naval situation, as England holds it to-day, would have paramount responsibility for progressive action; and the naval question, in this day of sea power, is the main question when we talk of military burdens and the military menace.

It is reason for gratulation that the United States, now with a large navy and a small merchant marine as a possible spoil in war, took earnestly the same position in this matter at The Hague which she took at the beginning of her national life, when she had almost no naval strength at all. It is a matter of

historical interest that it was with Prussia that we concluded the first treaty in which this principle was ever embodied. This was at the instance of Benjamin Franklin, who was more emphatic in his condemnation of the barbarism of preying upon private vessels in war than any other statesman of his time; and the signing of this treaty with Frederick the Great was the last official act of Franklin in Europe, before his return in 1785. Germany and America, who coöperated at The Hague this year in the effort to make the principle universal in its operation, may well turn back with pride to this old treaty of amity and commerce and read its memorable twenty-third article, containing this clause:—

“All merchants and trading vessels employed in exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessaries, conveniences, and comforts of human life more easy to be obtained, and more general, shall be allowed to pass free and unmolested.”

Washington wrote to Count de Rochambeau concerning this treaty as a whole, that it “marks a new era in negotiation, . . . should its principles be considered hereafter as the basis of connection between nations, it will operate more fully to produce a general pacification than any measure hitherto attempted amongst mankind.”

No less enlightened than the word of Washington at the time was the word of the English Lord Shelburne. Speaking of the treaty between England and France concluded shortly afterwards, he “regretted that Pitt in his French treaty had not gone further, and followed the example of the treaty which had been recently negotiated by Franklin between the United States and Prussia, under the terms of which even the merchant vessels of belligerents were exempt from capture.” One could wish that Lord Shelburne or the present Lord Chancellor had been on the British delegation at The Hague last year, with full powers. One could wish especially that the present

Liberal Government had risen to its great opportunity and given such instructions to its delegates as would have guaranteed to the Hague Conference its greatest triumph and glory. The English premier must certainly be thanked for his high desires and purposes, backed by the noble resolutions of the House of Commons, touching the consideration at The Hague of the limitation of armaments. Had England had a Lord Pauncefoot at The Hague last year, there is little doubt that he would tactfully have found some means to make this desire felt, to the extent at least of securing such discussion as would have had an educational value for the nations.

Our own position in this matter was as advanced as upon the question of the inviolability of commerce. Secretary Root’s strong utterance upon the subject on the eve of the conference will stand pre-eminently to his honor and that of the republic. Germany must bear the responsibility of thwarting the rational consideration of this imperative subject, as England must bear the responsibility of thwarting action to extend civilization to the seas. The responsibility in both cases is a grave one. And the point here emphasized is that the wrongs thus committed against the great cause of international order and progress were committed by these two nations with regard chiefly to each other. But for England, Germany would probably have been induced to discuss in some form the proportionate limitation of armaments. But for Germany, England would probably have agreed to modify her hoary old position as to commerce in war.

What is the first result of this blocking of action in behalf of the limitation of the world’s frightful naval burdens? It is an immediate and startling expansion of the naval programme of both England and Germany, which is most likely to provoke, however great the folly of it, a corresponding expansion of our own programme. Last April President Roosevelt wrote to the New York Peace

Congress that our purpose was to add further new vessels to our navy only to take the place of old ones passing out of service. In his message to Congress in December, he says, "It was hoped the Hague Conference might deal with the question of the limitation of armaments," expresses his disappointment at the failure of concerted action, and adds, "Such being the fact, 'it would be most unwise for us to stop the upbuilding of our navy. To build one battleship of the best and most advanced type a year would barely keep our fleet up to its present force. This is not enough. In my judgment, we should this year provide for four battleships.'"

This means \$40,000,000, with \$20,000,000 more for extras.

Nothing can justify such a demand as this, and it is to be hoped Congress will deal with it with common sense. The one plausible pretext for it — nothing in the Japanese budget excuses it — is the action of England and Germany. England two years ago expressed her willingness to hold her programme for naval increase in abeyance, pending some possible action by the Hague Conference looking to the proportionate limitation of armaments. The Hague Conference took no action; and we are now witnessing the immense new activity of the British navy-yards, the pushing especially of large battleships of the Dreadnought class; within two years, we are told, Great Britain will have a fleet numbering a round dozen of these monsters.

What meantime is the news from Berlin? That the Federal Council has submitted to the Reichstag a bill modifying the naval programme of 1900, reducing the service term for naval vessels from twenty-five to twenty years, — this shorter term is now a ridiculous over-estimate, — and increasing the size of battleships to the Dreadnought standard. The reduction of the service term means the building within twelve years of five battleships and one large cruiser more than were contemplated by the programme of 1900.

Germany will by 1917 have seventeen Dreadnoughts. The new scheme will require \$17,500,000 a year more than the German navy previously has cost. The borrowings of the empire since the inauguration of the programme of 1900 have already reached the total of \$360,000,000.

It is not surprising that Herr Bebel, in the discussion following the reading of the budget in the Reichstag, should declare it to be evident that a war is being planned by Germany upon Great Britain. It is not surprising that many here, and more in Europe, should believe, when our fleet was ordered to the Pacific, that it was meant for war with Japan. Most sane men refused to believe it, as they refuse to believe that Germany is planning war upon England; but in both cases great folly has been exhibited at a critical time, when there was peculiar need of soberness and restraint. The socialist leader declared that the German Navy League was agitating the war on Great Britain, and that this agitation could be observed on all sides. Nobody who knows Germany well will question this. The Navy League in Germany is composed of much the same elements as the similar body so pregnant with similar mischief in this country, and the organizations which are working to make England "a nation in arms." There are almost as many people in Germany as in England and America who still chatter about "trade following the flag;" and a poor contingent of the *junkers* in the Prussian *Herrenhaus*, with sundry uneasy military folk, would like to see the flag make almost any audacious venture, to the tune of "Deutschland über Alles," quite regardless of trade considerations. The Navy League's activities during the Emperor's absence in England were worse than ever before, so extravagant indeed that many of its most eminent and respectable members resigned from the organization. In the very week of the Emperor's return, the Berlin *Tageblatt*, the leading Berlin newspaper, advised all the

moderate members to leave it. The League, it said, "has gradually become pernicious; it has been the source of the constant agitation which threatens to put Germany at enmity with the whole world and especially with England." The League condemns the extravagant new naval programme as too small, as a violent faction in London similarly condemns the British Admiralty; and no one can say to what lengths these hot-heads may temporarily push large sections of their peoples.

But are these wild naval folk the German nation? Do they control the sober German thought or ultimate German policy? Have they countenance from the best German statesmanship, or from the German Emperor? As concerns England, the capital misfortune has been that the popular and perhaps dominant idea has long prevailed that they do exactly represent the Emperor. "The favorite English conception of the Kaiser," said the leading liberal London journal, with but slight exaggeration, while the Kaiser was in England, "is that of a War Lord, with a stern face and fierce moustache, making bellicose speeches, in a uniform decorated with the death's head and crossbones. The fact that he has never made war does not impress them." In truth, with all his glorifications of monarchy and the army, the Kaiser's speech at the Guildhall, like his similarly pacific word at Amsterdam on his way back to Berlin, was in strict accord with the whole tenor of his utterances concerning any such matter as that in which troubled Englishmen have held him under suspicion. What he said at the Guildhall he meant. He meant it when he said at Bremen two years ago, when unveiling a statue of the late Emperor Frederick, "When I came to the throne after my grandfather's Titanic age, I swore a soldier's oath that I would do my utmost to keep at rest the bayonet and the cannon." He meant it when he said at Düsseldorf as far back as 1891, "I only wish that the peace of Europe lay

in my hand; I should certainly take care that it never again is broken." In one word, with all reservations for things in the German and especially the Prussian system which the democrat hates, — and the present crisis exhibiting anew the scandalous injustice in the suffrage makes his hate now very hot, — the German Emperor, as Andrew D. White and President Butler of Columbia and Professor Peabody of Harvard have been forcibly reminding us, is the ablest and most enlightened ruler in Christendom. If his recent visit to England serves in any degree, as happily it seems to be doing, to make Englishmen trust more securely that such a one does not easily lend himself to plots such as many have feared and suspected, something will have been accomplished towards bringing the two nations themselves into better accord.

It is for this end that the serious journals of the two nations are doing such praiseworthy and necessary work. The American press can do much for the world's peace and order, much for England and Germany, by registering with power the judgment that, as another has said, "there is a place for both nations in the sunshine," and it is time for them to cease "making faces at each other." I, for one, am no more a believer in any Pan-Teutondom than I am in an exclusive and arrogant Anglo-Saxondom; but it has come about that at this juncture the success of the policies which must chiefly determine international justice and progress depends preëminently upon the fraternity and hearty coöperation of England, Germany, and the United States. The Kaiser's Guildhall utterance upon what constitutes "the main prop and base for the peace of the world" should be expanded to just that form. Germany's own recognition of the preëminent importance to her people of their increasing practical relations to the English-speaking world appears in the recent substitution of English for French as the required modern language in her high schools.

There is not much danger that we in the United States shall ever again do long or serious injustice to England: the ties that bind us are too many. But, were it only for the reason that most of us read English newspapers ten times as much as we read German ones, there is danger that we may not do justice to Germany and may become victims of the malign talk about her being the chief disturber of the peace, and logically provoking "isolation," and the other direful things. Germany becomes day by day our own more and more formidable commercial rival, as she is England's; and it is always easy to do injustice to our rivals. It may sometime be as necessary for the United States as for England to consider that, if Germany crowds sharply in some of the markets, it is usually by means which are not proper occasions for resentment and pique, but for praise and imitation — by recognition of the fact discerned by the shrewd youth in the anatomy class, that "the brain is a very useful organ: it is useful to think with." She has brought thorough education to bear on industry and trade, where many of the rest of us have stumbled on by rule of thumb; and in the very fields where the Englishman and the American have perhaps the greater fertility and originality, she has often distanced them by method and training. It is pleasant and most useful to see men like President Pritchett and Professor Hanus applauding her at this time for this superiority, and commending her methods to the American people.

It is not in industrial education alone, however, or chiefly, that we may learn from Germany, or that we are under obligation for high service rendered. From the time when Horace Mann published his report on the schools of Germany, in 1843, the German influence has been the strongest foreign influence upon our public school system; and for a far longer period, from the time, ninety years ago, when Everett and Ticknor and Cogswell and Bancroft went to study

at Göttingen, to the present time, the German universities have been in a high degree our graduate schools. It fortifies one's soul to know, when we hear of "strained relations," real or possible, between America and Germany, or England and Germany, that among the things "made in Germany" which have most general currency in the Republic is the so great proportion of our best scholarship; that our American colleges and universities are filled with men in every field of thought and learning who, thronging to the German universities in these last decades, have come home to weave all over this broad land a web of such love and admiration and gratitude as, with that other web woven by the millions of our people who are bound to Germany by the close ties of race, shall surely suffice, in any time of folly or stress, to smite down the Philistines and maintain justice here toward the great land of Luther and Goethe and Kant.

The scholars whom Harvard and Yale and Columbia year by year are sending to Berlin, in that happy interchange of professors which was itself suggested by the German Emperor, will each and all be ambassadors of this fraternity. If Professor Kühnemann, who came from Germany a year ago to lecture at Harvard, and has been writing of his experience and impressions so warmly in the German periodicals since his return, is a fair representative, the Germans of the interchange will be similar ambassadors; and we shall not only learn lessons from Germany which we need, but Germany will be plainly told of many things American which she needs. Professor Kühnemann, going home from America, has plainly told her that the excessive assertion of the principle of authority and the absurd dictatorship so prevalent in Germany need to give place to larger freedom and individual initiative in education and in life.

In the summer of 1909, the University of Leipzig will celebrate the fifth centennial of its founding, and the Uni-

versity of Berlin its first centennial. Hundreds of American scholars will join with others in pious pilgrimage to the old halls to which they owe so much. It were to be wished that the commemoration might be marked by a German-American educational exposition at Leipzig, in which the two nations should submit to each other and the world representations of their best achievements in every field of education. In some hall of the exposition, day by day, the best educators of America and Germany and the world should exchange their wisdom. The best American message would have

no more to do with the large freedom and individual initiative which Professor Kühnemann is commending in our education than with the inspiring new movement which is so rapidly enlisting our universities and our public-school system itself in the cause of peace and the better organization of the world. Old England's scholars, like our own, will share in the great German commemorations in 1909; and the thinkers of England, Germany, and America should there unite in epoch-making speech and action in behalf of international justice and fraternity.

BROWNING'S OLD YELLOW BOOK

BY CHARLES W. HODELL

It is now nearly fifty years since Robert Browning rescued from "odds and ends of ravage" that strewed San Lorenzo square his unique source for *The Ring and the Book*, — the "old yellow book." With eyes riveted to its pages, he made his way homeward that June day. By the time he reached Casa Guidi, his mere casual curiosity as a bibliophile had been quickened by hints of a more human interest. All the afternoon he read on and on in those time-stained pages, until as evening fell the book was finished and laid by. That night, as he trod the terrace, the story of forgotten crime acted itself over again to his mind's eye, and the actors long since returned to dust were again suffering and sinning creatures. The human tragedy had reawakened from the gloomy, dull record. But it was only after the lapse of four years that the poet wrought from it his most protracted and comprehensive poem.

The Carnegie Institution of Washington, which has done much for science in its brief existence, now offers as its first publication on a literary subject this

"old yellow book." The poet's original copy which he bequeathed to Balliol College, Oxford, has been reproduced in complete photo-facsimile.¹

This waif of a forgotten crime was not a published volume, but a collection of the testimony and arguments in the Franceschini murder case, tried in the criminal courts of Rome during January and February of 1698. The papal press had printed these matters in a series of pamphlets for use in the court. The pamphlets were then gathered along with certain other kindred material into a vellum cover, their collector probably being a Florentine lawyer of the day who had a technical interest in the case. This record is full of sophistries, of the shrewd thrust and parry of a great legal battle, of the torturing of fact and motive, of charge and countercharge, all weighed down by masses of precedent which further per-

¹ *The Old Yellow Book*. Source of Browning's *The Ring and the Book*, reproduced in photo-facsimile; translated and edited by CHARLES W. HODELL. Washington, D. C.: The Carnegie Institution. 1907.

plex the lay reader. It is one of the least literary, one of the most chaotic and forbidding of source books at first sight.

Yet the general fact of this tragic story which found its end in Guido's execution is plain enough in the book. Franceschini, of a poor but noble house of Arezzo, had after years of vain service to a cardinal in Rome sought to mend his fortunes by marriage. His rank more than made amends for his age and mean appearance when he made advances to the Comparini, a family of the comfortable middle class, for the hand of their thirteen-year-old daughter. But there was cheating on both sides of the bargain. And so the marriage was scarcely made when domestic bitterness arose. The Comparini declared that Pompilia was a mere foundling of infamous birth, and accordingly had no rights in their property. The husband's disappointed greed soon turned to deadly hatred against the child-wife left in his power. After three years, she fled back to her foster parents in Rome, using the aid of a young priest, Canon Caponsacchi. The fugitives were overtaken and arrested. After trial for adultery at the husband's accusation, Caponsacchi was given a light sentence, and Pompilia was placed for safe-keeping in a monastery, from which she was subsequently removed to her parents' home. Here a few months later her husband sought her out and slew her along with her foster parents. It is the record of his trial for this murder which fills the pages of the old yellow book.

Such is the harsh story which fell into the poet's hands. Sordidness, subterfuge, viciousness, brutality darken the record. These are intensified by the web of sophistries woven around them by the lawyers. Crime, not tragedy, is apparent. The art impulse seems utterly absent from the report. And yet by that strange affinity whereby the artist is drawn to his own proper material, Browning felt the call of the book. On its flyleaf he inscribed a motto from Pindar: "Her strongest winged dart my Muse hath yet

in store." In this conviction he devoted four of his ripest years to the transmutation of the crude old volume into his great poem.

The human interest which drew Browning to this old volume was probably due in large part to the few white pages that save the story. One piece of convincing testimony presents the child-wife as no mere negative victim, but as a suffering saint. This is the testimony of Fra Celestino, the Augustinian monk, who had been her spiritual guide during her dying hours. Only four days after her decease he made the following affidavit, which is further supported by the affidavits of ten other eye-witnesses:—

I, the undersigned, bare-footed Augustinian priest, pledge my faith, that inasmuch as I was present, helping Signora Francesca Pompilia from the first instant of her pitiable case, even to the very end of her life, I say and attest on my priestly oath, in the presence of the God who must judge me, that to my own confusion I have discovered and marvelled at an innocent and saintly conscience in that ever-blessed child. During the four days she survived, when exhorted by me to pardon her husband, she replied with tears in her eyes and with a placid and compassionate voice, "May Jesus pardon him, as I have already done with all my heart." But what is more to be wondered at is that although she suffered great pain, I never heard her speak an offensive or impatient word, nor show the slightest outward vexation either toward God or those near by. But ever submissive to the Divine Will, she said: "May God have pity on me," in such a way indeed, as would have been incompatible with a soul that was not at one with God. To such an union one does not attain in a moment, but rather by the habit of years. I say further that I have always seen her self-restrained, and especially during medical treatment. On these occasions, if her habit of life had not been good, she would not have minded certain details around

her with a modesty well noted and marvelled at by me; nor otherwise could a young girl have been in the presence of so many men with such modesty and calm, as that in which the blessed child remained while dying. And you may well believe what the Holy Spirit speaks by the mouth of the Evangelist, in the words of St. Matthew, chapter 7: "An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit." Note that he says "can not" and not "does not," that is, making it impossible to infer ability to do perfect deeds when oneself is imperfect and tainted with vice. You should therefore say that this girl was all goodness and modesty, since with all ease and all gladness, she performed virtuous and modest deeds even at the very end of her life. Moreover, she has died with strong love for God, with great composure, with all the sacred sacraments of the Church, and with the admiration of all bystanders, who blessed her as a saint. I do not say more lest I be taxed with partiality. I know very well that God alone is the searcher of hearts, but I also know that from the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaks; and that my great St. Augustine says, "As the life, so its end." Therefore, having noted in that ever-blessed child saintly words, virtuous deeds, modest acts, and the death of a soul in great fear of God, for the relief of my conscience I am compelled to say, and cannot do otherwise, that necessarily she has ever been a good, modest, and honorable girl.

This tenth day of January, 1698.

I, Fra Celestino Angelo of St. Anna, bare-footed Augustinian, affirm as I have said above, with my own hand.

And in irrepressible postscript, he adds: "She died as an innocent martyr."

These words must have thrilled Robert Browning, the poet of the human soul, with an absolute conviction of their truth, as they thrill the reader to-day. They are their own proof. We recognize a grave true-hearted priest, moved to a passion of tenderness, and almost to awe at the

death of a seventeen-year-old girl. He doubtless knew something of the ill-repute which had clouded her name for months past. Yet with unmistakable emotion, he crowns her saint, and is confirmed by all who witnessed her dying hours. This for Browning was the key of her character and story. The narrative was no longer one of cruel, meaningless suffering, but it recorded the making of one of God's saints.

Now there was in Robert Browning a fine chivalrous attitude toward woman. He might have said with Tennyson: "I would withdraw my hand from my best friend were he to wrong a woman." This shows itself in his *Flight of the Duchess*, *The Glove*, *Count Gismond*, *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, and *Colombe's Birthday*. So when Browning found in the midst of this criminal record the soiled, bleeding Pompilia, an innocent victim, as he felt, of the human heart's worst hell, he would save her. His human sympathy would make her live and die again in her true saintly purity, just as he had formerly made so many of the dead to relive in his *Men and Women*.

When Browning had once undertaken this task, it is quite evident from the first book of the poem that he felt an unusual self-consciousness in his artistic functioning. He has there described in detail the book and its finding, and by repeated metaphor has sought to explain the artist's use of his material. Two cardinal truths seemed to impress him, the value of the original gold of fact, and the transmuting power of the artist. Fact and the creative mastery over fact were the almost equally important bases of his conception of art.

For the artist's personal mastery he had indeed a high regard, but in theory and practice alike he looked upon it as re-creative rather than creative; its function is to revive the all but extinct life of persons and stories from the past. Of artists he says in *Sordello*, —

They are fain invest
The lifeless thing with life from their own soul.

And Swinburne makes practically the same declaration in his *Tristram of Lyonesse* : —

And give

Out of my life to make their dead life live
Some days of mine, and blow my living breath
Between the deep lips of forgotten death.

This creative power seemed to Browning to be the artist's highest prerogative: —

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that *can*.

This masters death in moribund or extinct relics of life, and Browning likens it to the miraculous power of Elisha in raising the dead. And he describes the creative fervor which seized him in these words: —

The life in me abolished the death of things,
Deep calling unto deep; as then and there
Acted itself over again once more
The tragic piece. —

A spirit laughs and leaps through every limb,
And lights my eye and lifts me by the hair,
Letting me have my will again with these.

This creative joy is akin to that divine creative joy which Paracelsus describes in his dying hour, and in it man has himself risen to godlike power. Such is the dignity and glory of creative art as seen by Robert Browning.

But Browning was equally insistent upon the value of the fact transmuted, and his figure of the "pure gold" places a far higher estimate upon it than the artist would usually be willing to accord to his sources. The old yellow book was to him an inviolable human document. Professor Dowden has said that he handled it almost reverently. Years of acquaintance with the volume familiarized him with its every detail. According to Mrs. Orr he had read the record through eight times. Then, with the honesty and minute, painstaking integrity of a historian he reorganized his material. He even went so far as to verify through an astronomer friend Caponsacchi's casual statement, "There's new moon this eve." Names, places, dates, incidents, details of motive, forms of expression, fragments of law are taken

from the book in countless profusion. That strange, grotesque medley of law and sophistry in Arcangeli's monologue is in fact a skillful mosaic of scores of fragments taken from all parts of the book and laid in an original design and cemented by irony and humor. This monologue is a good illustration of how much of a show of technical learning an artist may make in some unusual field by a brief application of his mind to it, and would refute some of the claims of professional knowledge in Shakespeare. Browning seems not to have gone beyond the book for his knowledge of the Civil Law, and yet he handles these abstruse matters with the ease of an adept. He also handles them with almost absolute accuracy. Shakespeare's free modification of the ascertained fact of history is in striking contrast with this minute fidelity to the record of a forgotten crime. Fidelity conditioned and directed the poet through all his protracted dealing with the subject.

Even the architecture of the poem, its unusual plan, seems to have been devised with the purpose of the fullest truth-telling concerning the material before the artist. For Browning had it borne home to him on every page of the book that truth is not single, but that it "is this to me and that to thee." Fact and motive change kaleidoscopically according to the angle of prejudice of the speaker. This is illustrated extensively in the two semi-popular Italian narratives included in the book which are direct prototypes of Half Rome and the Other Half Rome. And as a matter of course, the real lawyers and witnesses in the case interpreted everything according to their own intense personal bias. Now the plan Browning has adopted will include all of this contradictory detail. The poet can thus present all the baffling fluctuations of motive and those sidelights on fact which are to be found in real life, and in the monologue of the Pope he has provided a place where he may speak his own wisest word concerning these actors and events from the

long ago. Browning the lover of truth is nowhere more manifest than in the devising of this plan for telling the fullest truth of the book. And he follows it honestly, even to the giving of many facts and motives of the story which run counter to his own interpretation and his own sympathy in the case.

But while the poet thus respected the integrity of fact to an unusual degree, he knew that art is more than fact; it is fact intensified and made significant by the play of genius upon it. The detailed illustration of this is abundant and interesting in a comparison of source and poem. Such a significant fact as Pompilia's sword-thrust at her husband is given new significance with the successive tellings of Guido, Caponsacchi, Pompilia, and the Pope, and all of these draw deeply upon the poet's insight into human character and the spiritual law. Browning has not merely rearranged and readjusted the scattered details of the book. He has transmuted the facts of a crime into the higher truth of tragedy, a transmutation which was controlled by his own moral and spiritual insight. This play of the personal Browning upon the fact of the book is perhaps best illustrated in the characters and relationships of the three main personages, Guido, the ideal villain. Caponsacchi, the ideal hero, and Pompilia, the ideal saint in Browning's gallery.

In the re-making of Guido Franceschini the poet has dealt honestly with the material before him. He has forged no new charges. Brutality, craft, and greed were characteristic of the real Guido. The poet is also by his dramatic power able to present all the self-sophistications of such a mind, and can, along with *Half Rome* and *Tertium Quid*, look at the story from the standpoint of the morals of that day, which differed so essentially from his own. But behind all this we realize the presence of the poet with his higher code of ethics and his higher manhood, rebuking the low in Guido. Then the really dire import of

the character is intensified by increasing the passion of wickedness which controls his heart. "Hate has become the very truth of him." The ideal virtues and graces of life shrivel before his cynical scorn. He has lost all faith in God and man because of the brutal greed which has dominated his struggle against a gambler's world. The mere low cunning of the real Guido, however, has been sublimated into a self-possessed and subtle devilishness. Guido is no mere caricature; he is an embodiment of Browning's knowledge of the darkest recesses of the human heart. The bad man in fiction is moreover an epitome of much of the deeper thought of his creator. His decadence, his subtle attitude toward his sin, his mastery over the world, the final nemesis which overtakes him, — all these draw largely upon the moral insight of the poet.

Canon Caponsacchi in the book has the same external relationship with the story. He had first excited the jealousy of Guido, and later had escorted Pompilia in her flight from her husband's home. His affidavit when he was placed on trial, which is included in the book, is manly, but hardly heroic, and shows no personal feeling for the young woman he had rescued. There are other indications of his courage. When he had been overtaken at Castelnovo by the husband, he faced the latter with the words, "I am a gallant man, and what I have done I have done to save your wife from death." Guido had quailed at this bold front. But it is not mere physical courage and personal gallantry that sum the character of Browning's hero. To these he has added nobler qualities of high manliness — delicate chivalry, religious sincerity, hatred of sham, hot indignation at brutality, and a scorn of the unsound conventional morality of his day. Much of this is Robert Browning himself. With it all there is an almost uncontrollable flood of passion which sweeps through the fact of the story with thrilling power.

The poet has in fact changed a rather

For wrong, most pardon for worst injury,
If there be any virtue, any praise, —
Then will this woman-child have proved —
 who knows? —
Just the one prize vouchsafed unworthy me.

One of the most interesting and personally significant additions which the poet has made to the fact of the book as he found it is the mutual love between Caponsacchi and Pompilia that sprang up in spite of the conventional barriers which kept them apart, and which even seemed to declare all love to be sinful. In the book, Pompilia turns to Caponsacchi in sheer desperation, and in spite of Guido's attempt to prove a criminal love between them, there is no evidence of personal love on either side. Browning might have taken advantage of this to remove all trace of suspicion from his favorite hero and saint. But he created more truly. He realized that in their close contact there were elements of danger, but he had a confidence in the purity of finer manhood and in the holiness of womanhood. He knew indeed of the presence in this world of a love that is lust, and such love has been shown in *Ottima* and *Sebald*. But he recognized the presence of a higher spiritual love, independent of the passion of the body, — a love which is worship of the good and heavenly as embodied in an actual man or woman, a love which is a real yearning up to God.

Such "love is best," such love is the "prize of life;" the "true end" for which we live is in "this love-way with some other soul to mingle." With such a philosophy of the purifying and ennobling nature of love, Browning had no doubt nor fear concerning the soul recognition which, as he felt, must have been instant between these two characters. The conventional world around them would have sneered at such a love as but the thin veil of lust; but Browning felt it to be the crowning glory of his hero-saint Caponsacchi and his suffering saint Pompilia.

Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of his light
For us i' the dark to rise by.

We see therefore that these characters, as the great fictitious characters of all ages, pass into the company of the blessed immortals of the human heart by no dint of correct copying. The *Madonna of the Chair* is no photographically accurate replica of a peasant woman, but derives its chief power from the personality of Raphael. Hamlet, the Dane, was drawn in his essential nature neither from the old play nor from flesh and blood prototype; he is a composite of innumerable vital forces which played through the spirit of Shakespeare. Dandie Dinmont undoubtedly owed more to Scott than to the Scotch farmer pointed out by Lockhart. It must always be so. These immortals live by reason of the immortal element in their creators. And here in this source-study, much of the profoundest inner life of Browning stands revealed as we watch him breathing the breath of his own life into the inert and crude clay of the characters as he found them in the record before him.

Fidelity to fact and creative and interpretative amplification have thus gone hand in hand throughout the making of the poem. The murder story is Brown-ingized until

God 's aglow, to the loving eyes,
In what was mere earth before.

What had been the cunning and unsympathetic record of a brutal crime became a tragedy. No previous artist had given it shaping or interpretation. Nor had popular appreciation and criticism tested it. Thus it was virgin material for the artist. To it he applied his energies self-bound by a conscientious fidelity. And marshaling the material of the book into an entirely new order, he interpenetrated it with what lay wisest and deepest in his own nature, creating therefrom the most human and most significant longer poem of the nineteenth century.

THE HARBOR OF LOST SHIPS

BY ELLEN PAINE HULING

THE group in the Hanns' kitchen stared eagerly at Aunt Rachel. With exasperating slowness she uncoiled from her head the dripping shawl; she even stopped to sand the floor. The signs were ominous.

"Dyin'?" gasped old Isaac.

"Iss, b'y."

All Lone Island knew whom she meant. It had been a hard year; fish had struck in late and the winter that followed was terrible even for Labrador. Many a komatic load had the dogs drawn to the "dead house" on the hill, there to wait till spring permitted burial in the shallow graves of the mainland. But while death was grimly familiar to Lone Island, special interest lay in the case of Billy Gosse.

"'T is not so won'erful," sighed Mary Hann. "He was aye white an' frail-like."

"He was mortal fond o' the sea," added old Isaac. "When I could n't get a seventh man for the Break o' Day the b'y come down to me wi' his crutch. 'Ye's wantin' an extra hand?' ses he. 'I'd not be much at the traps, but, zur, I's powerful good on watch!'"

From his nets Eli Hann looked up soberly. "He was aye a queer little lad," he said. "Many's the time I've passed him sittin' alone, just watchin' the tide an' the skiffs going out to the traps. One day I seed the tears roll down his cheeks."

"What's the matter, sonny?" ses I.

"'T is nothin'," ses he. "I was but thinkin' where the tides go, an' the stars i' the dawn, — an' most where the lost ships go. There's a powerful many o' them, I'm thinkin'."

"Powerful many, lad," ses I.

"There's hundreds, I'm thinkin'," ses he. "Hundreds o' ships an' hundreds

o' men, like the fishin' fleet beatin' north in June. An' 't is somewhere they go, for they never comes back. O zur, hev ye ever heard where it is — the harbor o' lost ships?"

"No, b'y," ses I. "'T is a far sail to that port."

"Aye," ses he. "'T is far. 'T will be a grand place, wi' grass an' trees, so beautiful they canna leave. 'T will be to the south, beyond the ice. O zur, will ye take me there some time?"

"The Lord forbid!" ses I."

There was silence. Into the darkness the red-hot stove sent out a sinister glow.

"Strange, now, that his sister willna let him know he's dyin'," Aunt Rachel remarked at last.

Her hearers started. "She willna tell him?"

"No. 'T is but right ye should send for Parson Torbin," ses I. "The lad's never been converted."

"But she only looked at me strange-like. 'He'll see no parson,' ses she. 'T would kill him!'"

"And right she is!" As she spoke the firelight shone full on Mary Hann's strong young face and on the baby nestled in her bosom. "And right she is! Ye mind the time old Parson Graff o' Roarin' Cove preached on hell torment? 'T was a wild night outside! Billy Gosse sat there by his sister just starin' into the pit o' dark behind the pulpit — an' the look o' the lad's eyes! — What's a child like Billy to do wi' hell?"

"'T is her duty to prepare him!" said the elder woman. "'T is for the sake o' his soul!"

"Aye, lass!" Isaac Hann frowned sternly at his daughter-in-law; his fist came down with hard emphasis. "An' if she willna let the lad see the parson, 't is

the parson's duty to see the lad whether she will or no. If he or any other Christian man lets the child die unprepared, I say the sin lies on his head!"

Through the silence that followed sounded passing footsteps. Mary Hann crossed to the window.

"Ye needna be worryin'," she said grimly. "Yon that passed was the parson!"

But it was with no feeling of triumph that Parson Torbin, of Hunt Harbor, cowering before the gale and trying to wrap his coat closer across his narrow chest, toiled painfully up the hill. The struggle against waves and ice had been fierce; each blast of the sea-wind set him coughing and gasping. Yet all this was nothing beside dread of his mission.

He was in one of the coughing spells when Moira Gosse opened the door. She was a tall lass, strong-limbed, deep-bosomed, full of a dignity more matronly than girlish. "'T is a fine mother she'll make some day," Aunt Rachel had once said.

By the flickering light she saw the palor of his face, the exhausted droop of his shoulders. With firm but not unkindly grasp she seized the young man's arm.

"Come in," said she. "Go to the stove an' change yer coat. Ye'll find father's jersey on the nail i' the corner."

A moment later she returned, carrying a bowl of hot tea.

"Drink it," she commanded.

When he had finished, she stood before him, her face stern.

"Why did ye come?"

"T' see Billy."

"Ye know ye'll not see him. Ever since he heard Parson Graff talk o' hell he's been won'erful feared o' dyin'. An' now — 't would kill him, zure!"

"But him dyin' unprepared!"

"I know," she answered shortly. "An' I mind what mother said to me: 'Take care o' Billy. He's not like the rest. Take care o' him — an' donna let them frighten him!' — As fer the other — the Lord'll never hurt Billy. He couldna!"

The young parson looked pleadingly into her eyes. "Think o' yerself, lass!" he entreated. "Think o' yer guilt if he dies unprepared, — the guilt an' the sin on yer head! Lass, 't was fer that I came. 'T was fer that I crossed Crooked Tickle on the breakin' ice this night. I couldna rest wi' that over ye — I love ye too well!"

A spasm of coughing interrupted him. She put her hand on his shoulder to steady him; all the mother-love of her being spoke in the pitying look and gesture. He read her face, misunderstood the glance as one of yielding. From the next room came a weak boyish call. He started toward it.

In an instant she was before him, her body against the door. Though he struggled, her strength was greater.

"Let be!" she gasped. "Have I na said ye shallna see him?"

Baffled and wordless, he stepped back. A wave of pity again swept over her; her eyes filled with tears.

"Lad, I canna. If 't were anything else —"

The young man took her in his arms. "Lass, ye love me!" he murmured passionately. "Ye know ye love me — ye mind our words on the hill in June when the bake-apples were white. Ye love me — 't is by our love I ask. For the sake of our love, let me see the child!"

"Never!" — She raised her head — "Listen," said she. "'T is not of my will that ye'll ever see him. And if ye see him against my will, 't is the end of our love forever. Now go. — And, lad, take heed o' the ice crossin' the tickle!"

On the threshold he turned, while the sea-wind swept in from the darkness and old Isaac, passing, listened curiously.

"If ye need me," he cried, "if ye are needin' me at the last, ye'll hang a red handkerchief from the pole on the hill. Ye know I'll come to ye, living or dead. Lass, oh lass —"

When he had gone she went to her brother. The child was sitting up in bed, his white little face turned toward the window.

"Do ye na hear it?" he whispered.
 "'T is something lost i' the night!"

Her own face paled. "'T is but the ice."

The boy caught her arm. "Tell me, is it dyin' I am?"

"'T is no such thing!" cried his sister wildly. "Who's been tellin' ye that? 'T is gettin' well ye are, gettin' well fast, I say."

With both hands he clung to her. The sweat stood on his forehead.

"Ye's zure? Zure?" he entreated. "Last night I dreamed I were dead an' buried, in the Buryin' Cove on the mainland. An' 't was black an' chill an' I couldna breathe — 't was the beginnin' o' hell. — Ye's zure? I's mortal feared o' dyin'!"

His moan of terror in her ears, his little cold body clinging to hers, the girl took refuge in the dreamworld they both loved.

"Zure, lad, I's courageous zure! — Look now, 't is all tired ye are. Lie still a bit an' I'll tell ye about St. Johns where all the schooners come from. 'T is a grand place, wi' hundreds o' people an' great high flakes by the shore. On the hill the governor sits to see the ships pass by. And beyond are moors full o' the loveliest flowers — star o' Bethlehem an' vetch an' the rest. Up on the high moors 't is warm an' still; ye can lie in the grass an' look up at the blue; 't is warm an' soft an' quiet there, far above the weary sea —"

His hand slipped from hers. He was asleep.

In the gray dawn she went to the window. The fog hung low; the door-stones glistened in the wet. Beyond heaved interminable ice-sheets, veined with black water.

She turned back. Her brother had not awakened. But even to her eyes the night had brought a change. The features were sharp; over the face, thin, transparent, a darker shade was creeping.

"'T is the death-shadow!" murmured she in awe.

At the Hanns' door she met old Isaac. "The lad's dyin'!"

"Ye didna let the parson see him?"

"No. But he's dyin', man, dyin'! Is there naught un can do?"

Isaac Hann's face hardened. The heart of the man was struggling with his narrow creed. Under heavy brows he eyed her strangely, while through the silence the crash of the floe ascended like thunder.

"'T was yesterday the doctor were on Crooked Island," muttered he.

"The doctor from Battle Harbor — the one that cured Jane Pilley?"

"Aye."

For a moment the girl stared, incredulous. Then she turned toward the fields of drifting ice.

"I'll be going for the doctor," she said.

"'T is the hand o' the Lord!"

Rachel Hann, gazing after the retreating figure, turned sharply at the old man's tone.

"Listen," he exulted. "'T is the Lord takin' her — takin' her to give the lad a chance before he passes! Gie's yer handkerchief, lass. 'T is the hand o' the Lord!"

It was not till twilight that Moira Gosse returned. Alone in the dusk she made her way down the steep ledges of Crooked Island. In her eyes still sounded the words of an old fisherwoman: "The doctor's not here, girl. 'T was but yesterday he went to the mainland. Did Isaac Hann na tell ye that?"

At the water's edge she stared across to the hillside. In her window gleamed a light. Suddenly she started, sprang forward with a cry. From the pole she had seen floating a red handkerchief.

Springing from pan to pan of ice, she crossed the tickle. Again and again she fell. The spray broke over her; the sharp edges cut her fingers to the bone. The whole black world heaved and sank like the ice-cakes. But already Luke Jackman's stage loomed close. From the stage-head some one was watching her.

Without warning, the pan crumbled beneath her feet. She jumped — slipped. Intolerably cold, the Arctic waters gurgled in her ears, over her head, crushed out her breath. And then, after infinite ages, she felt the air — warm — the sharp, poignant bliss of breathing.

"Lie still, lass."

The girl struggled against the arms that held her.

"Let me go!" she cried.

"Listen," continued Mary Hann's pitying voice. "'T was na the parson's fault; he thought 't was ye signaled him. Half dead the lad was when he got here, half dead wi' bleedin' of the lungs Lass, donna be hard —"

At the door Moira paused. From wall to wall the light shone on curious eager faces, — a death-bed conversion did not come every day to Lone Island. By her brother's side sat Parson Torbin. The sea-water yet dripped from his worn black coat; the fever of disease moistened his forehead and traced livid lines down his hollow cheeks. But in his eyes burned the zeal of the fanatic.

"Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched," he was saying. "An' 't is forever an' ever, wi' never a moment's rest. O lad, if ye'll but repent an' turn unto the Lord —"

The boy sat erect. On his face was a look of uttermost mortal fear, infinitely keener than any known to the unimaginative fisherfolk of Lone Island.

"'T is to yon I'm goin'?" gasped he.

Parson Torbin's face was white with agony. More merciful than his thought of God, gladly, gladly would he have given all hope of eternal life to take the child in his arms and comfort him. By supreme effort he forced himself to his duty.

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"To yon," he said sternly. "To the torments o' hell on sinners forever an' ever!"

"'T is a lie!"

White, passionate, merciless, Moira Gosse towered above him.

"'T is a lie!" she cried. "An' now — go!"

Before her the women fled speechless; for the last time the two stood face to face. In their eyes love and fear waged immortal duel for the child's spirit.

"Lass, 't is for your soul as well as the lad's!"

"Go!"

Vanquished, he passed out into the night.

She took the child in her arms.

"'T is not true?"

"'T is cruel lies, lad. 'T is cruel lies against the good God. Think ye the maker o' mothers is cruel like that?"

"Where is't I'm goin'?" he asked drowsily.

"'T is a long journey."

"Over the sea?"

"Aye, over the sea."

The boy roused. "'T is the harbor o' lost ships?"

"Aye, lad, 't is the harbor o' all lost things, o' lost ships an' the souls o' men. 'T is beyond the stars, beyond the sea, beyond the edge o' the world. An' 't is there the mothers wait on the bill an' watch till the ships beat home. An' the Lord God comes down to meet them, to welcome them home from the sea. 'T is a brave beat t' harbor ye've made,' says He. 'Ye'll be weary; come now an' rest.'"

There was silence. The girl flung her arms passionately about the little form. "Lad, lad, take me wi' ye!" she cried.

But the ship had reached harbor.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THE sudden death of Edmund Clarence Stedman came with a strange pathos upon the readers of his many writings, especially as following so soon upon that of his life-long friend and compeer, Aldrich. Stedman had been for some years an invalid and had received, in his own phrase, his "three calls," that life would soon be ended. He was born at Hartford, Connecticut, on October 8, 1833, and was the second son of Colonel Edmund Burke Stedman and his wife Elizabeth Clement (Dodge) Stedman. His great-grandfather was the Reverend Aaron Cleveland, Jr., a Harvard graduate of 1735, and a man of great influence in his day, who died in middle life under the hospitable roof of Benjamin Franklin. Stedman's mother was a woman of much literary talent, and had much ultimate influence in the training of her son, although she was early married again to the Honorable William B. Kenney, who was afterwards the United States Minister to Turin. Her son, being placed in charge of a great uncle, spent his childhood in Norwich, Connecticut, and entered Yale at sixteen, but did not complete his course there, although in later life he was restored to his class membership and received the degree of Master of Arts. He went early into newspaper work in Norwich and then in New York, going to the front for a time as newspaper correspondent during the Civil War. He abandoned journalism after ten years or thereabouts and became a member of the New York Stock Exchange without giving up his literary life, a combination apt to be of doubtful success. He married, at twenty, Laura Hyde Woodworth, who died before him, as did one of his sons, leaving only one son and a granddaughter as his heirs. His funeral services took

place at the Church of the Messiah on January 21, 1908, conducted by the Reverend Dr. Robert Collyer and the Reverend Dr. Henry van Dyke.

Those who happen to turn back to the volume of the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1898, will read with peculiar interest a remarkable paper entitled "Our Two Most Honored Poets." It bears no author's name, even in the index, but is what we may venture to call, after ten years, a singularly penetrating analysis of both Aldrich and Stedman. Of the latter it is said: "His rhythmic sense is subtle, and he often attains an aerial waywardness of melody which is of the very essence of the lyric gift." It also remarks most truly and sadly of Stedman that he "is of those who have suffered the stress of the day." The critic adds, "Just now we felt grateful to Mr. Aldrich for putting all this [that is, life's tragedies] away in order that the clarity and sweetness of his art might not suffer; now we feel something like reverence for the man [Mr. Stedman] who, in conditions which make for contentment and acquiescence has not been able to escape these large afflictions." But these two gifted men have since passed away, Aldrich from a career of singular contentment, Stedman after ten years of almost constant business failure and a series of calamities relating to those nearest and dearest.

One of the most prominent men in the New York literary organizations, and one who knew Stedman intimately, writes me thus in regard to the last years of his life: "As you probably know, Stedman died poor. Only a few days ago he told me that after paying all the debts hanging over him for years from the business

losses caused by ——'s mismanagement, he had not enough to live on, and must keep on with his literary work. For this he had various plans, of which our conversations developed only a possible rearrangement of his past writings; an article now and then for the magazines (one, I am told, he left completed); and reminiscences of his old friends among men of letters — for which last he had, for eight months past, been overhauling letters and papers but had written nothing. He was ailing, he said — had a serious heart affection which troubled him for years, and he found it a daily struggle to keep up with the daily claims on his time. You know what he was, in respect of letters, — and letters. He could always say 'No' with animation; but in the case of claims on his time by poets and other of the writing class, he never could do the negative. He both liked the claims and did n't. The men who claimed were dear to him, partly because he knew them, partly because he was glad to know them. He wore himself quite out. His heart was exhausted by his brain. It was a genuine case of heart-failure to do what the head required."

There lies before me a mass of private letters from Stedman, dating back to November 2, 1873, when he greeted me for the first time in a kinship we had just discovered. We had the same great-grandfather, though each connection was through the mother, we being alike great-grandchildren of the Reverend Aaron Cleveland, Jr., from whom President Grover Cleveland is also descended. At the time of this mutual discovery Stedman was established in New York, and although I sometimes met him in person, I can find no letters from him until after a period of more than ten years, when he was engaged in editing his *Library of American Literature*. He wrote to me afterwards, and often with quite cousinly candor, — revealing frankly his cares, hopes, and sorrows, but never with anything coarse or unmanly. All his enterprises were confided to me

so far as literature was concerned, and I, being some ten years older, felt free to say what I thought of them. I wished, especially, however, to see him carry out a project of translations from the Greek pastoral poetry of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. The few fragments given at the end of his volumes had always delighted me and many other students, while his efforts at the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus dealt with passages too formidable in their power for any one but Edward FitzGerald to undertake.

After a few years of occasional correspondence there came a lull. Visiting New York rarely, I did not know of Stedman's business perplexities till they came upon me in the following letter, which was apparently called out by one of mine written two months before.

71 West 54th Street,
NEW YORK, July 12th, '82.

MY DEAR COLONEL, — I had gone over with "the majority" [that is, to Europe], when your friendly card of May 9th was written, and it finally reached me at Venice. In that city of light, air, and heavenly noiselessness, my son and myself at last had settled ourselves in ideal rooms, overlooking the Grand Canal. We had seclusion, the Molo, the Lagoon, and a good café, and pure and cheap Capri wine. Our books and papers were unpacked for the first time, and I was ready to make an end of the big and burdensome book which I ought to have finished a year ago. *Dis aliter visum!* The next morning I was awakened to receive news, by wire, of a business loss which brought me home, through the new Gothard tunnel and by the first steamer. Here I am, patching up other people's blunders, with the thermometer in the nineties. I have lived through worse troubles, but am in no very good humor. Let me renew the amenities of life, by way of improving my disposition: and I'll begin by thanking you for calling my attention to the error *in re* Palfrey — which, of course, I shall correct. Another

friend has written me to say that Lowell's father was a Unitarian — not a Congregationalist. But Lowell himself told me, the other day, that his father never would call himself a Unitarian, and that he was old-fashioned in his home tenets and discipline. Mr. L. [Lowell] was under pretty heavy pressure, as you know, when I saw him, but holding his own with some composure — for a poet. Again thanking you. I am,

Always truly yrs.,

E. C. STEDMAN

This must have been answered by some further expression of solicitude, for this reply came, two months later, —

University Club, 370 Fifth Avenue,
NEW YORK, Sunday, Sept. 16, 1883.

MY DEAR HIGGINSON, — There *is* a good deal, say what you will, in "moral support." I have proved it during the last few weeks: 't would have been hard to get through with them, but for just such words as yours. And I have had them in such abundance that, despite rather poor displays of human nature in a sample of my own manufacture, I am less than ever a pessimist.

As for that which Sophocles pronounced the father of meanness — *πείρα* — both my wife and myself have been used to it nearly all our lives, and probably shall have, now, to renew our old acquaintance with it. Though somewhat demoralized by a few years of Philistine comfort — the *Persicos apparatus*. &c. — I think we shall get along with sufficient dignity.

We have suffered more, however, than the money-loss, bad as that is. And hence we are doubly grateful to those who, like yourself, send a cheery voice to us at just this time.

Ever sincerely yrs.,

EDMUND C. STEDMAN

During the next few years we had ample correspondence of a wholly literary and cheerful tone. He became en-

gaged upon his Library of American Literature with a congenial fellow-worker, Miss Ellen Hutchinson, and I was only one of many who lent a hand or made suggestions. He was working very hard, and once wrote that he was going for a week to his boyhood's home to rest. During all this period there was, no doubt, the painful business entanglement in the background but there was also in the foreground the literary work whose assuaging influence only one who has participated in it can understand. Then came another blow in the death of his mother, announced to me as follows: —

44 East 26th St.,
NEW YORK, Dec. 8th, 1889.

MY DEAR HIGGINSON, — Yes: I have been through a kind of Holy Week, and have come out in so incorporeal a state that I strive painfully, though most gratefully, to render thanks to some, at least, of my beautiful mother's friends and mine who have taken note of her departure. I have always wished that she and you could know more of each other — though nothing of yours escaped her eager taste and judgment. for she was not only a natural critic, but a very *clanswoman*. with a most loyal faith in her blood and yours. Most of all, she was a typical woman, an intensely human one, to the last, though made of no common clay. She was of an age to die, and I am glad that her fine intelligence was spared a season of dimness. Still, *I* have suffered a loss, and doubtless one that will last a lifetime.

Sincerely yours,

E. C. STEDMAN.

There followed another long period of mere literary correspondence, from which I take only this passage from a letter written April 9, 1889, which has a pathetic interest for me at least because it indicates in advance the music selected by himself for his funeral and actually given there.

"I must copy for you *now* the Song

which you have kindly remembered so many years. In sooth, I have always thought well of your judgment as to poetry since you intimated (in the *Commonwealth*, was it not?) that these three stanzas of mine were the thing worth having of my seldom-written verse." Then follows the poem, under the same title it had always borne, "Stanzas for Music," closing with that exquisite verse, rising to its highest height at its very end.

Thou art mine, thou hast come unto me!

But thy soul, when I strive to be near it —

The innermost fold of thy spirit —

Is as far from my grasp, is as free

As the stars from the mountain tops be,

As the pearl, in the depths of the sea,

From the portionless king that would wear it.

The laborious volumes of literary selections having been completed, there followed still, under the same pressure, another series of books yet more ambitious. His *Victorian Poets* (1875, thirteenth edition 1887) was followed by the *Poets of America* (1885). A *Victorian Anthology* (1895), and *An American Anthology* (1900). These books were what gave him his fame, the two former being original studies of literature, made in prose; and the two latter being collections of poetry from the two nations.

If we consider how vast a labor was represented in all those volumes, it is interesting to revert to that comparison between Stedman and his friend Aldrich with which this paper began. Their literary lives led them apart; that of Aldrich tending always to condensation, that of Stedman to expansion. As a consequence Aldrich seemed to grow younger and younger with years and Stedman older; his work being always valuable but often too weighty, "living in thoughts, not breaths," to adopt the delicate distinction from Bailey's *Festus*. There is a certain worth in all that Stedman wrote, be it longer or shorter, but it needs a good deal of literary power to retain the attention of readers so long as some of his chapters demand. Opening at random his *Poets of America*, one may find the author deep

in a discussion of Lowell, for instance, and complaining of that poet's prose or verse. "Not compactly moulded," Stedman says, even of much of Lowell's work. "He had a way, moreover, of 'dropping' like his own bobolink, of letting down his fine passages with odd conceits, mixed metaphors, and licenses which, as a critic, he would not overlook in another. To all this add a knack of coining uncouth words for special tints of meaning, when there are good enough counters in the language for any poet's need." These failings, Stedman says, "have perplexed the poet's friends and teased his reviewers." Yet Lowell's critic is more chargeable with diffuseness than is Lowell himself in prose essays, which is saying a good deal. Stedman devotes forty-five pages to Lowell, and thirty-nine even to Bayard Taylor, while he gives to Thoreau but a few scattered lines and no pretense at a chapter. There are, unquestionably, many fine passages scattered through the book, as where he keenly points out that the first European appreciation of American literature was "almost wholly due to grotesque and humorous exploits — a welcome such as a prince in his breathing-hour might give to a new-found jester or clown;" and when he says, in reply to English criticism, that there is "something worth an estimate in the division of an ocean gulf, that makes us like the people of a new planet."

Turning back to Stedman's earlier book, the *Victorian Poets*, one finds many a terse passage, as where he describes Landor as a "royal Bohemian in art," or compares the same author's death in Florence at ninety, a banished man, to "the death of some monarch of the forest, most untamed when powerless." Such passages redeem a book from the danger of being forgotten, but they cannot in the long run save it from the doom which awaits too great diffuseness in words. During all this period of hard work, he found room also for magazine articles, always thoroughly done. No-

where is there a finer analysis, on the whole, of the sources of difficulty in Homeric translation than will be found in Stedman's review of Bryant's translation of Homer, and nowhere a better vindication of a serious and carefully executed book (*Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1872). He wrote also an admirable volume of lectures on the *Nature and Elements of Poetry* for delivery at Johns Hopkins University.

As years went on, our correspondence inevitably grew less close. On March 10, 1893, he wrote, "I am so driven at this season, 'let alone' financial worries, that I have to write letters when and where I can." Then follows a gap of seven years; in 1900 his granddaughter writes on October 25, conveying affectionate messages from him; two years after, April 2, 1903, he writes himself in the same key, then adds, "Owing to difficulties absolutely beyond my control, I have written scarcely a line for myself since the Yale bicentennial" [1901]; and concludes, "I am very warmly your friend and kinsman." It was a full, easy, and natural communication, like his old letters; but it was four years later when I heard from him again as follows, in a letter which I will not withhold in spite of what may be well regarded as its oversensitiveness and somewhat exaggerated tone.

2643 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY,
Evening, March 20th, 1907.

MY DEAR KINSMAN, — Although I have given you no reason to be assured of it, you are still just the same to me in my honor and affection — you are never, and you never have been, otherwise in my thoughts than my kinsman (by your first recognition of our consanguinity) and my friend; yes, and early teacher, for I long ago told you that it was your essays that confirmed me, in my youth, in the course I chose for myself.

I am going on to Aldrich's funeral, and with a rather lone and heavy heart, since I began life here in New York with him before the Civil War, and had every ex-

pectation that he would survive me: not wholly on the score of my seniority, but because I have had my "three calls" and more, and because he has ever been so strong and young and debonair. Health, happiness, ease, travel, all "things *wauregan*," seemed his natural right. If I, too, wished for a portion of his felicities, I never envied one to whom they came by the very fitness of things. And I grieve the more for his death, because it seems to violate that fitness.

Now, I can't think of meeting you on Friday without first making this poor and inadequate attempt to set one thing right. Your latest letter — I *was*, at least, moved by it to address myself at once to a full reply, but was myself attacked that day so sorely by the grippe that I went to bed before completing it and was useless for weeks; the letter showed me that you thought, as well you might, that I had been hurt or vexed by something you had unwittingly done or written. I can say little to-night but to confess that no act, word, or writing, of yours from first to last has not seemed to contain all the friendship, kindness, recognition, that I could ever ask for. . . . Perhaps I have the ancestral infirmity of clinging to my fealties for good and all; but, as I say, you are my creditor in every way, and I constantly find myself in sympathy with your writings, beliefs, causes, judgments. — Now I recall it, the very choice you made of a little lyric of mine as the one at my "high-water" mark gave me a fine sense of your comprehension — it seemed to me a case of *rem acu tetigit*, I am thoroughly satisfied to have one man — and that man *you* — so quick to see just where I felt that I had been fortunate. . . .

For some years, I venture to remind you, you have seen scarcely anything of mine in print. Since 1900 I have had three long and disabling illnesses, from two of which it was not thought I could recover. Between these, what desperate failure of efforts to "catch up." Oh, I can't tell you, the books, the letters, the

debts, the broken contracts. Then the deaths of my wife and my son, and all the sorrows following; the break-up of my home, and the labor of winding up so much without aid. But from all the rack I have always kept, separated on my table, all your letters and remembrances — each one adding more, in my mind, to the explanation I had *not* written you. . . .

Your attached kinsman and friend,
EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

Stedman came from Mount Auburn to my house after the funeral of Aldrich, with a look of utter exhaustion on his face such as alarmed me. A little rest and refreshment brought him to a curious revival of strength and animation: he talked of books, men, and adventures, in what was almost a monologue and

went away in seeming cheerfulness, with his faithful literary associate, Professor George E. Woodberry. Yet as I bade him good-bye, there came to me the memory of those brief and touching words which he had sent with an ivy wreath to Walt Whitman's funeral — and which needed but a slight change of name to be appropriate at the funeral of Stedman himself:

Good-bye, Walt!

Good-bye, from all you loved of earth —
Rock, tree, dumb creature, man and woman —
To you, their comrade human.

The last assault

Ends now; and now in some great world has
birth

A minstrel, whose strong soul fills broader
wings,

More brave imaginings.

Stars crown the hilltop where your dust shall
lie,

Even as we say good-bye,

Good-bye, old Walt!

SUNDERED

BY JOHN B. TABB

THOU sleepest sound, and I

Anear thee lie,

Yet worlds apart:

Thou in the light of dreams;

I, where the midnight seems —

An ashen sea —

From this my world and that wherein thou art

To blot out all but me.

THE VARIORUM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

SHAKESPEAREAN scholars have once more cause for rejoicing. In this volume Dr. Furness presents them with the fourteenth play in his admirable edition, equipped as before with the essence of the comment and criticism of two hundred years, with all the results of scholarship on date and sources, and with an account of the fortunes of the drama on the stage. For purposes of comparison Dryden's treatment of the same story in his *All for Love* is printed in full, and a score of other dramatic versions are summarized with varying degrees of fullness. The quality of the compilation remains as noteworthy as its compendiousness. It is rare indeed to find either in the printing of the Folio text or in the abstracts of criticism any falling away from that accuracy which has from the first distinguished this great undertaking. The mere statement of these facts makes further praise unnecessary.

But Dr. Furness's eagerness to serve Shakespeare does not stop here. He is no longer content merely to chronicle the opinions and conclusions of others. Every note dealing with a disputed point closes with the judgment — we had almost said the decision — of the editor, and in his preface he combats sturdily what he conceives to be widely current misinterpretations of some of the chief characters. The almost official standing which the weightiness of the edition seems to confer upon these utterances warrants us in considering them with great care; for an effort is necessary not to be overawed by the *ipse dixit* of one whose labors, so amply vouched for, point him out as umpire. He himself has often shown us how to be justly critical of the great Shakespeareans of the past without

stinting admiration, and we would fain follow his example.

The first question is of the text. Dr. Furness is now the leader of the wholesome reaction against reckless emendation, — a reaction which itself tends towards an opposite extreme, that of a superstitious veneration for the authority of the First Folio. It comes to be a foregone conclusion that, where any defense in any degree rational can be made for a Folio reading, Dr. Furness will be found on the conservative side. Of the two extremes this is undoubtedly the safer; yet surely there is a more excellent way. A few examples will show whither the tendency leads. Few of the learned and ingenious Theobald's emendations have been more universally accepted than that which reads in v, ii, 87, in Cleopatra's eulogy of her dead lover, —

“For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was
That grew the more by reaping.”

The First Folio, sole source of the text for this play, reads for “autumn” “Anthony,” and to “Anthony” Dr. Furness clings. “Theobald,” he says, “asks, ‘how an Anthony could grow the more by reaping?’ Would it not be equally pertinent to ask how an autumn could grow the more by reaping? Reaping in the autumn is done when the grain is ripe, and grain thus reaped never grows again.” True, in nature, one may reply, because winter follows. But there was no winter in Antony's bounty; *therefore* “an autumn 't was, That grew the more by reaping.”

Again, in ii, v, 79, 80, Cleopatra says, according to the Folio, —

“Call the slave again,
Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?”
On which the editor remarks: “Is this

interrogation mark absolutely wrong? It has been discarded by every editor since the *Third Folio*. But may it not indicate Charmian's hesitation, and Cleopatra's imperious questioning of her delay? To these queries one may safely answer that in modern typography the interrogation mark is absolutely wrong. It is only necessary to read the passage aloud and remember that in the Folio the mark in question has to do double duty for interrogations and exclamations.

In a famous passage in II, ii, 52, the Folio reads, —

"If you'll patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this."

Rowe, the first editor, corrected "you have" to "you've not," and most, though not all, later editors have substantially followed him. Ingleby held to the Folio, interpreting "'you have [to]'," in the sense of obligation, *you must*. "To me," says Dr. Furness, the meaning seems to be, 'If you'll patch a quarrell, inasmuch as you must make the patch out of good whole material, you must not take this.' I think Ingleby is entirely right in his interpretation." But this is to lose the force of the antithesis between "patch" and "whole matter." "You have no solid ground for a quarrell," says Anthony, "and so must base it on fragments. This won't serve even as a fragment."

Opinions on these matters will always differ; but these instances, to which many could be added, will suffice to show Dr. Furness's tendency as a critic of the text.

Of more general interest are the controversies of the Preface. One of these is in a sense also textual, yet of some moment to all who care for our older literature. In several previous volumes, and here once more, Dr. Furness states that many of the misprints in the early editions "are due to the practice of reading the copy aloud to the compositor, — a practice which we now know obtained in early printing-offices." Among the ex-

amples he quotes are these typical ones: For "shall well *gree* together" the first Folio reads, "shall well greet together;" for "thou should'st *tow* me after," "thou should'st stowe me after;" for "no more but *e'en* a Woman," "no more but in a Woman." Any compositor, and, I should have thought, any one with much experience of proof-reading, could assure him that precisely such mistakes still occur without the aid of any such copy-reader as he assumes. Recently I have come across such clear instances of mistakes of the ear, as the setting up of "sight" for "site" and "right" for "rite," though the compositor was using printed copy. Such examples merely show that a compositor is often influenced by his mental ear, so to speak, and is liable to confuse words which sound alike as well as words which look alike. Dr. Furness's case, then, cannot be proved from internal evidence. But what about the assertion that we know that the practice of reading to the compositor existed? No reference is given in the present volume, but in the Variorum editions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, where the same theory is upheld, a reference is given to T. L. De Vinne's *Invention of Printing* (New York, 1876, p. 524), where it is stated that "Conrad Zeltner, a learned printer of the 17th century, said . . . 'that it was customary to employ a reader to read aloud to the compositors, who set the types from dictation, not seeing the copy.'" But in Mr. De Vinne's second edition (1878) he corrected this statement, on the authority of the French bibliographer, J. P. A. Madden, to the effect that "Zeltner was not a printer, but a Protestant minister . . . the author of a curious book entitled *The Gallery of Learned men who have excelled in the honorable Art of Typography*, printed at Nuremberg in 1716." This weakens so seriously the authority of Zeltner that it has been necessary to seek more solid evidence. The most elaborate argument on Dr. Furness's side is that

of Dr. Madden himself; but an examination of Dr. Madden's examples from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has shown that the "anagnostes" or "lector" whom he defines as a reader to the compositors was really a reader to the proof-corrector.¹ An investigation of some twenty-nine sixteenth-century engravings of printing-offices listed by Mr. Falconer Madan of the Bodleian confirms this conclusion, and makes it clear that the compositor followed with his own eyes the copy, which was fastened to a "visorium" or lay on the type-case.

It has seemed worth while to go into this matter in some detail, since the repetition of Zeltner's mistake in volumes so justly regarded as authoritative as the *Variorum* gives it a wide currency.

The search for the sources whence Shakespeare gathered the material for his plots has engaged the industry of scholars these many years; and now, when these sources, in the case of all but three plays, can be pointed to with fair assurance, one not infrequently hears ungrateful epithets cast at the painstaking "source-hunter." One cause of this ingratitude seems to be that there has been a tendency on the part of the scholars to stop short of their goal. They have too often rested satisfied with the discovery of the bare fact, have failed to go on to its application. For few results of research have placed so potent a weapon in the hands of criticism as those which enable us to observe, as Dr. Furness says in connection with North's Plutarch, "the magic whereby Shakespeare, gilding the pale stream with heavenly alchemy, transfigures the quiet prose, at times almost word for word, into exalted poetry." And in matters of plot and characterization the insight and appreciation that may be gained are no less notable than in the matter of diction and poetry. In his Preface, however, Dr. Furness has chosen to lay stress

on the other aspect of the case. The accuracy of our reading of the characters of Octavius Cæsar and Cleopatra has suffered seriously, he maintains, from the preconceptions carried over from our knowledge of history; and therefore "we should accept these plays with our minds the proverbial *tabula rasa*," "we should accept Cleopatra, at Shakespeare's hands, with minds unbiased by history. We should know no more of her than what we hear on the stage."

Several considerations make us hesitate before assenting to this somewhat violent backward swing of the pendulum. Supposing for the moment that the view of Cæsar and of Cleopatra which Dr. Furness opposes to the current one is correct, it is doubtful whether the popular misconception can be laid to excessive study of Plutarch. Surely very many readers are familiar with Shakespeare's play who never turned the pages of Sir Thomas North, popular though he has been in a restricted sense. Again, if, as Dr. Furness implies, our minds have been already biased in our schooldays, his counsel to wipe away every previous record is impossible, and the cure lies not in an attempt to forget, but in a more careful study of what Shakespeare has chosen to omit, to retain, and to add in his treatment of the material supplied by the great biographer of antiquity. Most doubtful of all, however, is his rereading of the two characters in question. He objects to the view of Octavius as "cold, crafty, and self-seeking," and gathers in rebuttal the scenes and utterances which indicate his nobility, his warm-heartedness, and his sincere and fervid love and admiration for Antony. Cleopatra has been unjustly regarded as fickle: "her love for Anthony burned with the unflickering flame of wifely devotion." Nor was Coleridge right in contrasting the love of affection and instinct of Romeo and Juliet with the love of passion and appetite of Antony and Cleopatra. Antony's love for Cleopatra, says Dr. Furness, "was not of the senses;

¹ See Guy M. Carleton on "The Elizabethan Compositor" in *The English Graduate Record*, January and February, 1906.

for, be it remembered, Cleopatra was not beautiful; she had no physical allurements."

Here, surely, is something to make us rub our eyes. The love of Antony and Cleopatra not of the senses! What, then, of the significance of the whole atmosphere of the Alexandrian court, reeking with sensual indulgence, the picturing of which is justly regarded as one of the most superb achievements of the dramatist? Cleopatra had no physical allurements! What, then, of Enobarbus's famous description of her when she pursed up Mark Antony's heart upon the river of Cydnus? There she is described as having o'er-pictured Venus, and elsewhere as "a morsel for a monarch," in whose lips and eyes was eternity, whose "hand kings have lipp'd, and trembled kissing."

But the answer to such extravagances is not best given by quoting opposing passages. For one quality is this tragedy even more notable than for that famous "happy valiancy" of style, — for the unparalleled success achieved in it by Shakespeare's characteristic method of

depicting human nature. In this field he is supreme largely because he gives to his creations a complexity that more than anything else makes them real. Smaller men create characters of a single dominating trait, or of a combination of a few easily harmonized traits; or, risking a greater failure, aim at complexity and achieve confusion and inconsistency. Shakespeare above all made men and women about whom we differ as we differ over the people we know; and our instinct is right in condemning the rival interpretation rather than believing that the artist has bungled. What Dr. Furness has done in this attempt to ennoble Octavius and whitewash Cleopatra is to select, under the obsession of an idea, one set of passages, all of which have their due significance, and from these to derive portraits of a man and a woman lacking precisely that subtlety and that delicate balancing of opposing tendencies which are essential elements of some of the most superb characterizations in all literature.

The critic's laurels are not always to be awarded to the scholar.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THINKING BY TYPEWRITER

I HAVE been attracted by that feature of Walter H. Page's proposed university course for writers, as outlined in the November *Atlantic*, which requires daily writing, and I should like to give it what emphasis I can by a short chapter from the biography of a "hack."

Perhaps I had always a vague desire to "touch the magic string," but aside from the usual brilliant and edifying descriptions of country stores, railway stations, vacation episodes, and the like, which are implied by two or three terms of preparatory school, I did nothing in

the way of deliberate composition until I was farther advanced in years than I now care to remember. After leaving school without having particularly distinguished myself, I experimented for a number of years with a profession with which the accident of birth had made me more or less familiar from childhood. I did not become famous for practical success, but I acquired a considerable capital of technical jargon, and this, bettered by an ancestral example, enabled me to work out a few generalizations for the good of the calling. More precisely, I wrote an article of the how-to-learn-how variety and submitted it to the editor

of a class journal. To my surprise it was published, favorably received, and without any previous experience I was called upon to play the part of a teacher. For five years I have been producing a literature, if such it may be called, of a semi-technical character.

How to accomplish thinking has been my problem from the first. After a few weeks the novelty of authorship wore off and a most obstinate paralysis seized my faculties. With publication day approaching at a gallop, twenty times have I sat at my desk in hopeless vacancy, waiting for the inspiration that never came. I talked with ministers, as having at least an acquaintance with the divine afflatus, but they were only amused at my troubles. I searched the libraries. A text-book on rhetoric assured me that I should have an elaborate plan before attempting to write, and that under no consideration should I presume to write a sentence until I had phrased at least a paragraph in my mind. "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" Having desperately resolved to follow this method, and having sat at my desk for days in succession without the reward of a single paragraph, I fell into a slough compared with which Christian's was a transparent pool.

Nevertheless, something in me would not yield, and I resolved again and again that I would force thought. Accordingly I began a series of excitements. I tried coffee, opium, physical exercise, dictating to a stenographer, and doubtless stopped short of a phonograph because I could neither buy nor borrow one. I should not have faltered even at alcohol, but that the reaction from coffee left me in such a state of collapse that I was afraid a stronger stimulant might prove fatal.

However, most problems seem to have a solution, and one cannot struggle five years without making some headway. In a newspaper, not long ago, I stumbled upon a criticism of Mr. Page's sugges-

tion that one learns to write by continued daily practice. As usual I was receptive, and was at once eager for a test. I began to write every day. In default of ready phrases and clear plans I simply sat down at my typewriter and struck the keys. The product at first was mere drivel, but in two or three hours something like sanity began to emerge, and I could then reduce the chaos to order. Details are unnecessary and might be tedious, but I may say that the total results of this latest experiment have been to me almost incredible. In the last two months alone I have accumulated a vast amount of raw material, and have written more finished articles than I usually write in six. I have put not less than one hundred thousand words upon paper, an accomplishment which in the old days would have required at least a year. To crown all, I now enjoy often the novelty of writing an article at the first attempt.

Whatever merits the plan may ultimately be found to have, I am confident that for such hacks as I, this method will most surely develop thinking. I must think while I write, not in advance, and if I set only rubbish to flowing, real ideas will be caught in the stream. The crudities and platitudes which at first appear need not discourage me. A psychologist has said that whatever occurs in consciousness must be introduced, and the most aristocratic thoughts may be ushered in by ragged associates. By daily throwing off a vast amount of trash, I seldom fail to release ideas that are suited to my purpose. This very article, which is now a thing of beauty, I hope, would at first have disgraced a patent medicine almanac.

THE JOG

As a girl I lived in New Hampshire, and it took one hour and twenty minutes to drive to the village for the mail. The distance was eight miles, and as you may suspect, our automobile was one horsepower; type, — "Dobbin." This morn-

ing my son George was obliged to go out to one of the Jersey suburbs on business. It took him — by an express train — twenty minutes; the distance was fourteen miles. And as I sat at the deserted breakfast-table, coffee cup in hand, my eyes still following the irate figure of the outraged George tearing toward the subway, I fell to thinking in rather a homesick fashion of Dobbin and my old-time jogs for the mail.

I have always loved jogs, whether they were along New Hampshire roads or on the pleasant mental paths of quiet thinking and reading. I have always preferred tree-shadowed, winding ways to straight avenues lighted by electric lights at regular intervals. I would rather bump over a cartroad overgrown with grass than bowl over the asphalted miles of New York. For one must pick his way slowly along my dim up-and-down roads and sedgy cowpaths; thank goodness *they* are realms yet unconquered by the God of Speed! But who of my children or grandchildren would stop to *pick* their way anywhere? Even the tots — whose fathers used to grope slowly, candle in hand, up the dark stairs and through the hall to bed — the modern tots, I say, press a button and move rapidly bedward in a burst of electrical glory.

When I go to California each winter, George puts me on a "Limited Flyer" (I believe that is its reassuring name), and before I have settled myself to look and day-dream out of the window, behold! I am at the Pacific, with only the lurid unrealities of picture post-cards in my hand to assure me that Ute Pass and Pike's Peak do exist.

And there in California my son John — is it psychologically usual, I wonder, that a jog-loving mother should have one railroading son and another who is a motor-maniac? — John meets me with a great red thing that dashes my breath away and whisks my unfrisky gray locks all askew as we "tool" ten miles in fifteen minutes to his bungalow in the hills.

"Tool!" Oh, comfortable shade of my Dobbin!

Just so in the winter's reading, — no jogging is provided for my old-fashioned, unhurrying mind. John's wife reads aloud to me, and she enjoys analyzing — oh, unjogging process! — the novels that we absorb together. And they are not, alas, the pleasant drowsy detail of Clarissa's heart and wardrobe through seven unstingy volumes, — no indeed! Over a slender thing of two hundred meaty pages (meaty in the sense of beef extract) we harass our minds, watching the psychology of a nervous and usually feminine soul through a modernly-involved crisis. I say *modernly*-involved, because I believe that writers nowadays think that even human nature itself was in *my* day constructed like a childish stage-coach and is now made with the complexity of an automobile. Sometimes I smuggle up to my room one of the fat books from the dusty top shelf of the library, — *Castle Rackrent*, or *Peregrine Pickle*, or some such tale by a "pillow-soothing author." For while Heaven keeps me supplied with good eyes and a day of twelve long sunny hours, I shall not *choose* my Rocky Mountains on a post-card and pulverized human nature in literary capsules!

But I would not have any one think me either a loud-voiced crank or a patient victim. I realize well enough that on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street Dobbin would be a terrible clog in the wheels of progress, so I never try to proselyte. As for being a victim — well, I would gladly live the life of a locomotive all winter for the sake of my spring.

Every spring I go back, alone and not as an obstruction in my children's Sixth Avenues, — back to my Dobbin days. On the first of May I leave California with very little of ticket, very much of illustrated railroad folder, and no time-tables. On the first day of June I appear in New York. My son George meets me; no questions are asked. I may

have spent twenty-six of my thirty-one days on the road between Los Angeles and the Grand Canyon (you may *see* Arizona if you take the Overland, the way-train of the desert), or I may have spent three weeks with a volume of Mandeville or Marco Polo (no Motor-Flights for me, thank you!) in a certain little sea-bordered garden I know in Victoria. But wherever I have been, the journey has been a jog.

Once in a while I have the good fortune to stumble upon a tiny branch road, where as one of three passengers I may sit in a semi-baggage car and traverse a distance of eleven miles in approximately one hour. This is truly jogging. It has even more of the spirit of happy-go-lucky carelessness than Dobbin and the village post-office. For suddenly, out in the middle of a field, the semi-baggage car may break into a violent stop, and while the fussy little engine goes off for half an hour on some important, mysterious business of its own, I am left as rooted among the quiet yellow barley as one of the deep-hearted "copodoras" snuggled motionless by a fence post. The skeleton Time is locked away, and for thirty minutes the key of the closet lost. I am very happy on a journey like that.

Three thousand miles in thirty-one days is not an exact substitute for my girlhood and Dobbin. I know, — not by some eighty miles a day, — but it is comparative jogging, which is, I know, all that one can expect. And I am happy that I may spend a part of each year that is given, like our old New Hampshire cows, browsing along my by-paths, and chewing with the luxury of timelessness the contenting cud of my own care-free thoughts.

VISITED ON THE CHILDREN

THE spirit moves me to pour my sins into an impersonal and public ear, — not into one that is attached to a private and particular head. And in unloading

my conscience before the Contributors' Club, I come as a penitent to the confessional. I do not, it is true, ask for absolution, but I hope for the inward peace that follows acknowledgment of sin.

My first mistake was in following Hamlet's advice to his mother, when I should have realized that the counsels of youth to age are frequently better as copy-book maxims than as guides for right living. If I had not assumed a virtue when I had it not, I should not now be acknowledging a fault when I unfortunately have it.

I am an old maid (though that is not my "fault" referred to above). I am supposed to be passionately devoted to children, and as I have none of my own, my friends are very kind about supplying Nature's deficiency. As a matter of fact, I have always actively disliked children. When I was in the early twenties I had a great many girl friends, and I became almost a professional bridesmaid. By a natural sequence of events my rôle gradually changed to that of godmother, — and then my trials began. In looking back I can trace my decline and fall to one act.

When I was visiting my friend Kate Brown I assumed a sympathy with childhood which I did not feel, and out of friendship for an adoring mother feigned an interest in her mewling and puking offspring. I crushed my desire to pinch the baby, and instead, kissed it. I wanted to say, "What a grotesque head it has!" but, instead, murmured, "Is n't he the image of his father!" Then fearing that insincerity was written all over my hypocritical face, I capped the climax of untruth by boldly saying, "I do love children."

I have always called falsehoods of that type "nervous lies," meaning thereby the kind of misstatements called forth by some social exigency and not by a native desire to deceive. I am aware that no definition can palliate my offense.

From this moment my reputation as

a child-worshiper was established. The news was flashed from fireside to fireside that a universal aunt had arisen to bless the homes of tired mothers. Thenceforward my seasons divided themselves into visits to the households — or rather to the nurseries — of my friends, for I really may be said to have visited the children. In fact, to speak still more truthfully, I was visited *on* the children as irrevocably as if I were the sins of the fathers incarnate.

The poor little victims were passive in suffering; I was active. If I had only said boldly to my married friends in the beginning, "I'm sorry, but I'm not very fond of children and I have no knack in managing them," all would have been well. I should have stood upon a definite, if eccentric, platform. But I catered to the vanity of motherhood, and incidentally to my own, by seeking parental popularity.

When I used to tell my friends that I could hardly keep my hands off their babies, I fear that I allowed them to misinterpret my meaning. The truth is, all the salient points about a child irritate me, — its ubiquitousness, its egotism, its power of usurping attention, and its horrible frankness. My arms fairly ache to shake most little girls, and my palm itches to spank most little boys. (I am not sparing myself in this confession.) In my fiercer moods I have even been known to suggest wild-animal games, so that I could roar and lay violent hands on the spoiled darling of its mother, and in the guise of a tiger give it the slap it so richly deserves. The first I knew of my supposed passion for children (ominous phrase!) was when I went to visit my friend Mrs. Smith, and she greeted me thus: "Oh, Eliza dear, Kate Brown wrote me how fond you are of children, — she said you played with her baby for hours at a time to keep him from crying, — so I have arranged to let you have my three little girls all to yourself for a few days. I have taken the opportunity of your

being here on a good long visit to run up to town for a friend's wedding. Of course the children are a little noisy, but you won't mind that, and they're wonderfully friendly. They think of you as Auntie already. Come in, Lily, Rose, and Daisy."

My three fates entered and glared at me. I drew back my upper lip in what Mrs. Smith thought was a smile, but the children knew was a snarl. Lily's lower jaw dropped stupidly, and her *m*'s were all *b*'s. She snuffled incessantly. She was the most unprepossessing child I ever saw except Rose. Rose's voice suggested a diet of slate-pencils and pickles. She had straight colorless hair, and her face was all bespattered with muddy freckles. Daisy had rudimentary teeth with fringed edges, like saws, and her eyes were like gimlets. When she looked at me she saw my real, but hidden, self as clearly as if I had been a transparency hanging in a window. She glowered her dislike at me, and I tried to do the same to her without being detected by her mother.

"This is your dear Auntie Eliza," Mrs. Smith said ingratiatingly. "She has no little girls of her own, and you must n't let her feel lonely." (How tired I have become of that introduction!) Then she turned to me.

"You are so different from Fanny!" (mentioning a common friend). "Now when *she* is here I keep my little girls out of her way, for she tells her friends quite honestly that she does n't care for children. Is n't it funny and frank of her?"

Funny and frank indeed, — and oh, supremely sensible! How I have envied Fanny, — that wise virgin, — who assumed a fault when she had it not, and now has the reward of seeing children swept from her path by parents too tender to submit the little dears to the eye of indifference. For, as a matter of fact, Fanny's feeling for children is one of love and sympathy as compared with mine.

It may excite surprise that the hollowness of my affection has never been detected. It *has always* been detected — by the children, who are the most clear-sighted of the human family, but never by their mothers, who, having eyes, see not. Children don't like me any better than I like them, — and thereby they win from me a grudging respect. Many a time have I begged parents, with tears in my eyes, not to force their little ones to stay with me against their wills. The only result of this appeal is that I have overheard subsequent curtain lectures and surreptitious admonishings, all on the text. "Poor Aunt Eliza! She has no little children of her own, and you must try to love her because she loves you so much."

In my younger days I seriously contemplated matrimony as an escape from children (strange paradox!). But marrying is like quarreling in that it takes two to do it, and on the whole it seemed simpler to remain single.

It has been a great relief to speak the truth at last, although anonymously. I can assure my harshest judges that my punishment has fitted my crime with an exactness which even Gilbert's Mikado — that dispenser of perfect justice — would approve. The moral of my confession is that it is better to seem worse than you are than to be worse than you seem; for the consequences of assumed virtue fall fatally upon the delinquent, while the wages of an assumed sin are frequently paid by other people.